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A DOCTOR'S VIEWS ON LIFE



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BY

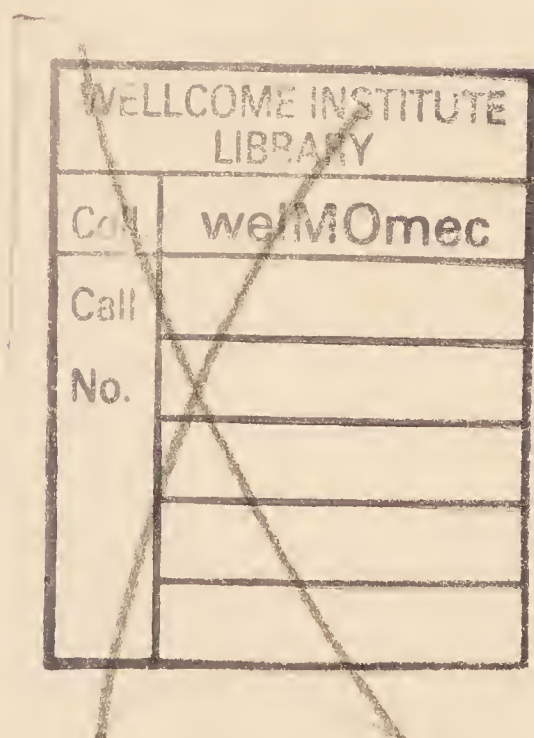
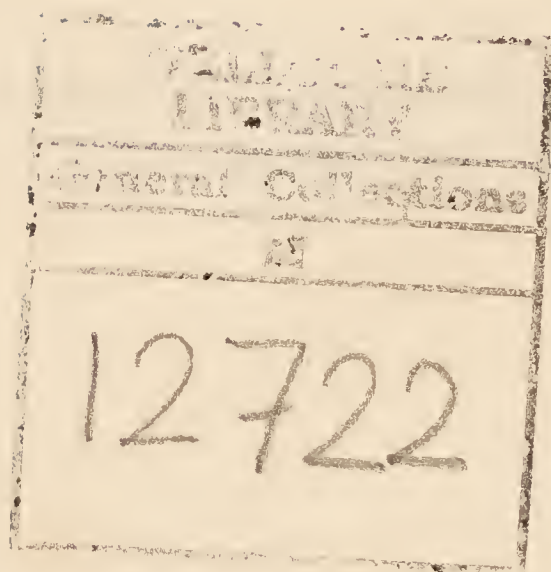
WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M.D.

EDITED, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION, BY
EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL

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PREFACE

SOME time ago William J. Robinson, with whom we had been in close touch by correspondence for several years, asked us to select and edit a volume of his collected papers. He was then wintering in Paris. He knew nothing of the English countryside, except as seen from a railway carriage, so we asked him to join us during the third week of a mid-winter holiday at Corfe Castle. He signalized this visit by going down promptly with influenza, which interfered with the plans for a full discussion of the proposed volume. It was not until April that one of us was able to meet him in Paris, to secure the material, and to make definite arrangements. Here is the finished volume. Except for the biographical introduction and the brief editorial introductions to the classified sections, the work consists exclusively of the author's fugitive pieces, in contradistinction to his numerous writings in book form. Unless otherwise stated, the articles are from his monthly magazine, the "Critic and Guide", founded in 1903, and now nearing the close of its twenty-fifth year of issue.

EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL.

LONDON,

January 1, 1927.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

IN *A Page from My Inner Life*, prefixed to his reprint of Olive Schreiner's allegory *The Hunter*, William J. Robinson gives the following account of his childhood's days :

Descended from a long line of scholars, I inherited a restless, analytical mind, which would insist upon bringing up numberless questions, upon knowing the reason why, upon going to the root of matters. Having mooted a question, this restless spirit of enquiry would give me no peace until it had solved the question to its satisfaction, or had decided that the question was insoluble.

At the age of six (I was precocious in many respects), I was extremely pious, and a joy to my orthodox parents. Being on the best of terms with the Almighty, I felt certain that in heaven my place would be by his side. At the age of eight, I began to doubt. By the time I was nine, I had become a convinced free-thinker, a propagandist who made himself obnoxious to religious friends and relatives by trying to convince them that their beliefs were insane delusions, the outworn vestiges of a barbarous and ignorant past. In season and out of season, I was prepared to argue, and did argue, with school-children, adolescents, grown-ups, and reverend seniors. It was my mission to enlighten, to reform the world. Whereas, two or three years earlier, I had always been ready to reprove the household servants if I noticed the most trifling infraction of ritual, the slightest inclination to be flippant with the Deity ; now, at the age of nine, I considered it my duty to free mankind from the superstitions and prejudices which had held them in bondage for so many centuries, and which seemed to me the chief hindrances to progress.

Elsewhere Robinson has described this break away from religion in fuller detail. Like Kipling's " person small " with " one million Hows, two million Wheres, and seven million Whys ", he was regarded as a perambulating question mark—and there is an enduring disharmony between the questioning spirit and orthodoxy. One trouble came over the problem of the food supply. Why did not chickens grow on trees, whence they could be picked without hurting them, as one picks an apple ? Why should birds and beasts be bled to death that they might become food for human beings ? Why

should a pet calf be taken to the butcher's and returned next day as veal? Like the enquiring young elephant, he suffered from " 'satiabile curiosity " ; and, like the elephant, he was answered often enough by spankings. Was it not natural that his belief in the goodness of God should be shaken? Or (the old dilemma) if God was good, then He must be stupid or a weakling. The climax came with the long-drawn-out death agony of a beloved younger brother who perished from diphtheritic croup. . . .

Robinson has never recovered his lost religious faith. He would rather have no God than one who made the world in which brethren slaughter one another by the million. He thinks that when people die they are " dead all over " . But he is rather more lenient towards superstition than he was in the early eighties. In *A Page from My Inner Life* he writes :

Although my opinions are unchanged, and although I am convinced that in time to come the whole world will be free from superstition, I have learned a lesson—that we must not try to go too fast. If you destroy a superstition before people are ready for its destruction, they will merely create another (perhaps a worse one) in its stead. I have also learned that there are millions upon millions of persons to whom religion is a real comfort, a real necessity. If you were to take it away from them, you could give them nothing to replace it. And they would be worse off without it than with it.

These years of mellowing were still in the distant future. For our youthful zealot, life in the narrowly intolerant atmosphere of religious fanaticism had become unbearable. May we not assume that it was a relief to both sides when he shook the dust of home off his feet and began his wander-years at the early age of twelve? To him, at any rate, it was a spiritual relief, though he was abandoning the material comforts of a well-to-do environment, and starting forth on his travels through life without money, without a spare suit of clothes, and with a few books in a handbag as all his portable property.

How did he live? How do such runaways live? Even now, after the lapse of forty years, Robinson does not care to dwell upon the hardships of those days, and his biographers have had to " put him to the question " after the fashion of Torquemada in order to wring out a little reluctant information.

I visited a number of cities, dwelt in various countries, gained a smattering of several languages, studied diligently whenever I had a chance, gave lessons whenever I could get pupils, and even for a few weeks supported myself by the labour of my hands. I came into close contact with poverty, suffering, and oppression. I became intimately acquainted with the joyless and sunless life of the people. It was during this period that my character was fashioned, and my outlook on the world formed. To the experiences of that phase of my life I owe two salient characteristics: a profound (perhaps morbidly intense) sympathy for the oppressed and downtrodden; and a fierce indignation towards all forms of injustice and cruelty.

For a time, Robinson became a revolutionist. But there were certain elements in his make-up which (in conjunction, presumably, with certain peculiarities in his personal experience) were, in adult life, to switch him off the revolutionary road on to his chosen road of pacifism and "sane radicalism", as he loves to call it. Had he been sent to Siberia—we shall show soon how narrowly he escaped that fate—he might perhaps have become known to fame under very different auspices. On the whole, however, we incline to believe that, for good or for ill, he lacked some of the ingredients needed for the making of the lifelong revolutionist. The change that he describes as follows in *A Page from My Inner Life* would probably have taken place in Robinson during a spell of "administrative exile", even as it took place after his connection with the Russian revolutionary movement had been severed by his emigration to the United States.

At the age of fifteen I was an ardent revolutionist, and I was entrusted with missions which the leaders hesitated to entrust to much older men. Revolution was my religion. I did not believe that any progress, any improvement, could be accomplished except by revolution. My views now are almost diametrically opposite. Whereas I still believe that in such countries as Russia,¹ forcible revolution may be the only method (or the only effective method) of change, I am convinced that in most other countries, such as Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the United States, the only positive method of advance is that of slow and orderly evolution. It will be the quickest way in the long run.

The pacifist and reformist outlooks of the mature man are amply expounded in the "War and Revolution" section

¹ This was written in 1910.

of the present book. We are now concerned with the youthful revolutionist. The domestic and social influences that aroused revolutionary tendencies in his mind have already been described. The domestic influences acted by contraries, the social influences were direct. Likewise direct, were the influences of his reading in the plastic years. He writes :

At the age of fourteen, I read and gloated over three books : Buckle's *History of Civilization* ; Cervantes' *Don Quixote* ; and Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. I read Buckle three times. He and Cervantes have greatly influenced my thoughts and actions throughout life. But *War and Peace* was the supreme discovery of those days. Never again have I been so happy as I was when reading that book. It took me right away from the world of harsh reality. Often I had not enough to eat, but when I was reading Tolstoy I ceased to feel the pangs of hunger. To this day I consider *War and Peace* the greatest novel of all time. If I were writing a list of the world's finest novels, it would not satisfy me to put them simply in serial order, with Tolstoy's book in the place of honour. No, *War and Peace* must come in a class apart ; then you can begin your series of lesser books.

For about four years during this period of early youth, from the age of thirteen onwards, Robinson was in Odessa. At thirteen he was fully grown, and looked older. But he was still a stripling, and the combination of an early maturity of mind with an appearance of youthful immaturity calculated to disarm the suspicions of the tsarist police, made him useful to the revolutionary movement in the distribution of underground literature and similar activities. Here are two revolutionary vignettes from this phase. The first relates to the escape of a man who was implicated in the assassination of General X.

At this time I was boarding with S., an active terrorist. We slept side by side on the floor of a dingy room. One morning he bade me goodbye, saying I should not see him again for some time. Three nights later—it was at 2 a.m.—there was a violent knocking at the door.

“ Open in the name of the Law ! ”

The terrified landlady opened the door to find a posse of gendarmes, under the command of a high official.

“ Where is your lodger, S. ? We have a warrant for his arrest.”

“ He has not been here, Sir, for three nights.”

The chief was furious that his prey had escaped him.

"Why didn't you notify the police of his absence, as the law directs?"

"I'm very sorry, Sir, but I expected him back night after night. I didn't know . . ."

"You didn't know?" broke in the other. "I'll teach you to know better next time"; and he struck the woman in the face with his clenched fist, so that she staggered against the wall, bleeding profusely from nose and mouth.

Having spat at her, and mouthed a volley of abuse, the officer departed with his men, without saying a word to me, who had watched the scene, trembling like a leaf, more dead than alive. I was ill for days afterwards.

S. got safely across the frontier, but one of those implicated in General X.'s assassination was caught and hanged a few days later.

The other vignette relates more closely to Robinson. It was in May—again in the small hours, and the same loud knocking at the street door. The uncanny time of night and the clamour were part of the governmental policy of intimidation.

This time it was for me. I was only fifteen. A search warrant. Arrest would have followed had anything suspicious been found. But I was in luck. In my little windowless bedroom, there was an icon hanging over the bed, with a tiny lamp burning before it. The man in command did not know that it belonged to the landlady, and that I had no concern with it. It impressed him favourably. So pious a youth could not be a revolutionist. Then, when he opened my box, by good fortune the first thing he happened on was a Bible, with a number of slips of paper to mark passages in the New Testament. I was studying it at the time. Freethinkers often know their Bible better than the pietists! When the man conducting the search learned my actual age, he decided that I must have been wrongfully suspected, and wrote on his report sheet that, after a thorough examination, no grounds for suspicion had been discovered.

As a matter of fact, the examination had been anything but thorough. Lying immediately beneath the Bible was a photograph album containing the likenesses of two brothers who had been sentenced to administrative exile only the day before. One of them is now a noted physician in Vienna. But their portraits in my album would probably have been enough to send me "in chains down the exiles' long road"—to quote the famous Funeral March of the Russian Revolutionists.

One more reminiscence of Robinson's revolutionary youth is worth quoting.

In those days I was distinguished from all my associates by my powers of memorization. I could read a long poem once, and then repeat the whole thing word for word. I learned all the French irregular verbs in one hour. My strength of memory was especially useful to me in the acquisition of Latin. At the age of fifteen I could write it as easily as if it had been a living language, familiarized by daily use. I corresponded in Latin with a fellow revolutionist, a student of philology. You know, of course, how busy the Russian censorship and detective service were in those days. Latin was a great help to us. For camouflage we wrote tags from the classics, a few lines from Ovid, Virgil, or Horace, at the beginning and the end, and interspersed here and there. The rest was revolutionary news, instruction, and comment, in Ciceronian Latin prose. Much of it was on postcards; or if in letters, they were often left unsealed, as if by accident. No suspicion was ever aroused. We were diligent and unusually accomplished students—that was all.

My friend was of a heroic type. He did not walk the exiles' road, but died in jail. He was consumptive, and was actually suffering from high fever when arrested during a visit to St. Petersburg. A few months of prison, and his Latin studies were ended with his life. . . .

Dr. Robinson's memory is still a remarkable one, and yet his biographers have found that it was difficult for him to recall his Russian experiences. There were memory quacks already in ancient Greece, and one such offered to teach a celebrated philosopher the art of never forgetting. "Nay," said the philosopher, "I would pay thee double couldst thou but teach me how to forget!" These reminiscences of revolutionary youth, of hunger and pain and hardships, were deeply submerged in the Freudian unconscious. We asked our friend, once, to help us in the interpretation of a difficult Russian text, and were surprised to find that he knew less of the language than ourselves. His explanation was simple.

"While in Odessa, I learned Russian to perfection, and was said to have a beautiful style. But from the moment I left the country I did my utmost to forget. I had read almost everything worth while in Russian literature, but since I was seventeen I have never looked at a Russian book, and have never written or spoken the language. I knew all Kryloff's fables by heart, though now I could not repeat one of them. Thirty-five years ago I could have recited hundreds of pages of Pushkin, Lermontoff, and Nekrasoff. Now it has all passed into oblivion. No, I think I can still recall one of the

first pieces I learned, Lermontoff's *Molitva* [The Prayer]. . . . The oldest memories are the most enduring. Anyhow, that little poem has not been repressed ! ”

The attentive student of the following pages will, however, discern how powerfully Robinson's Odessa experiences have influenced his thoughts and actions throughout life. Repressed experiences are often more potent than those that remain in the realm of the conscious. Despite his critical attitude towards much of the Freudian teaching, he himself admits that he has an “ anti-Russian complex ”. It is not our business as biographers to pursue these hints at an analysis further. It we have dwelt at considerable length on the Russian episodes it is because they have great intrinsic interest, besides throwing light upon the author's adult mentality. But it is time to leave them, and to cross the Atlantic.

Robinson has often referred with indulgence, not unmixed with contempt, to the delusion that lures—or, when immigration was an easy matter, used to lure—so many immigrants to the United States. Just as in Napoleon's army every soldier was said to imagine that he had a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every newcomer to the States expected to find the streets of New York paved with gold. Instead, he usually found a place where, as in the Old World, it was much easier to earn kicks than money. It should also be remembered that you must be of rather tough fibre if you are to be a successful immigrant to the land of the Almighty Dollar, or must at any rate have a fair amount of “ push ”. In the last of his *Never Told Tales*, Robinson writes of Professor Beaumont : “ I was convinced from the start that the United States was no place for him. With his modesty and shyness, his utter lack of push and bravado, he would have a hard row to hoe. It would take him ten years to reach the position that he could reach in his native country in three years. Certain people, like certain plants, . . . never get acclimatized upon a foreign soil.”

His aim was a medical career, for he had determined to follow one of the liberal professions. The Church was out of the question, and he had a full measure of the revolutionist's dislike for Men of Law. (Readers of these pages will not fail to note that this anti-lawyer complex has persisted in adult

life !) The diploma of pharmacy was to be no more than a stepping stone to a medical degree. He nearly wrecked his career at this stage by his zeal for reforming the world, or that portion of it which lay nearest to hand.

He had entered the New York College of Pharmacy (now the Pharmaceutical Department of Columbia University). One of the professors at the college was, so young Robinson considered, hopelessly incompetent, the sort of kindly old buffer who often encumbers the avenues of learning. The man had grown up with the place and become a fixture. He was a person of means and influence, and such people usually ride with a good seat. Being senior professor, he lectured to the second-year men, who had been well grounded by a brilliant junior. The first lecture of the second-year course convinced Robinson that it was time for a students' strike.

I called a meeting of the students. We discussed our grievances. I suggested that at the next lecture, about the fourth or fifth of the course, we should file out in protest as soon as Professor B. entered the auditorium. About fifty out of the hundred-and-forty agreed to this course. . . .

When the great moment for the united demonstration came, Robinson, with a wildly beating heart, and full of compunction at the insult to his chief, rose and marched out, expecting to be followed by his fifty stalwarts. Alas, there was but one other participant. The rest had "got cold feet", or else they had been hoaxing when they had agreed to demonstrate. Nor could the affair of the dauntless two be glossed over, for the announcement of the impending demonstration and the reason for it had been pinned up on the notice board of the lecture theatre.

Of course there was a meeting of the authorities, with talk of socialism, radicalism, and anarchism—bolshevism not being yet invented. Robinson was sowing dissension among the students, and must be expelled. In the end, milder measures sufficed. Professor B. finished his course of lectures, and the rebellious student finished his course of study. The student would probably have graduated with a gold medal, had it not been for this fracas, but was given the bronze medal instead. He had undoubtedly qualified for the higher dis-

tion, but it was withheld from "the revolutionist who had disgraced the College". At the close of the course, a hint was given to Professor B. that his resignation would be acceptable, and a competent successor was soon appointed to the vacant chair. As far as Robinson is concerned, there were two characteristic sequels.

In the "Critic and Guide" for January 1920 he gives a vigorous description of his life as a dispensing chemist.

The thing is so laughable that I can't help laughing. The discussion of the eight-hour day and of drugclerks' salaries at the present time brought back to my mind my own drugstore days. The drugstore in which I worked the longest and in which I acquired my expert knowledge as a prescriptionist and galenicist was in East Houston Street. It was a genuine old-fashioned prescription pharmacy; Metz's well-known drugstore. It handled no soda water, no patent medicines, no perfumery or hairsoles—exclusively prescriptions and drugs. I had nothing to do with the counter sales even; my duties consisted in making up prescriptions and in preparing galenicals. We made practically all the galenicals ourselves: not only all the tinctures, syrups, etc., but also fluid extracts, plasters, and even such preparations as blue ointment. Well do I remember the tired feeling I had after making twenty pounds of lead plaster, or ten pounds of mercurial ointment. And the mercury had to be pretty well extinguished.

The drugstore occupied the entire house, the upper floor being used as the residence of the proprietor and his family, and both the senior and the junior assistants shared a room above the drugstore. I was the junior; and a pretty competent junior, or I could not have held the position! But what were my hours?

My hours were 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. every day; and answering the night-bell every other night. (The alternate nights the bell was answered by the senior clerk.) If there were prescriptions to be made up, we worked until they were finished, it didn't matter if it was 11.30 or midnight. The work had to be done. During these sixteen hours the work was practically continuous, and it was hard physical toil. It was not the sort of prescription work we have to-day; pouring out four ounces of a ready-made mixture, counting out a dozen aspirin tablets, filling a jar with a stock ointment, and the like. Five hundred creosote pills, silver-coated, was a frequent demand; and whenever a prescription for those pills came in, the senior clerk would do me the honour of putting the prescription in my compartment; after the creosote pills, 120 powders (the late Dr. Jacobi would often prescribe three or four hundred powders at a time), and then 100 capsules, and then

a dozen suppositories ; and so it went on all day. If there was a lull in the prescription work, I had to dive into the cellar to make up five gallons of fluid extract of ergot, or twenty pounds of lead plaster or mercurial ointment, or a thousand compound cathartic pills or two thousand quinine capsules for stock. I can tell you that when the day's work was over and I got into my room I needed no veronal—or trional or sulphonal which were then the favourite hypnotics—to make me sleep. And how I did hate to have to get up in answer to the night-bell, to fill a prescription or to hand out a bottle of citrate of magnesia—that part I did hate, just as I hated later to be taken out of bed to make a night call to some poor patient (one of the principal reasons why I gave up general practice).

That was my work and those were my hours. What was my salary? My salary was ten dollars a week! I entered at nine dollars, which the boss, seeing my competence and eagerness for work, raised one dollar—the first junior he ever paid ten dollars a week. And for ten dollars I worked until I left the place. He—the boss—was well satisfied with me, he said so several times, and I was satisfied with my salary; it did not come to my mind that I was being exploited, and that I was worth at least twenty or twenty-five dollars. The senior, an experienced and most competent druggist, was only getting eighteen or twenty dollars a week. To do justice to the boss, I must say that we were also getting breakfast and supper in the store—breakfast, a roll and a glass of milk (never more or anything different); and supper, bread and milk, or tea and an egg. The meals, however, were given us not for our sakes, not to save us money, but for the sake of the store; we were so busy all the time, that to go out for meals would have disorganized the work; and in the store our breakfast and supper did not take us more than five or ten minutes. For dinner, however, we had fully half an hour! And what were our days off? Our days off were half a day every other week. Even that half day I generally spent in my room studying the dispensatory or looking up difficult words in Webster's unabridged. I owned both, as well as a considerable number of other books, the money for which I scraped together from my meagre salary.

No, I did not resent the smallness of my salary. That was the current wage (other juniors got only seven or eight dollars a week), and I thought I was treated fairly. I never bore my boss any ill will, and we remained the best of friends. When I got my diploma from the college of pharmacy, I had an opportunity to purchase a small drugstore. But the man wanted a first payment of three hundred dollars; and I hadn't three hundred cents to spare! I went to my old boss, told him my story, and he gave me three hundred dollars without a word. I wanted to give him a note of hand, but he refused; if he did not have confidence in me, the note of hand would not make any difference. He said he was sure

I should make good, that the little drugstore I was going to buy would only be a stepping stone to big things.

Well, it is natural I should think of my drugstore days, when I hear of the modern drugclerk with his demand for an eight-hour day and a salary of fifty dollars a week. Not that I grudge him these advantages !

The qualification as pharmacist took place in 1890, when Robinson was in his twenty-first year. Acquiring a drugstore of his own, he engaged an assistant to relieve him of some of the work and give him time for medical studies. He was thus able to graduate as M.D. at New York University in 1893. But, while a medical student, he had still to eke out a living by teaching in his spare time. He coached other students for the Board of Pharmacy examination. No wonder that, down to this day, he is regarded as one of the leading medical authorities on pharmaceutical questions.

As a medical student he was once more a stormy petrel. Unpopular among his fellow students because he was a "swotter", while they for the most part were sportive and irresponsible idlers, and because he was not chary of criticism of their playful little ways in lecture time and out ; he was likewise unpopular with the chiefs for the same sort of reason as that which had embroiled him with poor old Professor B. at the College of Pharmacy. Competent youth is apt to be censorious of incompetent age. Being crude, and unsympathetic towards age, young folk are prone to forget that their elders do not like being told (in Gilbertian phrase) that one has them on a list, and that none of them will be missed. Robinson has mellowed with the passing of the years, but even now the sometime revolutionist is not always discreet in the expression of disapproval. As late as 1922, commenting on the hubbub raised by his attack upon Speaker Sweet in connection with the unseating of the socialist representatives in the New York Assembly at Albany, he remarked of himself : " Sometimes I dip my pen, not only in vitriol, but in aqua regia ! "

Like the Baker in *The Hunting of the Snark*, we have skipped thirty years, and must return to 1893. Having qualified as doctor of medicine, Robinson began general practice.

I made a livelihood, but I was not satisfied. I felt that I did not know enough. There were too many puzzling questions, too many cases I could not fully understand. The making of a livelihood did not satisfy me; I wanted to cure my patients. I was sure that the training I had received in New York University had been inadequate. The sale of my little drugstore provided me with funds for a year's post-graduate study in Europe. Most of the year was spent in Berlin, where I matriculated as a regular student, toiling sixteen to eighteen hours daily, and doing both clinical and laboratory work. Then I had a spell in Paris, living in the Latin Quarter on a few francs a week.

Returning to New York, Robinson now resumed general practice—to find, as so many have found before him, that the better his scientific equipment, the more disheartening were the unscientific conditions of general practice in contemporary society. Also he found it far from easy to make an adequate livelihood. Now his fame as teacher of pharmacy, materia medica, and chemistry, stood him in good stead. He published some manuals on these subjects (see Bibliography), which became famous and passed through many editions. When he announced that he was prepared to resume coaching work in these subjects, he soon had a glut of pupils. After a time he established a private college, the Board of Pharmacy Institute, which was granted a charter by the Regents of the State of New York. The success of this institution enabled him to withdraw from general practice, and to devote himself to work as a specialist in venereal diseases, disorders of the sexual life, and dermatology. In this field his success was speedy.

But he was not a man to be content with purely professional success. His abandonment of the belief that progress can be achieved by the methods of forcible revolution, did not mean a complete breach with revolution in the wider sense. "There is but one revolution that avails," wrote Ibsen; "the revolution in men's minds!" In this sense, Robinson remains a "revolutionist"—or, as he prefers to call it, a "sane radical", for he holds the "reformist" outlook, and believes that by the power of the spoken and written word men's minds can be so changed, so gloriously enlightened, as to make them willing and able to defeat the dark forces of reaction. We need not dwell on his views here, for they are

adequately expounded in many of the articles that follow ; and some of these articles—notably those on the newspaper press—will show that he is not unaware of the difficulties that beset the path of the reformist. Nevertheless, he contends that the difficulties in the way of the physical-force revolutionist are even greater ; and, despite all the disillusionments of the last decade, his reformist optimism is still triumphant.

What are the reforms for which he has laboured during the quarter of a century of his prime ?

(1) At first he concentrated his energies upon an evil which had been forced on his attention during his years as dispensing chemist and general practitioner, the evil of quackery. A considerable portion of the early issues of the " Critic and Guide " is devoted to this topic.

(2) In medical practice he speedily became convinced that a very large proportion of contemporary suffering is due to unrestricted breeding. Robinson's work as a birth-control pioneer in the United States forms the subject matter of Section One.

(3) Another evil which seemed to him responsible for widespread misery was the prevailing ignorance of sex life in its multitudinous phases, in conjunction with the hush-it-up policy which is so generally applied in these matters. His experience as a specialist came to confirm an opinion which had already been forming itself in the mind of the general practitioner. Hence the campaign on behalf of sexual enlightenment and against sexual taboos which is described in Section Three.

(4) War and attempts at physical-force revolution are regarded by Robinson as kindred factors of an overwhelming amount of suffering. If men would but learn to live together in amity, if they would but make a reasonable use of the machinery for reform provided by the modern democratic State, then—in a world which had generalized birth control, had acquired a sound knowledge of sexology, and had applied up-to-date methods of venereal prophylaxis—we should be on the high road towards Utopia. Robinson's outlooks on this topic comprise Section Two—where readers will discover that the editor of " A Voice in the Wilderness ", who risked his liberty, his comfort, and perhaps his life, in order to protest

against the entry of the United States into the Great War and the persecution of conscientious objectors, is not himself a Tolstoyan, is by no means a non-resister. He would "fight like hell" against aggression, would resist the invader tooth and nail!

A subsidiary need, for those who would reach Utopia, is a fair measure of attention to the main desiderata of eugenics. Robinson's views on this topic have already been reissued in book form (see Bibliography, p. 511).

But the reformist, the sane radical, must not hide his light under a bushel. If he is to "revolutionize men's minds", he needs a platform whence to expound his views, many of which will at first be unpopular. Referring primarily to the diffusion of sexual enlightenment, and incidentally to the other subjects we have just been considering, Dr. Robinson writes:

When I was a young man, there were medical colleges in the United States at which no reference to venereal diseases was made in the curriculum. The matter was regarded as "improper", as unworthy the attention of a respectable physician! When I had had several years' practice as a sexological specialist, and had read the works of the leading English, German, and French sexologists, I wanted to find an outlet for the expression of my ripening experience. But the subject was still taboo. I had a growing reputation, and for years pharmaceutical, medical, and lay periodicals had been glad to publish ordinary medical articles from my pen, and even articles on economic theory; but when I offered anything that dealt with birth control, with normal or abnormal sexology, or with the exposure of quackery, my writings were "declined with thanks".

In 1900, I became editor of an influential medical journal, Merck's "Archives of Materia Medica and Therapeutics", but the old restrictions were still at work. I was not the owner of the periodical, and the owner vetoed the publication of anything that concerned the topics dearest to my heart.

I could not work in chains. In January 1903 I began the issue of the "Critic and Guide" which has appeared monthly ever since, and has been my principal mouthpiece for the last twenty-four years. Besides being editor for a while of the "Medical Review of Reviews" and "Therapeutic Medicine", I have, at various times, issued other journals, such as "Altruria" (1907-1908), the "American Journal of Urology and Venereal Diseases" (from 1907 onwards), "A Voice in the Wilderness", "Humanity", and the "Journal of Sexology and Psychanalysis". In all of

them I was in my own house, and was therefore master. I could write what I pleased, subject to the laws of the land and the canons of good taste, but without regard to the interest of any one's banking account.

The "Critic and Guide", which in its early years was largely concerned with attacking the vested interests of quackery, was a menace to a good many banking accounts, and naturally aroused a good deal of opposition, which was sometimes venomous. People who dip their pens in aqua regia in order to take away other folks' means of livelihood, must expect hard knocks in return; and the knocks are likely to be all the harder in proportion as the threatened means of livelihood are objectionable or nefarious. Robinson stirred up a hornet's nest when he declared war on the quacksalvers!

The first years of the "Critic and Guide" were stormy ones. The fakirs whom I exposed, the nostrum vendors whose proprietary rights I invaded, were up in arms. Threats of action for libel were rife from the date of the first issue of the "Critic and Guide". I had made sure of my ground, and had never printed any assertions I could not prove; but defending libel actions is costly both in money and time. None of my opponents dared to allow their cases to come into court, but the preliminaries were harassing. Furthermore, aware that they had no possibility of legal redress, my adversaries began to hit below the belt. They instituted a campaign of slander and vituperation, sent me anonymous letters, and did their utmost to make my life a burden. They had ample funds, millions upon millions, whilst my resources were narrow. They were many, whilst I was a lone editor and private practitioner.

All these things preyed on my nerves, until I was on the verge of a break-down. It was necessary to limit the scope of my activities, and I decided to close the Board of Pharmacy Institute and to content myself with my specialty and the editorship of the "Critic and Guide" for a time. But first of all I would spend a year in Europe, to recruit my health and continue my post-graduate studies—without interruption to the issue of the magazine. I worked in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris during the greater part of 1905, and returned to New York at the end of that year. Then I bought the house which has been my home, my professional office, and the publishing office of my books and periodicals, ever since. But there is a good deal of the nomad in my make-up; and—whether for recreation, study, or escape from the vexations inevitable in the life of one who is perpetually at war with the mailed enemies of progress (or who tilts at windmills, if you like

to take that view !)—I have often run away from home for a month or two at a time. Sometimes westward to California or through the Golden Gate to Hawaii ; sometimes southward to the West Indies ; but most often eastward to Europe, the Happy Hunting Ground of all good Americans !

In the spring of 1913, a banquet was held to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the " Critic and Guide ". About two hundred people were present. They did not all make speeches, but most of those who did not speak seem to have written to Robinson afterwards to tell him that the pleasure of the evening would remain impressed on their memory as long as they lived. We do not propose to quote either from the letters or from the speeches. After-dinner oratory is not usually exhilarating, and there is a certain sameness about the remarks made at all congratulatory banquets. Enough to say that there were some distinguished persons among the speakers, and that they paid very remarkable tributes to the " Critic and Guide " and its Editor.

Nor shall we quote from Dr. Robinson's reply, except to give an apposite story which he revived on this occasion, with reference to the tribulations of a " radical editor ".

Probably all of you are familiar with the anecdote about the youthful Voltaire. His father had asked him what he intended to be when he grew up.

" I shall be a reformer," said the boy.

" Do you know what usually happens to reformers ? " asked the father.

" What is that ? " enquired the son.

His father did not answer in words, but pointed to a crucifix hanging on the wall.

Robinson had already had a modicum of crucifixion. He was to have more than the average reformer's share in the years that followed. The outbreak of the Great War racked his mind, impaired his physical health, and shattered many of his illusions. Those that survived August 1914 were thrust betwixt hammer and anvil in April 1917, when the United States came to participate in the fray. He remains an optimist, on the whole, for his optimism is temperamental ; but he is unquestionably a chastened optimist. In the end of 1914, he was brought very near to death by an acute illness.

In the "Critic and Guide" for January 1925 we find the following reflections.

Eleven years ago to-day I was agonizing between life and death. It was three days after an urgent operation for purulent appendicitis. The doctors were worried, and old Dr. Jacobi came to the hospital three times that day. I was on the borderline, and it did not need much to send me to the land whence no traveller returns. Now, suppose I had gone over, suppose that instead of rallying I had died that day or the day following, should I have lost much? What difference would it have made? What have I gotten out of life since? If I had died eleven years ago, I should have avoided the horrors of the war, I should have been spared the ten unhappiest years of my life. I should have died in a fool's paradise, for I thought then that war was no longer a possibility, and that humanity was fast approaching the millennium of universal brotherhood. Yes, I should have died in a fool's paradise, but is it not better to die in a fool's paradise than to live in a hell of the wise? Is not a sweet lie better than a bitter truth? Or isn't it? Which is more desirable?

Has anybody benefited individually from these eleven years of my calvary? A few people have. But was it worth while? It was perhaps for them. But was it for me?

Has society in any way been the gainer from these additional eleven years of my life? Did it reap any benefit from my teachings and writings? Enough to have been worth while? I leave these questions to my readers and to my friends. All my friends are my readers, though not all my readers are my friends.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable, as my friend Father O'Donnell would say. Perhaps, I was saved to live through the hell of the war in order that I might devote my remaining years to the discovery of the criminals who made the war. Perhaps, as the same good priest would say, God has wanted me to live in order that I should join that noble group who are devoting their lives to making another war impossible. Perhaps. If I were not loath to put embarrassing questions to my Catholic friend I should ask him this: God being omnipotent, why does He need poor me to help Him prevent another war? Can He not do it all by Himself? But to this the good priest would answer: Yes, He is omnipotent, but He uses human agencies to do His work. Just as it is He who cures all disease, but He does it through the human agency of a physician. I could then ask another question, but as that one would be really embarrassing, and unanswerable, I should not ask it.

If I had died eleven years ago to-day . . .

Although my path has not been strewn with roses, I thank whatever gods there be for having preserved my spirit unbroken and unbent; but above all, I thank them, for having kept my faith

in mankind unshaken. Perhaps I do not think so hopefully of mankind-at-large as I used to, but my faith in individuals is unshaken. There are men and women who love their fellows with a love so deep, so self-sacrificing, that for lack of a better word we must style them saints.

These saints redeem humanity, and make everything worth while. It has been granted me to know a few of the saints, and for this I am deeply grateful.

We go back to the period before the war, and even before the famous decennial banquet, to reproduce a typical document penned when Dr. Robinson was beginning to suffer from some of the inconveniences of fame. It appeared in the "Critic and Guide" towards the end of 1911.

I learn that I am being criticized in certain quarters because I refuse, as a rule, to see people except by appointment, and because those who come to see me have to go through certain formalities, such as signing their name and address, stating the object of the visit, by whom recommended or introduced, etc.; and because, even then, I refuse to see some people. To my critics this does not seem to be in harmony with the role of a democratic humanitarian.

I owe it to myself, to my friends (the enemies don't count), and to my prospective visitors, to give a word of explanation.

There was a time when I saw everybody who chose to call. I thought it just and proper. Let us see who the visitors were. Leaving out close personal friends, the visitors comprised the following:

1. Bona fide patients within my specialty.
2. Patients suffering from diseases outside my specialty, whom I had to send away.
3. People merely wanting some hygienic advice or wanting to know what books to read on a certain subject.
4. People wanting to know the best method of preventing conception.
5. People—unfortunate girls and women—tremblingly or nonchalantly informing me that they wanted something, or something done, to help them out of their trouble.
6. People wanting to shake hands with the editor of the "Critic and Guide", whose writings they have enjoyed for so many years, etc.
7. People with a manuscript for one of my journals, or wanting to find out why their article had not appeared.
8. Agents of all kinds. Some with new remedies (they are always welcome), some who think that your library needs an addition, some who are sure that your family is not sufficiently protected

and that it is your duty to increase your life insurance, and some sharks who are anxious to enrich you by a real-estate transaction.

As I said, I saw everybody. But as every man has only a certain amount of energy, and as even the greatest man has but twenty-four hours to the day, the results of the "see everybody" policy proved disastrous. My time and my energy were squandered. Often, interrupted in the midst of an editorial or other article, I was unable to finish it in time for a certain issue. I perceived that if I was to get through my work, I should have to sift my visitors, so as to exclude at least the most useless, the most annoying ones. People belonging to the first class—bona fide patients—I naturally must see; occasionally you cannot refuse to see a visitor belonging to the sixth class, especially if he is from the other end of the continent, though I do not believe in hero-worship. But I do not see why all the rest of the people cannot be handled by my secretary or office man.

Anyhow, I expect to be busier than ever next year, and the rule will have to be rigidly enforced.

In this biographical notice, we shall deal shortly with the war years and the post-war period. For the most part they are adequately covered by the extracts in the subsequent text. A word may be said about "A Voice in the Wilderness", though that also will be considered more fully in the sequel. The issue of this monthly during the latter part of the year 1917 involved Dr. Robinson in grave trouble with the U.S. federal authorities. The first series of this anti-war journal ran to only four issues, for it was declared "unmailable" by the postal authorities, and could not be circulated. We do not think that Postmaster Burleson had recourse in this case to one of his favourite jokes, which was to seize a particular issue of a periodical as seditious, and then to declare subsequent issues unmailable on the ground that the publication appeared irregularly, and was therefore not entitled to postal facilities intended for regular periodicals! No one but an incurable optimist, no one but a confirmed believer in the illusion of democracy, would have expected a magazine with such contents as those of "A Voice in the Wilderness", to be given free rein by a modern nation at war. In this respect we think that our friend's enterprise (for which we admire him) was quixotic, and more creditable to his heart than to his head!

The federal prosecution of Robinson for his "obstruction of recruiting and enlistment" was begun in the spring of 1918,

and dragged on till a good while after the armistice, but then fizzled out. Technically, however, he was a prisoner for thirteen months, was put to great expense, and was subjected to innumerable annoyances.

That was his only brush with the federal law, but he has twice been "in trouble" with the New York State authorities. The first time was in connection with the libelling of Speaker Sweet, already mentioned. Robinson admits having dipped his pen in something stronger than gall. He had called Sweet a corruptionist and a black-souled criminal for the part he had played in the exclusion of the socialist Assemblymen. From this side of the Atlantic it does not seem as if the phraseology exceeded the usual bounds of decorous political controversy in the United States, and it is unlikely that Sweet would have retaliated had not Robinson in May 1920 been still unpopular among "hundred-per-cent Americans", and black-marked as an "anti-patriot". (He himself says he is as good an American as any hundred-percenter; and that he is not an anti-patriot but an anti-paytriot—a very different matter!) In the end, this prosecution was likewise dropped, Sweet being satisfied with a formal retraction.

The second State prosecution was based upon a charge of publishing an obscene book—the only charge of obscenity ever brought against a man who has always drawn a very sharp distinction between reasonable frankness and meretricious pornography, and who, in the present writers' opinion, is apt to err on the side of censoriousness. The book was an American reissue of Marie Stopes' *Married Love* which has circulated freely for years in the land of its birth—in many respects more mealy-mouthed than the United States. Mainly with an eye to the federal law anent preventive information, Robinson had bowdlerized the book (greatly to the author's annoyance). Since we ourselves write with ink and not with aqua regia, we cannot express our frank opinion of any one who could regard the original as "obscene", to say nothing of Robinson's bowdlerized version. But any stick will do to beat a dog with, and this dog was not only an anti-paytriot, he was also a birth controller. The theoretical advocacy of birth control is not illegal in New York State, so the best way of crushing *Married Love* and annoying

its American publisher, was to prosecute him for obscenity. The judges differed. One decided that the book was not obscene; but he was over-ruled by the other two, who imposed a fine of \$250.

We have said that Dr. Robinson has an anti-lawyer complex. It was only too natural that all these legal alarms and excursions, superadded to the disillusionments of the war and the "peace", should culminate in a nervous breakdown which began in the spring of 1923, and from which only now he is slowly recovering. In the autumn of 1924, he took a long furlough. This involved the cessation of "Humanity" and the "Journal of Sexology and Psych-analysis"; but he has continued, while recruiting in Europe, to edit the "Critic and Guide".

Our task is nearly finished. This biographical introduction has been less concerned with the presentation of dates and details, than with the outlining of a character sketch which will throw light on the main contents of the present volume. It is of minor importance to the reader to know such facts as that since 1911 Dr. Robinson has been chief of the Department of Genito-Urinary Diseases and President of the Medical Board at the Bronx Hospital, New York; and that he is a member of various noted medical and scientific societies.

True to our aim of faithfully sketching a character in broad outline, and to a large extent in the sitter's own words, we append three documents from the "Critic and Guide". The first of these is an apologia for the markedly individual tone of a great deal of his writing. It appeared in 1915 and ran as follows:

Some of my friends have demurred to the frequency with which the first person singular occurs in the "Critic and Guide". Why is the honest and correct I more objectionable than the hypocritical and incorrect We? One person is I and not We.

Secondly, will these critics kindly note that this magazine is a personal organ, expressing the editor's opinions, desires, hopes, and aspirations; and that for this reason it must necessarily contain many I's? In fact, I started the "Critic and Guide" as a safety valve, to relieve the internal pressure within me. I had so much to say, and I wanted so say it in my own way. At that time there was no periodical ripe enough either for my ideas or for my way of expressing them. I had to start one of my own!

I have been editor of several other journals, and there you will not find the personal pronoun even once. They are purely scientific publications. In them, I can be as impersonal, as "respectable", and as dull, as any editor in America.

But in the "Critic and Guide", which is my own personal mouthpiece, I prefer to be otherwise. I prefer to be myself.

Next we have a litany. There are several editorial litanies in the "Critic and Guide". To reprint them all would occupy too much space, and would involve repetitions. What we give is a composite document, most of it dating from the year 1916.

From the poor fellow who just wanted to have his last fling, and has contracted acute gonorrhoea, which you "must" cure in five days because he is going to get married next Tuesday; from the fool who has had chronic gonorrhoea for seven years, and expects you to cure him in seven days; from the simpleton who comes with a fresh syphilitic chancre, and is disappointed when you tell him that he cannot get married in six months; from the man of seventy-five with atheromatous arteries who has been impotent for twenty-five years and wants you to restore him at once to youthful vigour and ardour, because he has made up his mind to get married or has met "as fine a woman as ever you saw"; Good Lord deliver us!

From the ex-masturbator who gives lectures and writes books picturing the horrible results of masturbation in lurid colours and thundering sentences; from the imbecile, male or female, who believes in sex relations for procreation only; from the old maid of both sexes who believes in love but is sure that sexuality is a coarse and animal passion; from the estimable old ladies and frigid damsels who believe that all men are over-sexed; from the supreme idiot who puts illicit relations on a par with stealing, burglary, and murder; from the hypocrite and liar who asserts that complete and permanent abstinence is harmless, is compatible with perfect physical and mental health, and is easy of accomplishment—just a little will power, plus a prayer or two; from the statistician who proves that $98\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of all men have gonorrhoea, that $83\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. have syphilis, and $64\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. of all gynecological operations are necessitated by infection through the husband; Good Lord deliver us!

From the Freudian who asserts that every dream has a sexual basis and represents a wish fulfilment; from the amateur psychologist who tries to prove to you that every forgetting of a name or a thing, every mislaying of an object, every slip of pen or tongue, has a definite mental mechanism behind it; from the mushroom sexologist who in the most innocent friendship sees proofs of homo-

sexuality ; from the psychoanalyst who in his sleeping and waking hours sees nothing but incest, and in the most natural cases of filial affection spies Oedipus and Electra complexes ; Good Lord deliver us !

From the scientific urologist who sneers at the use of internal remedies in gonorrhoea, and from the doctor who never uses injections, claiming to cure all cases with Lafayette mixture ; from the man who sneers at internal therapeutics but believes that surgery is the only branch of medicine worth while and that the knife is a cure for all ills, and from the quack who sneers at surgery and calls all surgeons butchers ; from the doctor who thinks that the practice of medicine consists in writing prescriptions, and the quack who claims to cure all diseases by diet and fresh air ; from the doctor who prescribes nostrums of whose composition he knows nothing, and the newly converted zealot who lumps together patent medicines, nostrums, and highly efficient ethical proprietaries and synthetics whose composition is well known and therapeutic efficacy thoroughly established ; Good Lord deliver us !

From the stupid, thick-skulled, conservative who thinks this world perfect and to whom a new idea is worse than cholera, and from the rabid, insane radical who has revolution on the brain and thinks that this world can be changed in two days, or perhaps in two days and a half, and who is sure that his method of salvation is the only reliable one ; from the mental mummy and the screeching reformer ; from the religious bigot and the anti-religious zealot ; from the platitudinous, goody-goody, false, and misleading books and pamphlets on sex and psychology which are flooding the country—from all these and similar annoyances and nuisances ; Good Lord deliver us !

From the purist who gets a fit at the sight of a split infinitive ; from him who abbreviates “ chemical ” to “ chemic ”, as well as from him who refuses to chop off the “ al ” from “ therapeutical ” ; from the man who worries himself—and us—sick over a hybrid word, forgetting that language was made for man and not man for language ; from those who are shocked at the short and relief-bringing safety-valve word beginning with a “ d ”, and those who make their meals nine times a day on salacious stories ; from him who shrugs his shoulders at any discussion of sex subjects, and him who thinks that sexology consists in digging up and redigging the bestial and coprolagnic activities of paranoiacs ; from him who considers the bare limbs of a tree obscene, and from him who claims that nothing is obscene ; from him and her who would eliminate from the public libraries all novels and poems in which the word “ love ” occurs, and from him who would control nothing and would permit our children to feed on Marquis de Sade and Gamiani ; Good Lord deliver us !

From the “ doctor ” who never uses mercury, treating his syphilitic patients with vegetable “ alteratives ” only ; from him who

is "afraid" of salvarsan though he never used it and does not know how to use it; from him who treats syphilis with salvarsan exclusively, neglecting mercury and iodine; from him who reports cures of tabes and general paresis by intraspinal injection; from the doctor who has no failures in his practice; Good Lord deliver us!

From him who blows tobacco smoke into your face, and from him who considers tobacco a deadly posion; from him who considers a glass of beer with meals the cause of all economic, physical, and moral evils, and from him who considers it a deed of valour to be most of the time half-soused; from the muddle-head who considers all governments equally bad, and who puts President Wilson on the same level with the Russian Tsar; from the plutocrat who thinks that workingmen are too well off now, and the soft-head who expects to improve the workers' lot by stealing from the employer and by petty sabotage; from the doctor, clergyman, legislator, and idiotic judge who put contraception in exactly the same category with abortion, and abortion in exactly the same category with murder of the first degree; from the reviewer to whom every book is "a most excellent book which we can cheerfully recommend to our readers", and the hairsplitter who thinks it a sign of cleverness and independence to sneer at and find fault with all books without exception; Good Lord deliver us!

From the man who blushes at the sight of a stamen or pistil, and from him who boasts of his (usually fictitious) sexual exploits; from him who weeps because we write "gastroptosis" instead of "gastroptosia", and because we persist in saying "appendicitis" and act as if the word "ecthitis" did not exist; from him who refuses to cut off the "ugh" from "though" and "although";¹ and from him who uses a "phonetic" spelling which is both idiotic and grotesque; from him who doesn't believe that germs are the cause of any disease, and him who believes that germs are the cause of all diseases; from him who believes that all disease is a matter of mind, and from him who denies the influence of the mind on the body and on the course of disease; Good Lord deliver us!

From the man who finds something good and noble in war, and from the incredible idiot who asserts that war has even a eugenic influence, from the man who says that a nation should not defend itself when invaded by ruthless barbarians, from the man who

¹ EDITORIAL NOTE.—We are sorry, Dr. Robinson, but, since you have chosen British editors, for your Views, and, for their convenience in proof-correction, are going to have the work printed in England, you will have to put up with the grunt at the end of "though" and "although". We are used to wrestling with compositors, but even Bernard Shaw, toughened though he must be by long fights for "cant" and "wont" and "Ive" [no apostrophe, please, Mr. Printer!] would turn pale at the thought of struggling, in this country, for "tho", "altho", and "thruout". You will even have to thole "labour" and "candour".

sees no difference between an offensive and a defensive war ; Good Lord deliver us !

Thirdly and lastly we have, at the close of the 1912 volume of the "Critic and Guide", the following sketch for an epitaph :

When the fitful dream called life is over, when my work is done, and when my body is laid to rest, I want these words to be inscribed on my tombstone :

He acted according to the light that was in him, and he never talked to the gallery.

At the close of the Torquemada process, applied by correspondence, whereby we wrung from him the materials upon which the foregoing sketch is mainly based, our victim penned the following words. (Never before, surely, did one just released from the rack begin as he does !)

It has done me good to write the pages from my life. I feel better.

As I glance through it all in my mind, I see that my existence has not been quite an empty one. It has not been happy ; but it has not been useless, nor I think altogether unworthy.

No doubt I have made mistakes, but I have never been untrue to myself or to my principles.

No doubt I have written many foolish things, but I have never consciously written a falsehood.

All that I have done and all that I have said or written has been inspired by a passionate love for mankind as a whole, by a passionate desire that every member of our race may become freer, happier, and (still more important) nobler.

Happiness without nobility is not worth while. And kindness, sympathy, pitifulness, are essential elements of nobility.

There you have the man, William J. Robinson, in a miniature "ipse pinxit". You have been studying the life-size impressionist picture limned by his editors. Now read his Views, and draw your own conclusions.

I

BIRTH CONTROL

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The advocacy of birth control has been one of the four main activities of the "Critic and Guide" since its foundation. It is because of that advocacy in his monthly magazine, primarily a medical journal and circulated mainly among members of the medical profession, that Dr. William J. Robinson has often been styled the pioneer of the birth control movement in America. There is considerable justification for the title. This does not imply the absurd claim that the editor of the "Critic and Guide" was the first in the United States to write, speak, or dream of such a thing as the artificial prevention of conception. In that sense, no one less than a hundred years old could be called the pioneer of birth control in America. It is as a physician of high standing who began more than twenty years ago to advocate what was then an unpopular cause, that Robinson is a birth-control pioneer.

In the United States, the federal law against the diffusion of preceptive information will not be repealed until the birth-control movement is influentially supported by the medical profession. After the law has been repealed, the reaping of the fruits of repeal, the practical diffusion of a knowledge of the best methods of birth control, will need the active cooperation of the medical profession. Now, in the United States, Dr. Robinson was the first physician to force his colleagues to consider the question of birth control, the first to lecture upon it before medical societies, the first to make it a legitimate topic of discussion in the medical press. The doctor who succeeded in doing this is entitled to the name of pioneer.

No elaborate treatment of birth control is requisite in the present book. The author's views are on record in the volume *Birth Control, or the Limitation of Offspring*, published in 1915, and now in its twenty-sixth edition. Owing to the aforesaid federal law, the chapters on Methods have remained blank; but the theory of the subject is fully discussed in that book, and need not be reconsidered in detail here. Nevertheless, an adequate place must be given to a topic which has occupied so large a share of Dr. Robinson's thoughts and energies during the last quarter of a century. A few representative extracts from the "Critic and Guide" comprise the ensuing section.

FEW OR MANY CHILDREN ?

Teddy Roosevelt is all right. I say it in spite of the shock that it may give to my ultra-radical friends. He is a good man and one of the best presidents we have had. But I do not suppose that even his closest friends will claim that he is a deep thinker, or a profound student of economic problems. Race Suicide we have with us, and Theodore deserves thanks for having brought the question prominently to public notice. But he is wrong, woefully wrong in his etiology, as are all the amateur students of the problem.

It is generally assumed that those who do not wish to be burdened with the responsibility of bearing and rearing children, are actuated by sheer wickedness. Speaking generally, this is a false view. I grant that there are some married men and women who do not wish to have children on account of the "bother." But such unnatural people are few in number. The community may be congratulated when they are able to follow their bent and remain childless. Is it not obvious that persons who are so devoid of parental instinct would be undesirable parents, and that their children would be in evil case? In this article, however, I am not concerned with those who would fain be childless. The question we are discussing is : Few or many children ?

Bold indeed must be the man who dares to throw stones at those fathers and mothers who decide that they cannot have more than two or three children. Far from being a sign of degeneration, such a resolve is a sign of high civilization. The savage or semi-savage races bear their children like animals. Problems of the future do not bother them. Little do they care as to whether they will have enough food for their children ; little do they think of the future happiness or usefulness of their progeny. There is no place in their limited minds for the wish that their offspring should become good citizens. But civilized parents of the present day do think of all these things. They know what a struggle modern life is, they

know what mental and physical ammunition one must be supplied with to achieve even moderate success—and they hesitate to bring children into the world, when they have no moral certainty that they can bring up useful, healthy, and moderately happy citizens. This so-called race suicide, this determination to limit the size of the family, is not a sign of depravity, of the weakening of the parental instinct; on the contrary, it is a sign of the elevation of the parental instinct, it is a happy indication that a higher conception of parental duty is becoming general among civilized races.

To put the question in a homely fashion: Is it better to have two or three children, and be able to care for them efficiently, to give them a proper education, and to equip them adequately for the battle of life; or to have eight or a dozen ragamuffins, to whom the mother is physically unable to give the necessary attention, who must pass the greater part of their time under street influences, who cannot be fed and clothed properly, and who must be sent to unhealthy or uninteresting work when they should be at home or at school?

Think, next, of the poor mothers. Bear in mind the sufferings of pregnancy, the pains of childbirth, the risks of the lying-in period, the disturbed nights during lactation. If our good president had to go through this two or three times, he would not "hold in contemptuous abhorrence" those who believe they serve their own interests and those of their children best by limiting the size of the family.

It has been said: The first child is joy, the second indifference, the third misfortune, and the fourth tragedy. The substantial truth of this aphorism will be plain to every medical practitioner who has attended a child-bearing woman in a long series of pregnancies and confinements. At the advent of the first child, the house is full of joy, everything is in a flutter, and the doctor who has helped the newcomer to come into the world is the hero of the hour. The arrival of the second is still a joyful event, especially if the baby is of the opposite sex from the firstborn, and has not followed too closely in the footsteps of its predecessor. The third, fourth, and fifth are received with a gradually increasing indifference. When the turn comes for a sixth or a seventh pregnancy, a good many fathers, and not a few mothers, cherish secret hopes for a

stillbirth. Indeed, plain expression of such wishes is by no means rare. I well recollect the case of a "multiple" father who was quite indignant because I "foolishly" spent three-quarters of an hour working over his apparently stillborn baby. When, at length, the child began to breathe, and uttered a cry, his regret at the success of my efforts was obvious enough.

In fine, these are matters which parents will decide for themselves without paying much attention to the arguments of Theodore Roosevelt in favour of large families, or to the arguments of William J. Robinson in favour of small families. They will decide? Nay, they have decided! The practical question is this: Is it better that the women of the country should continue to use harmful means for the prevention of conception, and often enough have recourse to abortifacients with disastrous results; or that they should be instructed how to use safe and hygienic anti-conceptual measures?

[1904.]

THE DELIBERATE CONTROL OF REPRODUCTION.

The urgent question of the prevention of conception will receive ample attention during the coming year.

I consider it the most important problem affecting the welfare of humanity, for the following reasons:

I know of thousands of parents who would be perfectly happy if they only knew the proper method of regulating the number of their offspring.

I know of thousands of young men who would be glad to get married, but are restrained from doing so by the fear of having too many children.

I know of thousands of young men, who, restrained from marrying by the fear of having too many children, have, in consequence, contracted venereal disease or have become addicted to dangerous sexual irregularities.

I know of thousands of women who have become chronically invalided through unduly frequent childbearing and lactation.

I know of thousands of women who have become incurable invalids owing to the use of unsatisfactory means for the prevention of conception.

I know of thousands of men who have become sexual neurasthenics through the practice of coitus interruptus, as the only means known to them for the prevention of conception.

I know of thousands of women who have died in consequence of artificial abortion, effected or attempted.

I know of thousands of children whose upbringing has been defective owing to the mother's inability to attend to so many.

I know of thousands of children who, borne by their mothers unwillingly, in anguish and in anger, were born mentally and physically below par, and thus became a burden to themselves and to others.

I know of thousands of children who, born of epileptic, syphilitic, or tuberculous parents, should not have been born at all, children who came into life handicapped, had to fight against severe odds, lived miserably, and died prematurely.

I know many other things which cannot well be spoken of, but which cause boundless misery to men, women, and children ; and this preventable misery will not be prevented until people have learned the proper method of regulating the number of their offspring.

Human beings are not animals merely, and they should have a right to say how many children they will have, how frequently they will have them, and when they will have them.

There is no single measure that would so positively and so immediately contribute towards the happiness and progress of the human race as teaching people the proper means for preventing conception. This has been my sincerest and deepest conviction since I learned to think rationally. It is the sincere and deep conviction of thousands of others who lack the hardihood to give their views public utterance.

[1907. A New Year Manifesto.]

A STUPID, VICIOUS LAW.

One of the stupidest, most vicious, most dastardly laws ever enacted in this country is the revised federal statute which came into force on January 1, 1910, making it a felony punishable by \$5,000 fine and five years' hard labour to impart

any information whatsoever relating to the prevention of conception. Should we, knowing as we do the horrible misery brought about under our present economic conditions by excessive childbearing, knowing as we do the chronic invalidism and the untimely deaths that result from attempts at abortion, have respect for such a law? I shall obey the law, certainly. I am not quixotic enough to run my head against a stone wall, nor bold enough to fight single-handed against the inertia, stupidity, and overwhelming strength of eighty (or let us say seventy-nine) million people. But, though I shall comply with the provisions of this law, nothing will ever make me respect it.

[1910.]

LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING AND THE WAR.

Advocacy of the limitation of offspring is not popular just now, especially in the countries that are participants in the war. Above all, such advocacy is unpopular in England and in France, where birth control propaganda has borne the best fruit. A country that is at war and that has to enrol every able-bodied man from the age of 20 to 48, as France has been obliged to do, or a country like England that has great difficulty in raising an army, and has to coddle and wheedle every fairly fit man into joining, not disdaining even tramps and hoboes, cannot be expected to listen with patience to the propaganda of doctrines which would tend to limit the number of inhabitants.

But is there anything wrong with the limitation of offspring propaganda per se? Do the advocates of the small-family idea in any way have to change their standpoint or limit their activities? No, a thousand times no! The trouble is not with the limitation of offspring doctrine. The mischief is that the doctrine did not get sufficient acceptance, was not spread widely enough, and in a sufficient number of countries. Had the limitation of offspring propaganda obtained the same acceptance and achieved the same results in Germany that it has in France, there would have been no war now. It is as certain as any human event can be certain that if Germany

had not increased so rapidly since 1871, that if Germany had ten million inhabitants less than it has now, its real or alleged need for expansion would not have been felt so acutely, and the militarist junkerdom would not have succeeded in persuading the Kaiser that a war was a necessity, that it was inevitable.

With the limitation of offspring, as with the preaching of disarmament. It is not wrong to preach disarmament ; but the country that wishes to disarm must see to it that all other countries disarm at the same time. In like manner, the countries which preach and practise the limitation of offspring must do everything in their power to ensure that their doctrines and practice shall gain general acceptance in neighbouring countries.

I repeat that if Germany were not filled to overflowing, if Russia had not so vast a number of inhabitants that a million or two of lives are of little account to the Tsar and his henchmen, we should not now be witnessing the maddest and most maddening of all wars.

From the individual, social, and eugenist standpoint, the idea of the limitation of offspring is as right now as it ever was. Instead of relaxing our efforts, we must redouble them.

[1914.]

DR. A. JACOBI AND THE LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING.¹

Old age in itself deserves no celebration. There is no special merit in being old, any more than there is in being young. It is all a matter of the year in which you were born, which does not depend on your choice or volition. The fact that a man is an octogenarian, nonogenarian, or centenarian, is not *per se* a title to respect. As a matter of fact, in the history of the race old men and old women have not always proved an unmitigated blessing.

Nietzsche wrote : “ Mankind has a bad ear for new music ”. This is especially true of elderly folk. Old age is prone to be conservative ; old age is apt to dampen the ardour of youth,

¹ Remarks made at the Testimonial Banquet tendered Dr. Jacobi on the anniversary of his 85th birthday, May 6, 1915, at the Hotel Astor, New York.

to throw cold water upon its aspirations, to restrain its attempts at new experiments. How often do old people smile knowingly, and say : " It can't be done ! "

But there are glorious exceptions. There are people to whom, no matter what their actual age in years may be, the adjective " old " can never be applied. Not only are they physically active and alert, but mentally they remain perennially young. A lovable example of such a never-ageing young man is our guest of the evening, Dr. Jacobi. You never hear him praise the mythical good old times, which is a sure sign of senescence. On the contrary, he is always following the new, always reading, always listening, always appropriating what is valuable and vital. Not only does he keep up with the advances in every branch of medicine, but he is a diligent student in every domain of culture, a keen observer of every phase of human thought. He is still a voracious reader, and some of the best books I have read I owe to his recommendation. Quite recently, he called my attention to two important sexological books which had escaped my notice.

But it is not for the purpose of showering eulogies on Dr. Jacobi's head, that I am taking up five minutes of your time. He has had enough eulogies in his life, and the end is not yet. My purpose in making these remarks is to thank Dr. Jacobi in the name of millions of poor mothers for the moral support he has given us in our campaign on behalf of the limitation of offspring.

In spite of the fact, patent to every thinking individual, that the greatest calamity which can befall the poor is to bring into the world more children than they can properly nourish, clothe, and educate, our early efforts on behalf of prevenience were discountenanced by the leading lights of the medical world. Unfortunately, the biggest men in the medical profession (biggest as far as reputation goes) have been its biggest barnacles. Only too often are they to be seen in the rear of progress, instead of being in its van ; only too often do we find them hobnobbing with reaction and obscurantism. But here also Dr. Jacobi is a glorious exception. As soon as he has convinced himself that a thing is right, he is not afraid to defend it publicly. The remarks he made three years ago in his presidential address before the American

Medical Association, about the perfect propriety of advising the poor to limit the number of their children, alarmed the conventional moralists, but were of material help to us in our propaganda. They reverberated throughout the world—I took good care they should—and since then our work has been a little pleasanter, a little smoother. We have succeeded in making the question of the voluntary limitation of offspring among the poor a burning question, an “interesting” question, so that high-class magazines are taking it up. Some of the daily papers, even, are beginning tentatively to espouse our cause. They whisper now and again that : instead of breeding unrestrictedly a slum proletariat ; instead of exhausting the mother’s health and energy by births of numerous children (of whom only a small number remain alive) ; instead of multiplying the number of weaklings, criminals, and degenerates ; instead of increasing the number of our charities, hospitals, asylums, and prisons—it might be well to go to the root of the evil, and to teach mothers how to regulate the number of their children. Among the numerous services Dr. Jacobi has rendered to mankind, one of the greatest is that his powerful support has helped so much to bring about the change in public opinion upon this vital question of birth control.

[1915.]

BIRTH CONTROL IN A NUTSHELL.¹

It is just five years since the first public meeting in favour of rational birth control or regulation of offspring took place in this country. On March 4, 1911, I delivered an address entitled *The Limitation of Offspring, the most important Step for the Betterment of the Human Race from an Economic and Eugenic Standpoint*, before a representative audience of physicians and laymen. Dr. Jacobi was present, and he opened the discussion.

I had written and spoken on the subject for many years before, but that was the first important public meeting. It was reported by the newspapers throughout the country, and

¹ Read at a meeting of the National Birth Control League at the New York Academy of Medicine, March 10, 1916.

gave the movement an impetus the momentum of which is still felt to-day. I am therefore in the habit of referring to March 4, 1911, as the most important landmark or the first milestone in the birth-control movement in the United States.

I have good grounds for the assertion that at least a million more families are in possession of contraceptive knowledge and are making practical use of it than was the case five years ago. This is a tremendous gain in one quinquennium.

It is impossible in the space of ten or fifteen minutes to cover the subject of birth control in all its details, to show all the benefits which would accrue from the easy accessibility of contraceptive information, and to answer all the objections of our opponents. I can attempt no more than a brief explanation of the faith that is in me.

Those who are familiar with what is going on in the world about us, those who have the confidence of the laity and of the medical profession, know that the abortion evil is terribly widespread. If I stated my opinion as to the number of abortions performed annually in the United States, I should be accused of absurd exaggeration, of an attempt at sensationalism. But whatever the correct number may be, all must agree that the evil exists, and to a frightful degree. Thousands of young and middle-aged women are sent annually to premature graves by careless doctors, ignorant and unclean midwives, and last but not least, by attempts at self-abortion. Many more thousands who escape with their lives are doomed to chronic and permanent invalidism. This terrible evil could be reduced to a negligible minimum if the knowledge of the proper means for the prevention of conception became easily accessible to every adult man and woman.

Those who want to forbid the dissemination of information about the prevention of conception are playing directly into the hands of the professional abortionists. They could not act any more zealously if they were in league with the latter and were paid by them.

In our birth-control propaganda we must be careful to keep the question of the prevention of conception and that of abortion separate. The stupid law puts the two in the same paragraph, some ignorant laymen and equally ignorant physicians treat the two as if they were the same thing; but

we, in our speeches and our writings, must show the people the essential difference between prevention and abortion, between refraining from creating life and destroying life already created ; we must show the viciousness of meting out the same punishment for two things which are different not only in degree but in kind. Thus only can we hope to gain the general sympathy of the public and the cooperation of the legislators. I do not say that there are not many cases in which the induction of abortion is not only justifiable, but imperative ; but that is a different question and the two issues must not be confused. We resent any attempt on the part of either enemy or friend to confuse them.

I just said that the law puts abortion and prevention in the same category. But when you come to consider the matter, you will find that our legislators evidently consider abortion a much milder crime than the imparting of information about prevention of conception. Every textbook on obstetrics contains a detailed description of how to perform abortion. The exact technique is given, all necessary precautions are explained fully, and still such books go through the mails without the slightest interference from anybody. But let a book, even if it be a strictly scientific one, attempt to explain harmless methods of preventing conception, and that book would immediately be barred from the mails, whilst author and publisher would be liable to a fine and imprisonment.

This is not fancy or exaggeration, it is fact. I could prepare a monograph on the methods of inducing abortion, illustrating the steps of the technique, giving pictures of the instruments, etc. ; I could send that book out broadcast ; and nobody would interfere with me. Let me try to send out a leaflet or even a voluminous scientific book, in which only one page dealt with the methods of preventing conception, and the post-office spies and the morality fanatics would at once be on my trail.

Is not this a grotesque state of affairs ?

Perhaps you will say that the reason why books in which abortion is discussed have more freedom than books giving information about the prevention of conception is that the former go to physicians only, but this isn't so. Books giving information about prevention of conception are strictly pro-

hibited, even if sent to physicians. Several authors have found this out to their cost. I have here a book which bears the plain title *How to Prevent Pregnancy*—the entire book is devoted to this question, giving the various means in plain language, with illustrations and all details, but, as you see, I have to keep the lower part of the book draped, as our Puritans would like to drape all nude statues and pictures in our museums; for if I gave you or showed you the name of the author and publisher I would subject myself to the risk of imprisonment and a fine. I should be committing a misdemeanor which is punishable by one year's imprisonment or one thousand dollars fine, or both. If I sent this copy by mail to any doctor, I should be committing a felony punishable by five years' imprisonment or five thousand dollars fine, or both.

Such are our laws, and they tell us that laws must be obeyed, no matter how bad, how anachronistic, how anti-social they may be.

We know that excessively frequent and undesired pregnancies have a terribly deteriorating effect on the mother. They age her prematurely, they weaken her body, they crush her spirit. Thousands and thousands of mothers become unrecognizable a few years after marriage because excessive childbearing has robbed them of their youth, strength, and ambition. Possession of the means of controlling offspring would do away with or minimize this evil.

We all know that an excessive number of children is an economic calamity to the underpaid manual worker, to the struggling professional man, to the man of the middle class. Where two or three children could be well brought up and properly educated, five or six are neglected, their food and clothing is insufficient, and the result is general physical and moral neglect and a tremendously increased infantile mortality.

So far I have spoken of the evil results of an excessive number of children. But the fear of too many children leads to results which are no less disastrous.

First and foremost, this fear is, more than any other factor, responsible for the increasing number of bachelors and old maids, and for the constantly advancing age at which marriages among the professional and middle classes take place. That

late marriages are a great evil, no one who has given the subject any study can deny, for late marriages lead to one of three results: (1) patronage of prostitution with its danger of venereal disease; (2) sexual abnormalities, among which masturbation is foremost; and (3) sexual abstinence, with its only too frequent sequel, sexual impotence.

Let the knowledge of prevention of conception become easily accessible, and many thousands of marriages would take place which now do not take place, or take place many years later than they should.

Secondly, physicians who make a life study of human sexuality know that the fear of impregnation is a heavy burden on the mind of every intelligent and responsible woman in the world. The fear poisons many a woman's life and forces her and her husband to live in abnormal relations which not infrequently lead to coolness, separation, and divorce. In many cases, it drives the husband to prostitutes and venereal disease. Many cases of "frigidity" are really due to fear of pregnancy. This explains the apparent paradox why so many women after the menopause are sexually much more ardent and passionate than they were in the heyday of youth.

Thirdly, the fear of having many children, and ignorance of the proper means of contraception, induce many married couples to use means which are injurious, abnormal, or perverse, and which finally render either husband or wife or both impotent and neurasthenic wrecks.

For these reasons, as well as for many others, we consider the possession of contraceptive knowledge of the utmost importance to the individual and to the human race. The prophylaxis of pregnancy is at least as important as is that of typhoid, diphtheria, or tuberculosis.

I have purposely omitted one phase of the subject, and a phase which to many will seem the most important one. I refer to the eugenic side of the question. I have omitted it because I consider it a waste of time to argue about it. Nowadays, people are always ready to support a eugenic measure. If we wanted to give contraceptive information exclusively to sufferers from epilepsy, syphilis, tuberculosis, cancer, heart disease, Bright's disease, deformed pelvis, and so forth, we should readily gain the support of the greater part of the

community. But we do not wish to be hypocrites, and we do not ask for the freedom of contraceptive knowledge on the eugenic score only. We demand it because such knowledge is the inalienable right of every adult man and woman. It is the inalienable right of every woman to be the mistress of her own body and to say how many children she should have and when she should have them. The fear that if women possess contraceptive knowledge they will not want to have any children at all is so foolish that it is hardly worth discussing. Those who have seen the anxiety of women for a child, those who know the risks which some women will run, even the certainty of a Caesarean section, in order to have a child, those who know that the instinct of maternity is not a mere figment of the imagination, but is a real, deeply rooted instinct in at least ninety per cent. of all women, will not fear that with the accessibility of contraceptive knowledge the earth will become depopulated.

Let mothers be sure that their children will have a fair chance in the world, that they will not have to be miserable drudges, spending their lives in a mere struggle for existence ; let mothers be sure that they are not breeding for the purpose of increasing the number of factory slaves, or furnishing cannon fodder—and they will give the State all the citizens it needs.

You have all heard a good deal about White Slavery, about the innocent and unsuspecting young girls who are kidnapped, drugged, chloroformed, poison-neededled, and then seduced and forced into a life of prostitution. This kind of White Slavery is the figment of overwrought and hysterical imaginations. Our moral code and our social and economic conditions furnish such a large army of volunteers, that conscription into the ranks of prostitution is unnecessary. The supply is greater than the demand.

But there is a kind of White Slavery that is genuine, real. You will find it in millions of homes. The mother who passes the greater part of her youth and middle age in childbearing and in nursing, the mother who has three or four children pulling at her skirts and who is continually haunted by the fear of another and another, she is the real White Slave, and he who will emancipate woman from this White Slavery will

have accomplished a greater work than Lincoln in destroying negro slavery. Such a man will be, as he will deserve to be, truly immortal.

[1916.]

REQUIREMENTS OF AN IDEAL PREVENCEPTIVE.

- (1) It should be infallible.
- (2) It should be harmless.
- (3) It should cause no inconvenience of any kind.
- (4) It should not be unaesthetic or disagreeable to use.
- (5) It should not diminish the pleasure of the sexual act.
- (6) It should be easy to use or apply without expert instruction.
- (7) It should be inexpensive.

Do we possess at the present time such an ideal prevenceptive? No. There is no one prevenceptive which simultaneously fulfils all the foregoing requirements. We await its discovery.

[1919.]

BIRTH CONTROL ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT PROBLEMS.

It is seldom that, at the age of fifty, any one professes beliefs and worships ideals with the same ardour that inspired him twenty or thirty years earlier. One may have been fully mature at twenty-five, one may have been fortunate enough to acquire at the age of twenty or twenty-five a general outlook so consistent, so logical, so workable, that it needs no modifications. Nevertheless, it almost always happens that a change occurs in the relative importance of our beliefs and ideals. Some things that seemed to me of primary significance twenty-five years ago, appear to me now of but secondary moment; and conversely. But there is one subject concerning which my belief has undergone no change, and that is the subject of birth control. During the first year of my practice I perceived that uncontrolled breeding, the birth of undesired children,

was one of humanity's greatest misfortunes. Now, twenty-five years later, I am still convinced that the birth of too many children, or the birth of even one child at an inopportune time, is one of life's great catastrophes. Furthermore, now as twenty-five years ago, I regard birth control as an individual problem rather than as a racial or national problem. The fear that there will not be enough food to go round bothers me very little, though I do not deny that unrestricted breeding must ultimately lead to a shortage of food. That is a problem for future generations, one with which our children will have to grapple—if we have too many children. What bothers me now is the misery of the individual family, the misery of the individual man or woman.

If, for the thousand and first time, I take up my pen to write of birth control, that is because the subject will not let me forget it. I speak literally, not rhetorically, when I say that not a week passes without there coming to my notice at least one instance of the misery inflicted upon parents by the birth of an undesired child.

Lives are permanently and irretrievably ruined because the parents knew of no means of prevention or because the means they used were inefficient.

Not until the knowledge of reliable preventives is in the possession of every adult male and female will mankind be freed from the spectre of the unwanted child ; and not until then will married life be the paradise that it should be instead of the hell that it often is now.

[1919.]

BIRTH-CONTROL TEACHING IN THE MEDICAL CURRICULUM.

There are many prophecies that seem strange and far-fetched when made, but which become realities even sooner than the prophet expected. The birth-control movement has made greater progress than I dared hope twenty years ago. When I demanded that the means of preventing conception be taught to students in medical colleges, the idea seemed fantastic. I predict that, in about a decade, preventive

information and marital hygiene will constitute a regular part of the medical curriculum in many colleges. It is perfectly outrageous that an intelligent man can now be graduated from a medical college and go out and practise among the people, knowing less about the important subject of birth control than many an illiterate washerwoman. The medical students are beginning to see it, and are beginning to resent the humiliation which they feel on being forced to go to lay sources for their preceptive knowledge. Preception is a measure of the highest hygienic importance, and the medical profession should be the principal source and authority of all information on the subject. The time is not far distant when it will be. As has frequently happened, the medical profession will have to take a step forward under the pressure of a popular demand.

[1925.]

THE EUGENIST ARGUMENT AGAINST BIRTH CONTROL.

I wish to repeat what I have said many times before, that there is only one valid objection to birth control. The objection is that, under present conditions, birth control may tend to work dysgenically, may worsen the racial stock. If we assume (a large assumption !) that the well-to-do, the intellectual, and the professional classes are of better stuff than the proletariat—that their environment for bringing up children is better there can be no question—then it stands to reason that the race, under the present conditions of birth control, must deteriorate. The “better” classes are employing preceptive methods and have but few children, whilst the proletariat breeds, so to say, unrestrictedly. What is said about the higher and the lower classes applies with much greater force to the highly civilized and the lower races. If the civilized races apply birth control extensively while the non-civilized and semi-barbarous races use no preceptives, the latter will outrun, conquer, or displace the former. The remedy is, more knowledge. The remedy for a limited use of birth control is unrestricted use. Just as it is our duty to spread preceptive information among the poorer and more ignorant classes,

those which need it most, so it is the duty of highly civilized nations to urge upon less civilized nations a restriction of numbers. Instead of building costly battleships for a possible future war with Japan, it would be much cheaper for us to send missionaries to that country to spread the gospel of practical birth control.

Assuming, then, that birth control as it is now practised does act dysgenically, it is in our power to transform it into a eugenic agency of the utmost importance. Instead of leaving it in the hands of the few, we must make its use universal ; universal throughout the nation, and universal throughout all nations.

[1925.]

II

WAR AND REVOLUTION

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

Dr. W. J. Robinson's attitude towards war and revolution is decisive and characteristic. For him, as for the rest of us, theory was put to a severe practical test during the times that tried men's souls—during the strenuous years of War and Revolution. The writings gathered in the present chapter, writings that range in date from 1904 to 1925, will show how the test was answered.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

The threatening war-cloud that has been darkening the eastern horizon for months past is about to burst.

If prayers were effective in such affairs, then every good, honest, right-thinking, progress-loving man and woman should pray fervently that the struggle between Russia and Japan, may be short and decisive, and that Russia may receive such a severe punishment, such a crushing blow, as will stagger her and weaken her for years to come.

War is hell. But some wars are inevitable. This struggle between the merciless, inhuman, reactionary northern colossus and a part of the world that stands for progress and civilization has been foreseen by careful observers for many years. The sooner it breaks loose, the better for the world at large. Only the narrow-minded will regard the struggle between Russia and Japan as merely a war between two nations. It has wider implications.

It is a struggle between medievalism and the twentieth century, between barbarism and civilization, between reckless disregard of human rights and a decent respect for such rights ; in short, between everything mean and cruel of the past and everything good and hopeful of the future. Japan is merely an accident. Behind Japan stand Great Britain, the United States, and the rest of the civilized world.

Russia is the only country which mercilessly crushes every attempt at progress, tramples upon every ideal dear to the human heart, scoffs at oaths and promises, punishes with death and exile those who dare to think or speak of liberty ; and it is the only country that casts a darkening shadow over the orderly progress of mankind. For the welfare of mankind, Russia must be chastised, must be curbed, must be taught that we do not live in the times of Ivan the Terrible, and that a hundred million people may not be tortured with impunity.

Russia needs that castigation. The cowardly bully always gets more decent after a severe whipping. After defeat in the Crimean War, Russia took a few steps upon the path of reform. A semblance of freedom was granted to the press, liberal Russians began to breathe freely, and a fair amount was accomplished in a short time. But the Russian bureaucracy, the foulest and most corrupt on the face of the earth, became alarmed, and the liberties that had been granted were cancelled, so that now there is less freedom in Russia than there was fifty years ago.

A crushing defeat in the forthcoming conflict would work much good for Russia. In fact, Russians who are inspired by genuine patriotism are praying for the defeat of their own country, for they know that this will make for a victory of the principles of progress, of liberty, of humanity.

Do not let me be misunderstood. I have no animus against the Russian people. Some Russian men and women represent the noblest and most heroic types that mankind has ever produced. Russian literature is one of the grandest in the world. Russian medical science is at the highest level of development. When I write of "Russia", I mean the dishonest, cruel, bigoted, murderous Russian government, which deserves the hatred of every honest human being. That is why we must all hope for the crushing defeat of Russia.

[1904.]

WHAT A RUSSIAN VICTORY WOULD MEAN.

Every Russian victory is a blow to civilization, an obstacle in the path of progress. A decisive Russian victory would be the greatest calamity that could befall mankind. It would mean the deeper entrenchment of the foulest, cruellest, and most murderous bureaucracy that ever disgraced this world. The subterranean dungeons and the Siberian mines would be filled to overflowing; the knout and the gallows would work overtime. May the world be saved from such a calamity!

[1904.]

THE HEROISM OF WAR AND THE HEROISM
OF PEACE.

Among those recently decorated by President Fallières was a young obscure physician, Louis Bozy by name, who lost one of his eyes in the course of his professional duties. While acting as assistant at an operation in one of the Paris hospitals he had an eye injured through a drop of "poisonous matter" coming in contact with it. He knew that an antidote ought to be applied immediately, but this would have involved leaving the chief surgeon unassisted. He remained at his post with his eye uncared for until the operation was completed. The result, you know. President Fallières, in conferring the decoration, said that a wound received by a physician in the discharge of his duty was as honourable as one received on the battlefield.

Thanks for so much. The world does move. But I fancy that the time is not far distant when a wound received by a physician in the discharge of his duty will be considered more honourable than one received on the battlefield. Maybe a time will come when a wound received on the battlefield will be considered a disgrace—as much so as a black eye received in a drunken brawl is now. Individual fights and brawls are getting fewer and fewer in number and are being looked upon with more and more contempt. May we not hope that the same change of feeling will occur in the case of the much more pernicious, much more deadly, international brawls known as wars?

[1909.]

WAR IS HELL.

War is hell. Everybody knows that. Sherman, a soldier, knew it, and coined the phrase which has become famous. But the assertion is too strong for some people. They admit, of course, that war is an evil; but they contend that it is not an unmitigated evil, that there is something good in it, that it benefits the individual and the race.

I regard this as the rankest kind of sophistry. War is

an unmitigated evil; it is a foul and vicious business from beginning to end. Some wars are unavoidable: but there is nothing good in war; there has hardly been a war in the history of the world which could properly be called a "good war"; I doubt if there has been any war which would not have been better avoided.

War awakens the basest instincts in man, and renders him more savage than the lowest brute. There is no heroism in war. What is called heroism is simply a thirst for blood, a brutish callousness to the enemy's and one's own sufferings.

What is the effect of war upon the racial stock? Only a strong bias in favour of war can make any one deny that the influence is wholly evil. War destroys the physically best part of the population; the survivors come back debilitated by privation, devastated by venereal and other infectious diseases, and morally corrupted by numerous vices. These influences promote racial decay.

Suppose war were to break out between England and Germany, or between Germany and France, would not this be a terrible calamity for mankind, a calamity without a single extenuating or redeeming feature?

Our attitude towards war is not so much a matter of reasoning as of feeling. Now, feeling depends a good deal upon heredity. One whose ancestors were fighters, one who was brought up in a war atmosphere, will be likely to think that there is something glorious and beneficent in shooting off the heads and tearing out the entrails of his fellow beings. One whose ancestors have been scholars and philosophers for many generations, one who has grown up in a peaceful and studious atmosphere, will detest war with every fibre of his being.

For the edification of those whose hearts beat faster at the sound of a soldier's drum, let me quote John Scott's ode:

I hate that drum's discordant sound
Parading round and round and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

War is hell ; it brings misery to all concerned ; it is a curse to the individual and to the race. Only mankind's enemies can wish for it or find good in it. Mankind's lovers should wage war against war !

[March 1914.]

FIRST THOUGHTS ON THE WORLD WAR.

[*Notice.*—The editorial articles that follow were written by me in Geneva, during the first week of the war. While, if I wrote them now I might change a sentence here and there, I consider it more honest to let them appear just as written. I have nothing essential to take back. I beg my readers to accept them in the spirit in which they were written : the spirit of deep love and pity for all humanity, and intense hatred for all tyrants and war lords.]

THE CATACLYSM.

And so the horrible, the unbelievable, the impossible thing has happened !

What the fools, the brutes, and the Cassandras have been predicting for several years, and we, the idealists, the writers, the dreamers, the bookworms and desk philosophers, have been ridiculing as fantastic, as a spectre of diseased minds, is now a bitter reality.

All Europe is groaning, weeping bitter tears, and sweating blood. The fairest lands have become converted into one armed camp such as the world has never seen before.

Not during the Napoleonic wars were such millions massed against each other.

I have been on the fringe of it only, but I have seen enough of it to last me the rest of my life.

I was in France when the order of mobilization was announced to the people, and I travelled in Switzerland during the mobilization. I saw the grim faces of the working, business, and professional men, forced, in the midst of peaceful occupations, to give up their work suddenly and leave their homes, perhaps never to return. And I have seen the

women—mothers, wives, and sisters—weep and sob—their sobs taken up by their little children.

Never shall I be able to picture to you the black, deep depression which has been holding me in its death-like grip these past few days. It is not the personal inconvenience, it is not the interrupted, ruined vacation, the inability to move, the inability to get a cent for my \$2,000 in Hamburg-American cheques; no, these things would simply make me feel annoyed. But I feel humiliated and ashamed. Ashamed of humanity, ashamed of the fool's paradise in which I lived, ashamed of my optimism, of my belief in the actuality of progress, ashamed of my ideals which I thought realities.

I feel sickened to the very marrow of my bones. My brain is stunned, and every nerve in me feels humiliated, insulted as if it had been pulled, bared, and rubbed over with salt and acid.

Humanity has been struggling and shedding its blood to reach a certain degree of civilization and freedom, to attain certain individual rights, to establish some sort of justice. And we are under the blissful impression that as long as we follow a peaceful pursuit and obey the law we are free citizens, with freedom of expression and movement, and with certain inalienable rights, which nobody dares to infringe with impunity. And so we live in a fool's paradise. Along comes an ambitious or brutal tyrant and declares war.

And in the twinkling of an eye your rights are trampled upon. You haven't any rights—your rights have disappeared. They say: it is martial law. But what is martial law if not the abolition, the suspension, of all law? Under martial law, you are no longer a human being; you have no more rights and are given no more consideration than an insect or a dog. You are not free to go where you want, you cannot write or even read what you want, everything you have can be confiscated, without any reason whatever you can be thrown into a dungeon (this has already taken place in numerous instances in Alsace-Lorraine), and for any displeasing utterance you can be shot or bayoneted, without anybody daring to object or ask the reason why. Isn't it a hollow mockery to have rights which can be abolished at a moment's, nay, without a moment's notice?

Of what use are Magna Chartas, parliaments, Reichstags, constitutions, guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly, when the ruler can by the mere expedient of declaring war—and a *casus belli* can always be found—abrogate all these inconvenient things by the stroke of a pen and keep them abrogated as long as he pleases? And the people dare not breathe any objections, for under martial law any criticism is high treason, and the penalty is the dungeon or death. We see this sickeningly, heart-breakingly illustrated in the great country of Germany. The Social Democratic Party of Germany, the greatest socialist party of any country, and the only one which was considered to exert some real influence on German policies, had been writing and speechmaking and publishing numerous journals and books and collecting money and threatening to do all kinds of things to the capitalist system. But war was declared, an unjust, brutal, aggressive war, and they all went like sheep to the slaughter, without even saying: Boo. And the socialist deputies cut a pitiable figure in the Reichstag, gave the Kaiser all he demanded without opposition, and even, against their usual custom, stood up when he was cheered. I have no right to blame them, not knowing whether I would have acted differently under the same circumstances. Opposition to the Kaiser, or even failure to stand up when he was cheered, might mean loss of freedom or worse, and nobody cares to forfeit his freedom or his life uselessly. But it is sickening, and it demonstrates what a stupid mockery it is to possess rights which the caprice or brutality of the ruler may abrogate at any time. It makes me ashamed of, it makes me despair of, humanity. Optimism in the progress of humanity was my dearest possession, and this has suffered the severest of all shocks. And that is why it hurts so. We are really not much further advanced than we were a thousand years ago; than we were before the French Revolution.

And the private business concerns, following the high-handed attitude of their war lord, also trample on their contracts, obligations, signatures, as if the fact of their country being at war had freed them from the most elementary rules of honesty and decency, had licensed them to cheat and to rob, and to retain other people's property and money. Not

only are the principles of morality abrogated ; but common commercial honesty, on which our business men and bankers always pride themselves, has been completely abrogated. Thousands of Americans with travellers' cheques are stranded here and are on the point of starvation, because the banks will not cash their own cheques. The civilization of two thousand years, the laws of equity and justice, regard for human and social rights, are abrogated in a day. Everywhere roughshod-riding, brutality, robbery, repudiation of obligations, confiscation—and all justified by the magic formula : We are at war. But why are you at war ?

ARE EMPERORS AND TSARS HUMAN BEINGS ?

This question has been bothering me a good deal. It has been with me for some time, both during waking and sleeping hours. Are they—the Kaisers, Emperors, Tsars, etc.—human beings more or less like us, or do they belong to an entirely different species ? Is it at all possible for us to have an idea of their mentality, of the workings of their mind and soul ? No, it is impossible. We, ordinary mortals, feel distressed and sleep uneasily when we do anything wrong, when we cause suffering to a single human being ; a tear that was shed through our fault lies like a stone on our heart. How then can they—William II, the Crown Prince, Francis Joseph, Tsar Nicholas, and their entourage—rest their heads on their pillows, how can they live at all when they see before them—with their physical or mental eyes—the terrible anguish they have caused, the broken hearts, the destroyed homes, the burning cities and villages, the oceans of tears, the rivers of blood, the mountains of mangled bodies ? Do you mean to tell me that an ordinary human being could cause all this and still bear to live ? Never. No, those people do not belong to the human species. Through a perverse upbringing, everything human in them is enucleated, destroyed, and they are taught to look at human beings as at cattle, whose happiness or unhappiness is of little consequence, whose feelings and sufferings need not be taken into consideration, whose very lives amount to nothing, when their own caprice, ambition or desire for conquest come into play.

WHAT SHALL THE PUNISHMENT BE ?

When one man kills another premeditatedly, and without any provocation, he is hanged, electrocuted, or imprisoned for life. What shall be done to him who premeditatedly, and without any provocation, murders ten or a hundred thousand men and causes mourning and desolation in thousands upon thousands of homes ? Dear friends, there is no name in any language for such a crime, and there is no punishment, there can be no adequate punishment for it, either here or in heaven. A man cannot be hanged or beheaded a hundred thousand times. Should Germany come out victorious, then of course there will be no talk of punishment (about the judgment of posterity they do not care) and William will be declared the greatest and noblest emperor that ever lived ; incense will be burned and statues will be erected to him throughout the empire. But should Germany meet with disastrous defeat, then it is not entirely outside the bounds of probability that both William and the Crown Prince will lose their heads on the guillotine and Germany will be declared a republic. Which would be supreme justice. But unfortunately, supreme justice does not reign in this world, and God is still on the side of the strongest battalions.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERY IS NOT THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

I trust that my righteous indignation against the German Government, which has been primarily guilty of this cruel wanton war, will not be for a single moment misinterpreted into antagonism to the German people. Having for many years imbibed the culture, literature, and science of Germany, I yield to no one in respect and admiration for the German nation and its great achievements. But militarism has been Germany's—and Europe's—incubus since 1870, and it is necessary to the welfare and happiness of the world-at-large and of Germany itself, that German arms should suffer a few disastrous defeats. Should Germany come out victorious, then things will be pretty bad, not only for the conquered countries or provinces, but for Germany itself. The junkerdom is insufferably insolent now ; then life for the civilian would

be unsafe indeed. On the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all, he would be in danger of being sabred. Many Germans would become so blown up with pride and conceit that life alongside of them would become unbearable. When one's country is in the wrong, then the true patriot should pray for the defeat of his country's arms. Nothing more wretched than the dishonest motto: "My country, right or wrong".

What I do pray for now (I know prayer has no value ; I use the word pray instead of : ardently desire) is the victory of France and England and the defeat of Germany and Russia. That is exactly what I mean. And such an occurrence is not an impossibility. I do not mind if Germany gains victories on the Russian frontier—I hope it does—provided it loses its battles on French soil. But should the defeat of Germany mean the predominance of Russia, then I pray for German victory. For the domination of the Romanoffs is something too horrible to contemplate. And I do not believe in the Tsar's promises of reforms. It has always been thus. Whenever he is at war and fears an internal revolution, he makes liberal promises. But as soon as the war is over, and the army is back again, and he is safe on his throne, all promises are cynically trampled upon, and protests are answered with the dungeon, the Siberian mine, and the gallows. The Tsar's promises, indeed ! Nay, Prussian militarism and Russian autocratic brutality are both damnable, but the latter is incomparably worse than the former.

IF THEY HAD BUT LISTENED TO JAURÈS.

This war will prove an irreparable calamity to each and every nation engaged in it, but the country least able to bear its losses and horrors is France, and this regardless of which way the tide may turn, regardless of whether Germany is victorious or defeated. Of course if Germany is frankly victorious then France sinks into the category of second-class or third-class nations, for it would never be able to recuperate from the wounds and humiliation inflicted on it by Germany, the enormous war indemnity that would be imposed on it, the additional loss of territory, the loss in life

and money. It would never get over that. But even if the Allies come out victorious, there is one damage that France could never repair, and that is its loss in thousands and thousands of healthy men, biologically the most important units of the race. Suppose it did get a money indemnity from Germany: this would not replace its tens of thousands of lives.

And France could have avoided this war if it had not been dragged by its politicians into an entangling alliance with Russia. Jean Jaurès was one of the few clear-sighted leaders who all along perceived that France's alliance with Russia would prove a great calamity to the former; and he devoted his life to the breaking up of that alliance and to forming if not an alliance at least a rapprochement with Germany. He was openly opposed to that alliance on moral grounds, claiming, as we all do, that the most civilized, the most liberty-loving country in the world had no business to ally itself with the most despotic, most barbarous, most cruel government in the world, thus helping the latter to perpetuate itself; and he perceived that only an entente between France and Germany could guarantee the peace of Europe. He saw clearly that increased armaments and increasing the military service from two to three years would not be the salvation of France, but would merely lead to a corresponding increase in armaments and soldiers in Germany; and he never missed an opportunity of using his wonderful eloquence in an attempt to inculcate these truths into the conscience of his countrymen. But Frenchmen would not listen to him, and he paid with his life for his ideas and for his courage to express them.

Had the French but listened to Jaurès, France would not now be involved in a life-and-death struggle, there would have been no war at all, or if there had been it would have been limited to Austria, Serbia, and Russia alone. It is because France followed its chauvinistic and misguided politicians and refused to listen to Jaurès and the party which he represented, that it is now bleeding from a million wounds which may weaken it so that it may never recover its former vigour.

THE POISONOUS FRUITS OF THE WAR.

The material losses of the war, the destroyed lives, the oceans of tears and the rivers of blood, the unutterable anguish, the suicides, the insanities, caused by the horrible thing—we know that. But besides all these, this war will leave other poisonous legacies, the effects of which it will take centuries to overcome.

One of the poisonous fruits will be an intense international hatred. You and I will not hate every German, because an unbalanced emperor, egged on by a brutal junkerdom, has decreed a brutal aggressive war. We know that millions of Germans did not want the war, and were forced to go and shed their blood against their will. But how should the average Frenchman or Belgian feel, whose son, father, or brother was killed, and whose property was destroyed by the aggressors, without any provocation? How will the children and the young generation feel who grow up on the stories of horrors, murders, and devilries committed by the invaders? During the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, feelings of international friendship and solidarity had taken root and begun to spread; now the whole thing is about to be destroyed at one blow. The beautiful tree of Internationalism had begun to grow; now it has been uprooted to give place to a narrow, bitter nationalism. Instead of a broad cosmopolitanism, which looks at all nations with respect and friendliness, we shall have an intolerant chauvinism, which hates and despises all nations, except its own.

Another of the poisonous fruits of the horrible thing will be the setback to liberal, radical, and humane ideas and tendencies. The people see, for instance, that the radical, opposition parties in England which opposed the building of additional dreadnoughts and ridiculed the idea of any war with Germany, were "wrong". The people see that the socialists in France, including their leader, the lamented martyr Jaurès, who opposed the three year military service law and the additional taxes demanded by the military forces were "wrong". Exactly the same is true of Belgium. It certainly would have been better if France, Belgium, and England had spent five hundred million more to be better

prepared than they are now. Perhaps there would have been no war then. Most likely. At the conclusion of the war—if any people are left then—therefore, the radical parties will speak very small; they will keep themselves in the background, and for decades and decades to come they will not dare to speak of disarmament and peace (unless universal disarmament can be agreed upon, which is not likely); they will not dare to oppose any increase of taxes for military purposes. And the people will groan more pitifully and will bend their backs still lower under the burden. Will they revolt? Never. You cannot revolt against an army of two millions provided with machine-guns. Such an army can hold a hundred millions in subjection.

But were the liberals and humanitarians really “wrong”? No, a thousand times no! Simply, there were not enough of them! Or, there were not enough countries in which the liberals and radicals had an influential voice. If the liberal element had had as much influence in Germany, as it had in France and Italy for instance, there would have been no war. It is not wrong to preach disarmament, but it is foolish to do so unless the preaching goes on in all countries at the same time.

Nobody could foresee or perceive that the Social Democratic Party in Germany was merely a paper party, that at the first test its members would show themselves cowards and would kiss the toe of their war lord.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Yet the remedy for little knowledge is not less knowledge, but more knowledge. And so it is with humanitarian ideas: a little humanitarianism, or much of it but limited to one or a few countries, may prove dangerous; yet the remedy is not less humanitarianism, but more and more humanitarianism gradually enveloping and embracing the whole world.

WHO HAS DONE IT?

Who has done this horrible thing? Who has caused this sinister conflagration extending from the Ural Mountains to the Pyrenees, from the Mediterranean to the British Isles? Who has made all Europe groan? Who has hit every European

with a sledge-hammer on the head? Who is responsible for this universal heart-breaking, for the millions of weeping mothers and wives, for the burning villages, for the wanton arrests and shootings, for the thousands of mangled bodies, for the newly-made widows and orphans, for the crape at the doors of thousands of houses? There is one person primarily responsible for this horror at which humanity stands aghast. Only a purblind chauvinist will dare deny his responsibility. That person is William the Second, Emperor of Germany. It is he and his entourage that prepared and manoeuvred the whole affair. France did not want war; nothing was further from the mind of the French people. A few sentimental patriots continued to put wreaths on the statue of Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde, and a few chauvinists dreamed of a war of revenge; but the French nation as a whole, including the government, was wedded to peace, and Germany's action came to them as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. In Russia's case, too, much as I detest its murderous government, I must admit that it acted in good faith and above board. The deceit, the deliberate attempt to mislead and to gain time, was all on the part of the German Emperor. Never before in the history of the world, did the ruler of a civilized country present such a sickening example of dishonest duplicity, of Machiavellian cunning, of absolutely devilish unprincipledness. But in his attempt to put the blame on France he and his stupid chancellor—who possesses the dishonesty but not the shrewdness of Bismarck—over-reached themselves. The world and history have already pronounced their judgment on this clumsy attempt to put the blame for the war on an innocent country.

Yes, the whole business was plotted in Germany. The assassination of Franz Ferdinand came as a useful pretext, and the very brutality of Austria's note to Serbia was inspired in Berlin. I go further, and state it as my positive opinion, the correctness of which will be proved by forthcoming events, that Germany's declaration of war on Russia was a mere pretext for attacking France. Here is the whole trouble. It is not Russia or Serbia that Germany cares about, it is not Austria that she is so anxious to defend. France is the real objective. It is from France that she wants another

pound of flesh, it is France that she wants to cripple and wound to death if she can.

It is still too early to judge, but my opinion seems already justified by the events of the week. For there is very little fighting on the Russo-German frontier; Germany's whole strength seems to be directed against France, to penetrate which she wantonly invaded Luxemburg and Belgium, whose neutrality Germany herself had guaranteed. But what are treaties and international agreements? Relentless brute force is the order of the day.

THE HORRIBLE THING.

I am back home.

I was in, or, rather, close to, the human slaughter-house, and what I have seen will remain with me to the end of my days. I have always hated war with every fibre of my being, but now this hatred has become too intense for expression. My blood boils at the thought of the wretches and imbeciles who see something noble, something elevating, even something necessary in war. For ever accursed be they who, by thought, word, or deed, directly or indirectly, foster this horror of horrors.

Do not prate to me about civilization, progress, and Christianity. When an ambitious megalomaniac, a senile reprobate, and a pogrom-inciting brute, can cause millions of friendly, inoffensive people to fly at each other's throats; to cut, slash, burn, bayonet, mutilate, rape, gouge, dynamite, and drown each other; to behave worse than blood-crazed savage beasts—how futile to talk of civilization, progress, and Christianity!

I want to put on record my opinion that the primary responsibility for this mad and maddening slaughter must fall on William of Hohenzollern, egged on by the Crown Prince and the German militarists. Only the blindest partisan can deny that.

I therefore sincerely pray that, for the anguish they have caused, the widows and orphans they have made, the rivers of blood they have shed, the villages and cities they have burned, the lives they have destroyed, William of Hohenzollern

and the Crown Prince of Germany may lose their heads, and that Germany may emerge from this conflict a glorious republic, governed by thinkers and humanitarians, and not by insolent junkers who despise the civilians, who regard treaties as merely scraps of paper, and who think it not only their right but their duty to trample upon weaker nations. If Francis Joseph of Austria and Nicholas of Russia should lose their heads too, then this bloody, insane, sickening, heartbreaking slaughter will not have been wholly in vain.

But we must guard against hysteria. Let us bear in mind that if Prussian militarism is bad, Russian autocracy is a thousand times worse. Pogroms, Bloody Sundays, the knout, subterranean dungeons, and Siberian mines, are Russian and not German institutions.

[September 1914.]

PERIL, AND THE BETTER SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.

In unhappy France, which was yesterday torn to shreds by internal dissensions, where acrimony reached its highest climax on account of the scandalous acquittal of Mme. Caillaux, perfect harmony exists to-day. All quarrels have been forgotten, all partisanship has disappeared, the whole nation has become a unit. Danger has unified it in an hour. We see the same thing in Belgium, the same thing in England. Our Americans and Englishmen who are now stranded in Europe and cannot get their cheques or their letters of credit cashed, and don't know how they will get their next meal, or how they will ever get home, have lost their snobbishness and standoffishness, and speak to each other without a formal introduction. A little anxiety, a little danger, has made them feel their common kinship. The most genuine democracy, the truest feeling of human fellowship—such as had never been manifested before—prevailed, I am told, during the San Francisco earthquake. The millionairess shared her crumb with the stable-boy, and multi-millionaires fraternized with street-sweepers. Even the impassable colour line was obliterated, and for a little while negroes and Chinamen were

considered almost human beings. When a vessel on the high seas is threatened with shipwreck, class distinctions disappear, and the ladies from the first-class cabin do not disdain to talk to and ask favours of the men of the steerage.

Peril and suffering make all mankind kin. They remove animosity, meanness, and snobbishness, and bring to the surface the better, the more generous side of human nature.

Oh, what a beast—with apologies to the beasts—man is! Why should it require suffering and deadly peril to bring to the surface decency and human brotherhood? Why must men and women during times of peace and prosperity tear each other to pieces? Why, when no national or individual danger threatens, must they be divided into classes, castes, cliques, and parties, hating, snubbing, fighting, and abusing each other like packs of hungry beasts? (Again with apologies to the beasts.) Of what good are love and consideration when they manifest themselves only during the comparatively short and infrequent periods of adversity and danger; while during the long periods of peace and security, hate and dissension are supreme? Man is a stupid, vicious beast. If love and harmony and friendly intercourse reigned all the time, then there would be no times of danger and adversity. At least none of human making, such as the uncalled-for war, which we are now living through. With the few and rare adversities of nature's making, we could then cope easily.

[October 1914.]

THE GERMANS DID NOT WANT WAR.

In my opinion, the German nation as a whole wanted war no more than you or I did. Ninety per cent. of the German people are as pacific as you or I. The workers in the field, the workers in the shops and factories, the merchants, the business men, the manufacturers (with the exception of the Krupps and their ilk), the bankers, the physicians, lawyers, and clergymen, the research workers and professors, the singers, composers, sculptors, and painters, did not want war. But, unfortunately, these people do not rule Germany. They have no deciding voice in its home or foreign affairs.

The country is ruled by a minority of, say, about ten per cent. (perhaps five per cent. would be nearer the mark)—the descendants of feudal barons who have no occupation, no trade or profession, except the profession of arms. They have been brought up to despise civilians, and to consider that the only use of civilians is to support the military caste. This minority lives in a world of its own. It has been practically untouched by modern progress, by democratic ideas, and by libertarian ideals. It is that minority, whose gods are Bismarck and Moltke, which wanted war; which has been making ready for forty years; which has been preaching the sanctity, the nobility, and the wonderfully elevating power, of war. A minority, a small minority, of Germans is responsible for the present cataclysm. The German people as a whole did not want war.

[October 1914.]

UNBIASED THINKING.

Nobody is responsible for his opinions; but here is the difference between a biased and an unbiased person. As my readers know and as I myself know to my sorrow, I have very decided opinions about this war, as to where the responsibility lies for having started it, as to the manner in which it is conducted, etc. Still, I am not only willing but eager to read all sides, and I do read everything published by the pro-German side. If, for instance, I should become convinced that Germany is not responsible for having started this war, that the responsibility lies with Russia or England or France, I should not have the slightest hesitation in coming out publicly with my opinion and with my changed attitude, and I should not feel in the least ashamed or humiliated about it. Our opinions are based on the facts as we possess them, and if it turns out that we did not possess sufficient facts or that the facts are capable of a different interpretation, we should not have the slightest hesitation in changing our opinions. This is what unbiased thinking means. How many unbiased thinkers are there in this world, how many people are really desirous of listening to all sides of an argument

without caring if their prejudices, opinions, or preconceived notions go to smash? Not one in a thousand.

[November 1914.]

ONE BRIGHT LITTLE POINT IN THE WAR.

I confess frankly that I am not the same man that I was prior to August 1, 1914. What I have always claimed to be my dearest possession, namely my optimism, has suffered a rude shock from which it will never recover. My belief in the essential goodness of human nature (a favourite phrase of mine) has been shattered into innumerable atoms. My fool's paradise has fallen to pieces. I have always despised the mob, but now I perceive to my horror that practically all humanity is a mob—a cruel, stupid, vicious, unthinking mob; professors, writers, and artists almost as bad as the street hoodlums.

Yes, my optimism has suffered a shock, has been shattered by a lyddite shell. Nevertheless we have a right to look around us for signs of progress, and to announce them when we find them. There is one little sign of real progress in this war, and that sign is that every one of the participating countries without exception is frantically endeavouring to prove that it was not responsible for the war, that it did not want the war, that the war was forced upon it. This is an entirely new phenomenon. In the days of the Huns and the medieval wars and the Napoleonic wars, no excuses were given to the people for participating in a war; the rulers declared the war, and that was all there was to it. Now it seems we have reached a point when an aggressive war is unpopular, is considered a wicked thing, a thing in which the people would not willingly or enthusiastically participate; and it has therefore become necessary to persuade them that the war is not an aggressive but defensive war, a war for national existence. And though I no longer carry my optimism on my sleeve, I must admit that this is an indication of progress.

[November 1914.]

MY ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE WAR.

The article entitled *The Horrible Thing*, in the September "Critic and Guide" has brought me a sheaf of letters, many of them coarsely abusive, and a fair proportion of the latter anonymous. The following is a sample of those that are signed and courteously expressed :

NEW YORK.
September 20, 1914.

DEAR DR. ROBINSON,

In my opinion, the pages of the "Critic and Guide" are not the proper place in which to inflict upon your readers your private views on the causes of the present European conflict. Nor are your views in keeping with President Wilson's injunction as to neutrality. I ask you to discontinue my subscription to the "Critic and Guide", and to cease sending future copies.

Yours truly,
G. MANNHEIMER.

The attitude of Dr. Mannheimer, and of other good people like him, is responsible for war, international conflict and racial hatred. It is the intolerant attitude of those who do not wish to listen to the other side, who do not want to admit that there can be another side.

For what else does Dr. Mannheimer's anger, and his request to discontinue his subscription to the "Critic and Guide" signify? If he be perfectly frank he will admit that his anger is due exclusively to the fact that I was not very respectful to the German Kaiser. Had my private opinions been strongly pro-German he would not have discontinued his subscription. Which goes to show the narrow-mindedness of not only the lower classes, but even of those who call themselves intellectuals. They cannot endure to hear the other side.

Of course I may be mistaken ; but if I believe that I am right, should I not be permitted to express my opinions freely and openly? Why should I not express them in the "Critic and Guide"? The greatest catastrophe that the world has ever experienced is now before our eyes. Butcheries and barbarities such as the world has never seen before are taking place daily, human blood flows in torrents, mangled and decomposed bodies are filling the rivers and brooks to such

an extent that the current is interfered with, every minute sees new orphans and widows made, crops are destroyed, villages and cities are razed to the ground, magnificent works of art and libraries are ruined—and the editor of the “Critic and Guide” should not say a word about all this? Perish the thought! I would rather drop the “Critic and Guide” altogether. And if I believe that the German Kaiser and his junkers are principally responsible for this horror of horrors, should I not say a word? Dr. Mannheimer and other good people of similar temperament do not know the editor of the “Critic and Guide”! I should say it, and say it just as strongly, if I knew that I should thereby lose every subscriber and advertiser.

Whether I am right or wrong in the matter has nothing to do with the case: as long as this is my opinion, it is my duty to express it.

I have never limited the pages of the “Critic and Guide” to the discussion of castor oil and bellyaches, the treatment of tonsillitis, and the removal of warts and corns. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*. Anything that is of interest to humanity is my province, the province of the pages of the “Critic and Guide”. If there is anybody so small as to be unable to listen to an honest man’s expression of opinion, even if that opinion be a mistaken one, he can do as Dr. Mannheimer has done—discontinue his subscription.

The really broad-minded people, of whatever nationality they may be, will stay with me, and will respect me all the more for the frank and fearless expression of my opinions.

[October 1914.]

ABOUT WAR IN GENERAL.

I am, as my readers know, of a pacific and gentle temperament. Nevertheless, I feel that I should like to hang upon a sour apple tree anybody whom I hear assert that war is something necessary, inevitable, biologically inescapable, and that it will always be with us. To a vast number of people (persons of small intelligence), everything that is right, and because it has happened once it is bound to happen again and again. But, for my part, when I hear somebody assert that war is

not only inevitable, but is a good thing for the race, that it brings out humanity's noblest qualities, strengthens the breed, develops heroism, self-sacrifice, and so on, I want to hit that man with a bludgeon. Only one who is cruel or perverted can see anything good in war. Some wars are unavoidable, but there never has been, and never will be, anything good in war. Only suffering, misery, brutality, disease, cunning, deception, cruelty, hatred for centuries to come, and eventual racial degeneration.

[1915.]

THE TSAR AS BRUTAL AS EVER.

From the beginning of the war I said that I had no confidence in any promises of reform made by the Tsar and his band of murderous bureaucrats. The only good and reliable Tsar is a dead Tsar. I declared that as soon as the war was over, any promises would be trampled under foot and any reforms already granted would be annulled. But the Tsar has not even waited until the end of the war. Reaction is in full swing, and is as brutal as ever. In fact, worse. The Russian government knows that other countries are too busy now with their own affairs to pay attention to anything that is going on in Russia. For instance, fifty-three seamen were recently sentenced to hard labour for long terms, and life-long exile in Siberia. Why? For publishing a trade-unionist paper, called the "Seaman", and for advocating the organization of sailors into a union. That was all their crime.

Nothing was ever more brutal than the Russian bureaucracy, and I fear very much that a victory on the part of Russia would strengthen and render more impregnable Tsarism and all that it implies. That would be a calamity only second to the calamity of the war itself.

[1915.]

RUSSIA IN WAR TIME.

Let the feeble-minded and the prostitutes of the pen go into ecstasies over the "regeneration" wrought in Russia by

the war. The fact is that never before have misery and bloodshed been so widespread in Russia. Never before has the autocracy ruled with such a bloody hand. Never before has liberty been so completely and hopelessly crushed. Never before have the Tsar and his millions been so ruthless. Never before have the Black Hundreds ravished, maimed, and maltreated innocent men, women, and children, as they do now, without any fear of being called to account.

Before, there was a little hesitation in perpetrating acts that were too inhuman and revolting. There was a certain dread of public opinion in western Europe. Now this fear is eliminated, because two of the most humane and most enlightened European countries are Russia's allies, and they do not dare to say a word in criticism of the Moloch of the North.

How long, O Lord, how long ?

[1916.]

THE BLACK SHADOW.¹

The black shadow of war is upon us, and I cannot refrain from saying in print what I think every minute of the day and in the sleepless hours of the night. I know that silence would be more discreet. Folk are as touchy on the subject of this war as they are on the subject of religion. People will listen patiently to almost anything, but you must not trench upon their religious beliefs. In like manner, you must not speak about the war—unless you hold the same opinions on the subject as they do. Let the consequences be what they may, I cannot help it.

The October 1914 number was a special war issue, and within a week or ten days after the issue was mailed we received about 700 discontinuances, all of course from our German friends. Some of these came back, but the majority have not forgiven me yet for what I had to say about the Hohenzollern part in this war. Now, this editorial may lose us seven times seven hundred subscribers among the jingoes,

¹ EDITORIAL NOTE.—The United States formally entered the World War on April 6, 1917. This section was written when the decision was imminent, and appeared in the April 1917 issue of the "Critic and Guide".

cheap patriots, and those sincere but deluded people who think that it is our duty to join the war. I say again : I cannot help it, let the consequences be what they may. I will say just what I think. Before you get hot under the collar, before you start out to condemn, weigh the matter carefully and ask yourself if it is not possible that Dr. Robinson has given careful and painful thought to the subject, and if it isn't possible that he is right, that the real welfare of humanity as a whole demands that we keep out of the war.

I believe that our entering the war at the present time would be one of the stupidest and most senseless things that a nation could be guilty of. We haven't even a plausible excuse. Had we gone to war when Belgium was invaded or when the "Lusitania" was sunk, we should have had a moral reason, a decent excuse. But to join the war exclusively because our munition makers and other contraband purveyors cannot deliver their goods to the belligerent countries is so vicious as to be almost incredible. If we went to war openly and frankly because we believed that our participation in the war was necessary for the final victory of the Allies, then it would be all right. But we make no such pretensions. We claim that we are going to war because our honour has been attacked. Because Germany has insulted us. In what way, pray ? What has Germany done that any other belligerent nation under the same circumstances would not do ? England is blockading and trying to starve Germany. Germany is trying to do exactly the same thing to England by the only weapon at her command. Just ask yourself this question. Should we not do exactly the same thing if we were in exactly the same condition ? Assuming that we were at war, that our fleet was bottled up, and that a neutral nation was all the time sending munitions and food to our enemy ; that we were unable to obtain any munitions or food from that neutral country, and that we were in danger of being conquered ; and assuming that our only weapon was the submarine—should we hesitate one single solitary moment before using it ? Should we allow ourselves to be conquered and dismembered rather than make use of the submarine ? Please answer this question.

Anybody who is not a hypocrite or a muddle-headed jingo

must admit that not once has Germany attempted to insult or to injure us in any way whatever. The injury which resulted was the inevitable injury of any neutral nation attempting to run a blockade or to enter a forbidden zone. If our citizens wanted to travel to England they could very well do so on ships certified to carry no munitions and no contraband of war. So where does the insult to our honour come in?

Still, if I thought that our joining the war would bring it to a quick end I might find some justification for it. But I do not believe it. If anything, it is going to lengthen it. The way to end bloodshed is not by increasing the area of bloodshed. I was against Italy joining the war, but most of the people hailed it with joy. "Now the end is near." Prevailing upon peaceful Rumania to join the war was one of the great crimes of this war. But everybody said the 600,000 Rumanian soldiers would give the Central Powers the coup de grace. They have done nothing of the kind. Rumania's entering the war only strengthened the Central Powers. And with all the bluff and bluster of our newspaper diplomats I do not believe that our entering the war would shorten it one day. It would cost us millions of money, it would cost us a few thousand lives, it would strengthen the detestable militaristic clique. That would be the net result. That and nothing more. We lose the wonderful opportunity of acting as impartial mediators when this insane orgy of bloodshed is over. Is it worth while?

WHO WANTS WAR?

Far be it from me to imply that all those who are in favour of war are either fools or knaves. I know that there are many thousand of very sincere, very honest people who are wholeheartedly and unselfishly in favour of our joining the war. They are so sincere that they are willing to risk their lives at the first call. But the fact remains nevertheless that, side by side with those good and honest people, all the cruel, detestable elements of our population are in favour of war. The Morgan interests, the munition makers, the grafters who always hope to fish in muddy waters, the

militarists who every quarter or half century must find some excuse for their existence, the prostituted and bought press, the stupid jingoes, the adventurers, the atavistic barbarians, and those with a cruel and bloodthirsty streak in them, are in favour of the war. This company, these associations, should put the good and honest people who are in favour of war in a reflective mood.

Perhaps my vision is blurred by my intense hatred of war. Some say that my hatred of war is an obsession with me. I cannot help it. I am blessed or cursed with too vivid an imagination. I can visualize a battlefield, all its horrors, the shattered brains, the missing limbs, the hanging-out bowels, the crushed jaws, the glazed eyes, the groans and curses and death-rattles, just as if I or my children were among the victims. And all this cruelty, a cruelty greater than in the wars of a thousand or five thousand years ago, so futile, so useless, so senseless! It settles nothing, decides nothing. Only ruin and destruction, ruin and destruction; and at home tears, heartaches, insanity, bitter cold, hunger, slow starvation, and death. No victory can make up for that. As I have said many times, people's cruelty is due principally to their lack of imagination. If they could visualize things, if they could put themselves in another's place, I do not believe they could be so cruel, I do not believe they would shout for war.

Of course many of our jingoes who are so loud-mouthed for war believe that the whole thing will be a jaunt, a picnic. Perhaps if they knew that many of them will be drowned like rats in submarines or will be mutilated and mangled into unrecognizable pulp in the trenches, they would not be quite so loud.

Oh, I could write, and write, and write on the subject. But I feel too sick. Sick of the thoughtlessness, the brutality and stupidity of such a large proportion of mankind.

CHEAP PATRIOTISM.

War or no war, we are in for an era of cheap "patriotism". An era of cheap phrases, of disloyalty-hunting, of incessant playing of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. And the worst grafters,

those who do not hesitate to sell the government defective armour-plate, embalmed beef, and paper-soled shoes, will flap and crow the loudest.

The fish-in-muddy-waters patriots accuse the pacifists of lack of patriotism. There is more real patriotism in one true pacifist than in a thousand professional soldiers who make their living by potential murder. A nation's bitterest enemies and vilest traitors are those who drag it into the form of wholesale butchery called war.

The jingo-patriots, the by-proxy fighters, call the pacifists cowards. When a nation becomes infected with war hysteria, then it requires some real courage to proclaim oneself a pacifist. It is so much easier to shout with the crowd, to sign loyal pledges, to carry one's patriotism on one's sleeve. The pacifist is dubbed a shirker, a coward, a disloyalist, and what not. He becomes an outcast. No, the militarist is the coward. The pacifist is the truly courageous man—or woman.

The pacifist who holds a government or other official position will have his life made bitter to him for the next few months—or years.

How few people have preserved their sanity. Romain Rolland in France, Bertrand Russell and Bernard Shaw in England, Liebknecht in Germany—you can count them on the fingers of one hand. Wilson used to be the fifth in this noble quintette—but he was not strong enough nor broad-minded enough to withstand the pressure exerted by both the noble—but misguided—and the ignoble elements of the country.

It is a sad thing to see a clear-thinking man like John Spargo and a fine liberal paper like the "New Republic" become infected with the bacillus chauvinisticus—or is it the spirochaeta jingoistica?

Very few papers have preserved their sanity in this crisis—which is by the way one of our own making, for it needn't have been a crisis at all. At present I can only think of the "Public"—that little giant of genuine, unswerving, incorruptible democracy—the "Survey", the "Masses", and—of course—the "Critic and Guide".

WAR HYSTERIA.

When the mental and moral disease which we call " War Hysteria " attacks a nation, it is very difficult to check the spread. But it is criminal not to make the attempt. It is the duty—in comparison with which all other duties (even the duty to preach birth control) sink into insignificance—of all those who are still in possession of their mental equilibrium to use their utmost efforts, to strain every fibre, in order to preserve the nation from plunging into the abyss.

Those who have studied history and know the innumerable evil results of war, the moral degradation, the physical deterioration, the dysgenic effects on future generations, should use every influence at their command to stem the hysterical infection and to prevent our nation from joining the bloody carnival which is destroying Europe and which is putting back the clock of civilization one or more centuries.

Yes, war is hell, and I hate it with every fibre of my soul, and I hate those who are responsible for war, who encourage the warlike spirit, who prate about the " ennobling " influence and the " beneficent " results of war.

The lower the nation, the greater its physical courage, the greater its contempt for death. The most savage tribes have ever been the " bravest " in battle.

Cretins and morons often display marvellous physical courage.

Let us say as much as we can now. This may be the last opportunity. For the first thing the war patriots do when war is declared is to shut your mouth—to abolish at one stroke freedom of speech and freedom of press.

Events move very quickly nowadays. Between the time an article is written and the time it is printed and ready for circulation, many things may happen to make it either prophetic—or ridiculous.

One ray of light in this thick impenetrable darkness: the Russian Revolution. But I will delay rejoicing and celebrating until I am sure . . . A living Romanoff is a dangerous snake. Not until the entire breed has been exterminated or otherwise rendered harmless, will Russian freedom

be more or less of a certainty. The only good Tsar is a dead and buried Tsar.

No, I am not a peace-at-any-price pacifist. I am not a non-resister. I can fight and I would fight like the devil—but only under sufficient provocation, in a just cause.

“My country right or wrong”, is the slogan of savages, of dishonest quasi-civilized nations. I would not fight for my country if I knew it to be in the wrong. Why should I? Only savages fight for their clan regardless of right or wrong.

The same old story. The birth-control advocates are influenced by money-making considerations. Those who want to keep this country from joining the bloody carnival are pro-Germans, or, even worse, are bought by German money. Oh, you stupid wretches! How often do people ascribe their own motives to others! I am sure that the motives of the pacifists are nobler, purer, more unselfish, than those of the munition makers, the professional soldiers, and the Morgitized Wallstreeted press.

Again and again: war is hell, hell to the billionth degree.

There is a difference between a revolution and an ordinary war. All the difference in the world.

[April 1917.]

“A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.”

We are living in truly terrible times. Future generations will look back upon this period as the gloomiest and most horrible in human history.

The murder and mutilation of our best manhood, the destruction of the material resources of the world, the burning of villages and cities, the actual dying by hunger of millions of children, the indescribable anguish of those left at home, the mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, brothers, sisters—all these things are sufficient to break the heart of the most indifferent, most callous, most unimaginative.

But there are other horrors. The sowing of hatred; the deliberate poisoning of the minds of a nation against its “enemies”; the successful attempt to make each belligerent nation believe that it is fighting for self-defence, for justice,

for liberty, for democracy, and that its war is therefore a holy war, while its " enemy " nations are fighting an aggressive war, a war for autocracy, for world domination, for the enslavement of little nations, and that their war is therefore an unholy war ; the deliberate, systematic manufacture of brutal falsehoods ; the shameless ridiculing of everything humanitarian, of everything that is kind, gentle and peaceful ; the regarding of war, not as something essentially vicious and evil though occasionally unavoidable, but as something essentially good and noble in itself ; the fostering and fanning of the wildest passions, the glorification of the most brutal instincts ; the trampling upon our most essential rights and liberties acquired by centuries of struggle ; the roughshod riding of the autocrats and rowdies over everything that is humane and decent ; the justification of every invasion, even if distinctly contrary to the organic law of the land ; the clubbing and imprisoning of everybody who dares to express his honest conviction—these moral injuries, these wounds inflicted upon us by a chauvinistically frenzied but powerful minority, will be harder and will take longer to recover from than the purely material losses.

But the catalogue of horrors is not yet complete. The saddest feature to me is the complete mental collapse of the great number of radicals and liberals of all classes. It is this feature that more than any other horror of the war is driving the clear-sighted humanitarian to agony and despair. And how can one help despairing, when he sees that his best friends, friends of whose sincerity he is as sure of as his own, friends who had devoted their lives to liberty, to free speech, to free thought and humanitarianism, when he sees these noble men and women suddenly collapse mentally, take sides with the forces of autocracy and darkness, and approve the worst invasions of liberty, the most dastardly acts of brutality, justifying themselves with the sophistry that we must give up our smaller liberties temporarily in order that we may not lose our entire liberty permanently ? How can the true humanitarian help despairing when he sees former champions of liberty, noble and self-sacrificing champions, giving their approval to forcible conscription, and hand in hand with coarse hooligans sneering at and advising ruthless treatment of conscientious objectors ?

How can he, the true humanitarian, help despairing when he sees former champions of free speech denying the possibility of there being even two sides to the question of our entering the war?

Yes, we, the few who remain true to the ideals of liberty, truth, and humanity, cannot help a feeling of despair. But while despairing we must not fold our arms and do nothing. We must not let the forces of darkness and cruelty run over the world unopposed; we must not be silent, even though our voice be a voice in the wilderness; if we are to be destroyed, let us be destroyed fighting, with our boots on.

To remain silent in such times is for me physically and morally impossible. The scope of my other journals does not permit my devoting much of their space to politics. No other publication in existence will give me the freedom and the space that I need.

So the only thing for me to do is to found another organ in which I can express my opinions without apologies to anybody, and to make my appeal to people who are willing and anxious to listen to all sides of a question.

If I were to consult my personal comfort, my finances, my time, I should not do it. But duty tells me to go ahead. And, on the whole, I should probably suffer more if I did not start such an organ than if I did. We are at war. But we are not yet under martial law. And though war at one stroke destroys numerous rights and liberties which have been gained by centuries of struggle and bloodshed, it does not destroy them all. And those few rights and liberties that are still left to us, I mean to utilize to the utmost.

I know what it means to make yourself a *persona non grata* to the powers-that-be. If they cannot get you in one way, they will get you in another. If you have committed nothing wrong, they may find some technicality. Their power to injure the individual is unlimited. But with all the disagreeable possibilities in sight, I must go ahead. I can do no other.

[Epistle Dedicatory to "A Voice in the Wilderness", September 1917. It had been published as an *Announcement* in the "Critic and Guide" for August 1917.]

THE OBJECTS OF "A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS".

1. To make the world safe for democracy.
2. To make the world unsafe for hypocrisy.
3. To work for an early and permanent peace.
4. To protect our rights when unjustly and lawlessly attacked by rowdies and mushroom autocrats.
5. To work for the repeal of the draft law.
6. To uphold the rights of the conscientious objector.
7. To drag to the pillory of public scorn the bureaucrats who would crush all democracy, the hypocrites who would strangle all liberty, and the "patriots" who would murder for profit.
8. To expose the stupidity, the inconsistencies, the falsehoods, the dishonesty, the utter conscienceless viciousness of our newspapers.
9. To counteract the industriously spread poison of international hatred, and to plant the seeds of human brotherhood, of international solidarity.
10. And last, but not least, to remove, if possible, the scales from the eyes of our suddenly blind-struck ex-radicals, to clear away some of the mud from their brains, and to bring them back to a condition of sanity and normal vision, so that they may not assert that black is white, and white is green or blue.

[From the cover of "A Voice in the Wilderness", September 1917, and subsequently.—The "draft law" was the United States equivalent of the British Military Service Act ("Conscription Act").]

FRANCE.

You dare to speak to me of France, you who always slandered and maligned her, you who called the French an immoral, decaying nation, you who branded the French women as faithless wantons! You, who, in your fatuous ignorance, always thought that France was represented by Montmartre and the Bal Tabarin, you who were sure that French literature was nothing but pornographic filth, you

have been suddenly seized with admiration for noble France and her valiant sons. But I have always admired and loved France. And your narrow mind cannot conceive of such a love as I have always had for that flower of civilization. I have loved France since as a medical student I lived in the Quartier Latin on two francs a day, trying to glean some of the knowledge that her clinics with their polite and kindly professors had to offer ; and my love for her increased with each visit I paid her. But as I never maligned her before, I do not have to deify her now. France, great and noble France, has always had her share of conscienceless, corrupt, chauvinistic politicians, just as Germany has, and just as we have. And France is now bleeding from a million wounds, not primarily on account of Germany, but on account of her corrupt politicians who bound her in a most grotesque and unholy alliance with the Romanoffs—the most brutal monsters, the most cruel destroyers of humanity, the world has ever seen. It is doubtful if France would be at war now if her politicians had not allied her with Romanoff Russia.

Yes, I agree, if France were conquered, the world would lose its smile. But France is not going to be, cannot be, conquered by Germany. The greatness of France does not consist in the extent of her territory and the number of her colonies. The greatness of France consists in her spirit, her literature, her songs, her art, her sculpture—in brief, her soul. And this cannot be killed, unless her allies and her own misguided advisers force her to fight until her entire manhood has been destroyed. France has already been fearfully, perhaps irreparably, damaged. Billions of indemnity, a dozen additional colonies, and the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, would not undo the damage done, would not give her back the sons fallen on the battlefield, whom she can but ill spare—less so than any other country. Indemnity—pshaw ! What is indemnity but money and land ? And money and land have never yet made a country great. They deteriorate a country. Germany's idealism began to wane with the victory of 1871.

France, I say, has been terribly, perhaps irreparably, damaged, and her only possible salvation consists in the immediate cessation of the war. Every additional day of

war brings her nearer to the brink of final ruin. Practically any kind of peace—and surely so the kind of peace that Germany is willing to offer now—is better for France than a continuation of the war.

France is bleeding from a million wounds ; and my heart is bleeding for her. I feel more deeply for her than you do. I know it. For I know that your cold, shrivelled, sclerosed heart has never felt and never can feel with the same passionate intensity that mine does. And nevertheless I say, with every quivering fibre of my soul, that the sending of a conscripted army of our children to France is a fearful crime !

As I stated in my letter to President Wilson,¹ we have no moral right to murder a million of our children in order to save a million French or British children, for we have no right to force anybody to sacrifice his life for the life of another. But it is more than a mere lack of moral right—it is a stupendous crime to murder a million of our children in order to help settle some territorial questions. And that is all that the struggle is about now. But, worse than this, in sending an army of our sons to France, we are not doing France a service. We are doing her a very decided disservice. We are encouraging her to persist in a war which, even with outside aid, cannot but prove, if long continued, suicidal to her. And when France awakens she will see that those who encouraged her to persist in the war were not her real friends, even though they meant to be. It is more than likely that without the belated aid of the United States the war would have already been or would soon be at an end. But now . . . Yes, our sending of a *conscripted* army to France is both a crime and a blunder.

I have emphasized the word conscripted. For it is in conscription, in forcing an individual to murder and to be murdered, that the crime lies. If a person considers it his pleasure or his duty to sacrifice his life for one of the belligerents, there is nothing to be said against it, and we are even ready to give him our admiration. We admire a man who is willing to sacrifice his life for what he believes is a just cause. But to force people to commit murder and to be murdered in a cause in which they are not interested or

¹ Written and posted on August 1, 1917.

which they consider distinctly unjust is a great crime. The Romanoffs at their worst were guilty of no greater crime.

There is no greater crime.

[“A Voice in the Wilderness,” September 1917.—The first of the two articles on whose account the author was prosecuted for “unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly, and feloniously obstructing the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States”.]

RETIRE AND DON'T DO ANYTHING.

I have just had a letter from a very dear friend, much older than myself—oh, almost twice as old—in which he advises me not to write anything that might endanger my liberty or that might cause me even trouble or annoyance. When a condition of major hysteria, of general madness, attacks a nation, it is useless to try to do anything, he says. The only thing for the sane people to do is to retire to their inner shrines and wait until the attack of hysteria has spent itself. Maybe my friend is right. He has lived longer than I have. But everybody should do, must do, what his conscience commands him to do. There is yet another point to be taken into consideration. If the hysteria were really general, if I were convinced that our nation as a whole wanted this war, I might do nothing. I might say nothing. It is useless for one individual or for a thousand to go against one hundred million. I never believed in consciously hopeless Donquixotism. But I do not believe that the war-madness is universal.

Quite the contrary. I believe, I am convinced, that the nation as a whole did not want, does not want, the war. I am convinced of this from conversations with people of all sorts and conditions. I am convinced of this by the need for conscription. I am convinced of this by the way the Liberty Bonds were bought (yes, I know how they were bought). I am convinced of this by the way the people met registration day. I am convinced of this by the percentage of exemption claims—McAdoo had to admit that the enormous number of claims for exemption is “disheartening”, and I am convinced of this by the daily actions of those who dragged us into the war, by their brutal suppression of free speech, free press, and

free assembly, by their ruthless treatment of everybody disapproving of the war. If this were a popular war, desired by and not forced upon the nation, the powers that be would not be in such a panic and would not have to have recourse to such Romanoff methods. No, I believe that not more than five, surely not more than ten, per cent. of the people wanted the war. And while those ten per cent. include some very sincere, very intelligent, and very lovable, but, of course, misguided people, they also contain, we must remember, the most viciously anti-social, most reactionary, most selfish, and most brutal elements in the country. Unfortunately those ten per cent. are the ten per cent. with the power, the influence, the money, the press. The ninety per cent. who do not want the war are unorganized, inarticulate, practically voiceless. And we have a right to give voice to the aspirations, the hopes, the ideas of this vast majority. We not only have a right—we should fail in our duty if we did not do it. Let the consequences take care of themselves.

[“A Voice in the Wilderness,” October 1917.—The second of the two articles on whose account the author was prosecuted.]

WAR TIME APHORISMS.

The militarists everywhere are the enemies of the human race.

Peace is everybody's business. He who says that it is “dangerous” to discuss peace is a fool and a traitor. Peace is never dangerous, either to enjoy or to discuss. War is always dangerous.

The autocrat at the top, the hoodlum at the bottom, these are the millstones which grind the bones of liberty-loving citizens.

The only true patriot is the pacifist.

[“A Voice in the Wilderness,” October 1917.]

ARE THE GERMANS PEOPLE?

The war has upset the minds and destroyed the morals of thousands of people. It has engendered many lunacies, of

which none is more idiotic or repulsive than the one which says that the Germans are not like other people ; that in dealing with the Germans we are dealing with a people possessing a psychology peculiar to themselves ; a people with distinctive ideas on ethics and morality, and with alien standards of justice and truthfulness. The accusation is preposterous.

You will remember that before the war a German was considered one of our most desirable citizens. He was officially and unofficially assured that, of all immigrants, he was the most welcome ; that, economically, mentally, morally, and aesthetically, the United States owed the German immigrants more than it owed to any other nationality. In looking for employees, we were always glad to give the preference, other things being equal, to the German. We admired his industry, his reliability, his truthfulness, his capacity for plodding and for taking pains. Far from being considered cruel he was generally looked upon as sentimental. Besides, when thinking of the Germans as a nation, we could not sufficiently admire their contributions to literature, to music, to painting, to science in general, and to medical and chemical science in particular.

Now, all at once, the German has become a beast lacking all human qualities, unworthy of being treated as a human being, a creature not deserving consideration or trust. This sort of lunacy is not propagated only by the baser newspapers, but also by the clergy, who are the chartered exponents of the gospel of love.

Such statements are absurd and contemptible. There is no "inferiority" about the German people. I will maintain this, war or no war, in spite of the Vigilantes, in spite of the National Security League, in spite of the Black Hundreds, and the organized and unorganized rowdies throughout the country.

Let there be no wholesale condemnation of any nation. There are war-maddened brutes among the Germans, doubtless. So there are in every other nation, not excepting the United States of America !

[“ A Voice in the Wilderness,” November 1917.]

WHY I AM OPPOSED TO THE WAR.

1. The only justifiable war is a strictly defensive war, a war against actual or threatened invasion. (Only by the lowest kind of intellectual chicanery can this war be declared to be defensive in character.)

2. I have nothing against those who voluntarily offered themselves in defence of France, or Belgium, or England ; but we have no right to force our children to sacrifice themselves for the children of other nations.

3. I am convinced that our entry into the war will prolong it, and I consider the prolongation of this war a terrible calamity. (I am not looking at the results of this war from the viewpoint of any one nation, but from the viewpoint of humanity as a whole.)

4. Whereas some excellent though misguided and ill-informed people favoured our entry into the war, all the anti-social elements, the most brutal, most reactionary, most ruthless enemies of mankind, were anxious to drag us into the war. That gave me food for thought.

5. I am unable to persuade myself that ours is a war for liberty and democracy. I am convinced that, far from crushing autocracy in Germany, we are going to strengthen autocracy here. As Ponsonby well said, we cannot free the German people by warfare, but we may enslave our own. We are doing this at a great rate, for we are nothing if not efficient !

6. Even if, at first, I had been in favour of the war, the occurrences since our entry would have made me bitterly antagonistic. The brazen hypocrisy that was manifested from the very first day, the rowdyism in high and in low places, the impudent violations of their oaths by those sworn to uphold the Constitution, the breaking up and the prohibition of peaceable meetings, the arrest and imprisonment of innocent speakers and writers, the barring from the mails of numerous liberal publications, the dragging of anti-militarists into the war (in spite of the promise that his was to be "in no sense a conscription of the unwilling"), the brutal threats (worse than those of any other country) against the

conscientious objector, the illegal deportations of thousands of working men (we went into hysterics over the deportation of Belgians by the Germans), the tampering with private correspondence (reminding one of the darkest days of darkest Russia)—these are but a few of the high-handed actions of autocracy run mad.

Of necessity my reasons for opposing the war have been stated succinctly and cautiously. Were I to allow myself to be more explicit, some pin-head official might pounce upon me for an utterance which his intelligence deemed treasonable or seditious.

[“ A Voice in the Wilderness,” December 1917.]

WAR, THE CREATOR !

I am reading Hitchen's *In The Wilderness* as a sort of self-discipline. Ten pages a day is as much as I can stand. It is a month since I began the book. This morning, after reading a couple of pages, I came upon the following sentence (p. 335) : “ War destroys, and all the time war is destroying it is creating ”. I shut the book with a bang, and threw it down. Yes, friends, I am trying to be more calm, less explosive, but there is one thing that still sets me all on fire, and that is a statement like the above, or about the ennobling, refining, eugenic influence of war.

What does war create ? When you destroy a village or ruin a town, do you create anything ? When you burn the crops, do you create ? When you poison the cattle of a region from which you retreat, do you create ? When you crush, maim, and mutilate a million lives, do you create ? When you break the hearts, torture the souls, and shorten the days of a million mothers, do you create ? When you cause the starvation and under-nourishment of millions of infants and children, do you create ?

The war apologist may say : “ We are not exactly referring to material things. Of course, war destroys material things, but . . . ”

But what ?

Do you mean to say that war creates psychic values ? Is

the conversion of peaceful beings into inane, bloodthirsty beasts, a psychic value? Is the ability to boast of having bayoneted an unarmed prisoner who begged for mercy (a young Scottish soldier boasted of this feat in the presence of Bertrand Russell), a psychic value? Is the persistent and deliberate sowing of international hatred, a psychic value? Is the manufacture of "atrocities" committed by the enemy and of "deeds of valour" by ourselves, a psychic value? Is the ceaseless spinning of lies, a psychic value? Is the strangling of free speech and a free press, a psychic value? Is the clubbing and imprisonment of any person who is conscientiously opposed to the war, a psychic value? Or, is the general anxiety which, like a Damocles' sword, hangs over everybody who has a relative or a friend at the front, a psychic value? Or, are increased cost of living and higher taxation, burdens which fall heaviest upon those least able to bear them, psychic values?

Try to do a little thinking, and you will see that from whatever point of view you look at it, war is hell. War always destroys; it never creates. It humiliates the conquered; it brutalizes the conqueror; it weakens both belligerents. Until you, war-apologists, can show what war actually creates, it would be better to cease speaking of war creating while it is destroying.

["A Voice in the Wilderness," December 1917.]

ON MAKING ENEMIES AND FEELING SATISFIED.

"You evidently had not enough enemies. Was it to increase their number that you started 'A Voice in the Wilderness'? If so, you will succeed admirably," writes a friend.

No, I did not start "A Voice in the Wilderness" for the purpose of making enemies; I do not enjoy my enemies as some people claim they do theirs. If the making of enemies is the inevitable result of a certain line of work, then I shall have to take the enemies into the bargain. But I am also making some friends. One genuine, clear-thinking, liberty-loving, and humane friend is worth a hundred muddle-headed renegades, hysterical maniacs, or blood-lusting jingoes.

At any rate, I am satisfied. More satisfied than ever before in my life, in spite of the daily annoyance of threatening, vulgar, and abusive letters, and of other things whereof I cannot speak here. I feel satisfied because I know I am doing something worth doing, something more worth doing than anything I have ever attempted before. I feel satisfied because I did not listen to the cautious warnings and well-meant advice of my friends, but followed my inner urge, obeyed the dictates of the still, small voice.

It is pleasant to feel that in a great crisis you have taken, not the wise and prudent, but the honest and courageous course.

["A Voice in the Wilderness," December 1917.]

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN.

(A Personal Letter to my Non-Renegade Radical Friends.)

December 31, 1917.

Future historians will speak of the year 1917 as one of the darkest years in the history of the United States. It was a year of black terror. A nation suddenly went mad and stood forth in all its shocking nakedness, hypocrisy, and brutality. Claiming to fight for liberty and democracy, it ruthlessly crushed every manifestation of liberty and strangled every champion of democracy. Though the United States had suffered no personal losses and was in no danger of invasion, our country showed itself more cruel, more stupid, and more intolerant than any of the belligerent nations that were actually fighting for their lives. The mere holding of an unpopular opinion endangered a person's life.

People were taken out of their beds at night and hanged; thousands of people were brutally and illegally deported from their homes; idealists and peace-lovers were mercilessly beaten, tarred and feathered; for trivial offences or no offences at all, people were arrested and given brutal sentences—five, ten or twenty years in prison. A dastardly gag bill was passed, which gave an uneducated bureaucrat—Postmaster General Burleson—the right to censor and to exclude from the mails and from all other avenues of transportation every utterance

which he did not like or which his uncultured medieval mind did not grasp, and he proceeded to strangle and destroy every newspaper and magazine whose policy he did not approve—and from his decision there was no appeal. Though this was to be “in no sense a conscription of the unwilling”, the earnest conscientious objector was mocked, mauled, and maltreated, and given long prison sentences; our “intellectuals” (save the mark) and writers became frenzied spy-hunters and heresy-hunters and informers; they saw treason in every opinion that did not fully coincide with theirs; to our shame be it said, instead of counselling moderation, tolerance, and sanity, they played the same role as did the Tsar’s infamous Black Hundreds. Most painful of all, our radicals and libertarians and “free thinkers” spat upon all their former professions and ideals, and hysterically demanded crucifixion for anybody who dared to say either that the war was unnecessary, or that if it was necessary it had lasted long enough and that it was time to put an end to further destruction of the human race. Some of them even offered themselves to act in the role of throttlers and executioners. Every humane expression was barred because, said our ex-radicals and reactionaries, it might give aid and comfort to the enemy. There came a time when the word “peace”, one of the noblest words in the language, became a term of opprobrium, and when to say of a man that he wanted peace was equivalent to saying—in ordinary times—that a man was a scoundrel, a murderer who lusted for blood.

The mere yearning for peace became a crime, and you could only be sure of being considered truly patriotic if you expressed a desire and a hope that the bloody carnage might go on indefinitely. It became a dangerous thing for any employee, for any official, for any teacher, to express humane sentiments. Imbeciles and spies were everywhere, hunting for treason where none existed, and often manufacturing some in order to pay up personal grudges. Any dishonest, crooked or medieval superintendent thus could easily get rid of any teacher whom he disliked, and of whom he could not get rid in any other way. Professors of the highest standing were discharged like office boys by bureaucratic presidents and plutocratic trustees. In short, it was a great and glorious

time for all rascals, liars, brutes, and reactionaries. One could knock down or shoot anybody one disliked, and claim that one did it because the victim had expressed pro-German sentiments. Such a "patriot" was sure to go scot free, perhaps with a word of approval and encouragement from the judge. The stupid intolerance against the German language and literature, German music, singing, and painting, the ignoble attacks against German artists and musicians, were such as to fill even half-way decent people with shame and indignation.

As to our press, human language, always an imperfect instrument, fails utterly before the task of characterizing it as it deserves to be characterized. No words can adequately express the vileness, the meanness, the corruption, the cruelty, the intellectual prostitution, the fiendish cunning, and the irrational fury, of our press. If I were asked to name the one factor which I consider the greatest curse to humanity, the greatest menace to our liberties, our hopes and our welfare, I should mention the Press. It represents the lowest rung in the ladder of falsehood, misrepresentation, dishonesty, and mental and moral degradation. The prostitute is a saint in comparison with the editors and publishers of our metropolitan newspapers. Day after day they have been pouring out their toxins, poisoning people's minds, and brutalizing their souls. Day after day they have been deliberately lying, misrepresenting, slandering, and doing everything possible to make peace impossible. At the faintest sign of the possibility of peace, they howled and bayed like a pack of maddened bloodhounds. The mere asking for a statement of the war aims was considered a crime, and the man daring enough to make such a suggestion was torn to shreds. Every brutality, every illegal shooting or hanging, every bestiality (such as the cruel beating of Herbert S. Bigelow), was applauded. No man, public or private, was secure from ridicule, curses, threats, assaults, dastardly misrepresentations, and slanders. Take the examples of Lenin and Trotsky. Two of the greatest, most incorruptible, most inflexible idealists the world has ever seen; two of the finest products of any revolution; two of the sincerest, noblest, and truest lovers of humanity. And our corrupt prostitute press has constantly pictured them as wild beasts, as ignorant demagogues, as paid

tools of the Kaiser. So often was the slander repeated that our feeble-minded radicals—who should have known better than to put the slightest trust in our newspapers—began to repeat the slander.

Lenin and Trotsky are merely two out of hundreds of public and private men crucified by our vile and vicious press. Congressman or senator, marquis or labourer, anybody who said he thought it was time to begin to think of peace was declared a traitor or in his dotage. (They could not say of the Marquis of Lansdowne that he was in German pay, so they said he was in his dotage.) Yes, it is no exaggeration to say that in the year 1917 the press excelled itself in vileness, mendacity, brutal hoodlumism, and moral corruption.

Such was the year 1917, when, boiling and choking with indignation at the illegal, autocratic invasions and the brutalities committed daily before my eyes, I decided to raise my feeble voice in protest. I knew it would be but a Voice in the Wilderness, but every editor who has a real message to deliver always hopes that his voice will be heard by some people who need to be awakened, always hopes that he may succeed in getting his message across. I knew that the path of the publication would not be strewn with roses and violets, but I took for pure coin President Wilson's statement: "I can imagine no greater disservice to the country than to establish a system of censorship that would deny to the people of a free republic like our own their indisputable right to criticize their own public officials. While exercising the great powers of the office I hold, I would regret in a crisis like the one through which we are now passing to lose the benefit of patriotic and intelligent criticism". I believed that the secretaries of his cabinet and their underlings would not dare to go against the spirit of his utterance. I knew myself to be at least as loyal and patriotic as Mr. Burleson (and a deal more intelligent!). I knew that I should never write anything treasonable, never whisper anything that might be of aid and comfort to the enemy, never advise resistance to any law, vicious and brutal though I might consider it (advising anybody to beat his head against a stone wall is cruel and therefore immoral), for I knew that the magazine would not attempt the impossible and foolhardy task of interfering with the conduct of the war, but

would devote itself to advocating sanity, moderation, tolerance, to working for an early, just, and permanent peace, to opposing vicious jingoism and international hatred. Knowing all these things, I hoped that I should have no difficulty in getting the magazine circulated. I did not know how insanely hysterical a war-mad nation can become. I reckoned without my hosts! "A Voice in the Wilderness" has been in existence four months, and it has given me enough trouble to last me forty years.

Of course, I could change the tone of the magazine. I could make it more "moderate", I could "soften" it. I do not care to do this. I am not a trimmer, and I possess neither an elastic conscience nor a pliable backbone. As I have said many times before; there are certain subjects which either should not be discussed at all, or; if discussed, should be discussed freely, frankly, unequivocally. Rather than have my "Voice" issue a false note, I would stifle it altogether.

But I am not killing the "Voice". I shall just let it hibernate for a time. I shall not wait until peace has been declared. As soon as I notice the first sign of returning sanity, decency, and fairness in our officials, I shall resume publication. With the first indication that the magazine will be permitted to go through, the Voice will be resuscitated. Let us hope that we shall not have long to wait. It may only be a month or two. In the meantime, good-bye. No, not good-bye, au revoir!

[A Leaflet circulated to the Subscribers of "A Voice in the Wilderness".]

[It was seventeen months before the publication of "A Voice in the Wilderness" could be resumed.]

AT LAST.

November 11, 1918, 6 a.m.

For fully half an hour the whistles have been blowing. . . . There can be no mistake this time. . . . The armistice must have been signed. The slaughter has ceased. Peace will be with us soon. . . . If I were an orthodox believer, I should fall upon my knees and thank the Lord that at last, at last. . . . But the tears are running down my cheeks, my heart is over-

flowing with joy, and I am, momentarily at least, happy. . . . I have passed a sleepless night. I felt that I could not sleep. Until two o'clock I made no attempt. Just writing and reading. At two I went to bed, but sleep would not come. Against my will I listened for each noise, for each whistle. Several false alarms. At last it came. . . .

At last, at last. At last will humanity come into its own—more or less. At last will the ravening beasts of hatred, cruelty, murder, suspicion, disloyalty-hunting, profiteering, and sadistic blood-lust, be chained.

At last will there be something really to be thankful for. . . .

At last, at last. I do not know, how much it means to you, but it means an enormous lot to me. . . . To me it was a question of life and death. Never will you know what I have gone through, these four years and three months, particularly these last nineteen months. A continuous nightmare, a day-and-night nightmare. These sirens and church bells are gradually lifting the nightmare. . .

At last, at last. . . .

[December 1918.]

OURS IS THE WORLD AND TO US BELONGS THE FUTURE.

At last can we utter a sigh of relief. . . . At last will life run again in its normal, but newly cleansed, channels. . . . At last will humanity begin to come into its own. The stranglehold upon the throats of all humane, sane, and moderate men and women is loosened, and the true lovers of mankind will again be able to raise their voices. Now the voice of such as these will not be a voice in the wilderness.

The first thing I wish to say is this : Ours is the world and to us belongs the future. The Prussian junkers have been crushingly and for ever defeated. Their defeat sounds the knell of junkerdom everywhere—and let our junkers take due notice. Ours is the world and to us belongs the future. Not to such men as Lodge and Poindexter, not to the bureaucrats and swashbucklers, not to the corrupt editors and venal publishers,

not to the stupid and vicious reactionaries, not to the advocates of cruelty and frightfulness ; nor on the other hand to the extremists who foolishly though ever so sincerely believe that the world can be changed over night, that opinions can be thrust down a nation's throat, and that one class has the right to force its will upon all other classes ; in short, neither to the advocates of black terror, nor to the advocates of red terror, belongs the world and the future.

It is to us, the sane radicals, who love humanity as a whole and not merely the class to which we happen to belong ; who love genuine liberty and real democracy (not the besmirched kind prated about by every sham " patriot " and renegade radical) ; who believe that love and kindness have always been and will always be more successful in attaining a noble object than hate and cruelty ; who believe in and practise tolerance, forgiveness, conciliation, and magnanimity—it is to us, I say, that the world belongs.

Ours is the world and to us belongs the future.

And, more influentially than ever, more boldly and more fearlessly than ever, the " Critic and Guide " will resume its preaching of sanity, of humaneness, of tolerance, of compromise in little matters, and steadfastness in fundamental principles. But, while unremittingly fighting all consciously anti-social elements, it will immediately extend the hand of fellowship to those who acknowledge their error and wish to fight on the side of humanity against reaction and autocracy.

More than ever will the " Critic and Guide " preach sane radicalism.

Ours is the world and to us belongs the future.

[December 1918.]

A SECRETARY OR MINISTER OF PEACE.

Every country has its secretary or minister of war. Why should not every country have its secretary or minister of peace ? It makes such a difference when there is a special department with a special purpose and a special head in the cabinet. Every State needs a special minister, whose special purpose it should be to preserve peace with the rest of the world. He should have millions at his command for that

specific purpose. If we recognize that peace is the greatest blessing, and war the greatest and most expensive curse, then no cost should be spared to preserve peace. But if we wish to preserve peace, we must foster friendly relations with all nations in the world. Among the duties of a minister of peace should be propaganda, not only in his own country, but in all foreign countries, for the purpose of obviating or explaining away misunderstandings, of smoothing racial antagonisms, of attacking and destroying everything that is apt to lead to friction, to jealousy, to suspicion, to hatred.

Every country should have an official paper, under the control of the minister of peace, in which all the mean, contemptible, lying things spread by the other newspapers should be contradicted and shown up in their true light.

If only a fraction of the billions spent on that most cursed of all things, war, were spent on that greatest of all blessings, peace, there would never be any more war. Peace and harmony would be perpetual. Just imagine this country spending one billion a year exclusively for the purpose of propagating peace throughout the world! If every other country acted similarly, would a war be thinkable?

Don't tell us that we cannot afford to spend a billion a year for the purpose of peace. If we can afford twenty billions a year for war, we certainly can afford to spend one billion a year for peace. But a billion would not be necessary. A fraction of this sum would suffice.

[February 1919.]

THE SAMOANS AND THE FIJIANS.

If you get tired of the daily press, turn to the great masters of literature. They will never disappoint you. Recently I took up again Spencer's *Study of Sociology*. You may remember the example that he gives there of theological bias. He compares the Samoans with the Fijians.

The Samoans, as everybody knows, are a gentle race, "kind, good-humoured, serious but pleasant, and very hospitable. Both sexes show great regard and love for their children. Old age is much respected. The women are

remarkably gentle and virtuous. Infanticide is unknown in Samoa. The treatment of the sick is humane and all that could be expected ”.

Such are the Samoans.

Now, look at the Fijians. “ They are indifferent to human life, they live in perpetual dread of one another, and treachery is considered an accomplishment. Shedding of blood is to them no crime, but a glory. They kill the decrepit, the maimed, and the sick. Almost two-thirds of all the new-born children are murdered. One of the first lessons taught the infant is to strike its mother. Anger and revenge are fostered. Slaves are buried alive. Ten or more men are slaughtered on the deck of a newly launched canoe to baptize it with their blood. A chief’s wives, courtiers, and aides-de-camp are strangled at his death. Cannibalism is so rampant that a chief, praising his deceased son, wound up his eulogy by saying that he would kill his own wives if they offended him and eat them afterwards. Victims were sometimes roasted alive before being eaten, and Tamoia, one of their chiefs, cut off a cousin’s arm, drank the blood, cooked the arm and ate it in the presence of the owner, who was then cut to pieces. Their gods are of course made in their own images. The gods are brutal and revengeful and make war and kill and eat each other.”

Such are the Fijians.

Well, what do the Fijians think of the Samoans? It may be hard to believe, but it is a fact that the Fijians looked upon the Samoans with horror, because the Samoans had “ no religion ”, no belief in bloodthirsty deities, nor any of the sanguinary rites which prevailed in other islands.

When I had finished reading that account, I couldn’t help laughing out loud. I could not help thinking of the blood-lusting, club-wielding militarists and the gentle pacifists, in the various parts of the world. It was ever thus. The bully has always looked with contempt upon those of gentle spirit who shrink from violence and bloodshed. The militarist, who not seldom is a clergyman, actually hates and brands as disloyal the man and the woman who believe that hating is not a moral duty and that love is a better weapon than hatred,

[April 1919.]

H

WAR AND REVOLUTION.

I abhor war with every drop of blood in my veins, with every fibre of my quivering soul. You all know that. But may it please my ultra-radical friends, I abhor revolution, bloody revolution, almost as much.

"That is temperamental with him—he abhors bloodshed," you will say. Yes, it is temperamental. I am so constituted that I abhor bloodshed, violence, brutality, and rowdyism, under any circumstances, in any cause. But that is not the only reason for my opposition. I might be opposed temperamentally, and still give my intellectual assent to a revolution, if I thought it were really for the benefit of mankind. But there are two insuperable objections to bloody revolutions. One is that in order to have a revolution you must have a mob. And a mob is always stupid and always cruel. One day it will stone and shoot its enemies, but the next day it will trample upon, crush, and crucify its saviours.

Every nation unfortunately contains a certain percentage (and the percentage is larger than most people fancy) of cruel, sadistic monsters. They derive pleasure from the infliction of pain and torture. In any war, as well as in any revolution, those brutes who in ordinary times keep in the background, come to the front and exercise their brutalities unrestrained. It is unfortunately true that every great movement has a fringe of lunacy; and it has a still broader fringe of cruelty. Just as this cruel, conscienceless element is ready to fight on any side in war, so it is equally ready to fight on the side of the revolution or the counter-revolution. No one can deny, for instance, that many of the infamous wretches who constituted Russia's Black Hundreds under the Tsar, quickly joined the bolsheviks when the latter won to power. It is they who throw discredit and dishonour upon the sincere and idealistic leaders of the movement. Should a counter-revolution be successful, those same Black Hundreds would forsake the present government and become the most ruthless executioners of Russia's radical elements.

In a democracy, even if it be a sham democracy, provided only it has the machinery of democracy (i.e. universal suffrage),

a revolution is unjustifiable. For there is one point from which, in spite of its triteness and platitudinousness, you cannot get away. And that is, that he who will not vote right will not shoot right. What is the warrant for believing that people who are so stupid as repeatedly to vote for their enemies and against their friends will over-night become so enlightened as to shoot at their enemies instead of at their friends?

You say, that the newspapers are misleading the people and perverting their minds, and thus induce them to vote for their enemies. You need not tell me that. You know that nobody feels a more intense hatred for our prostitute press than I do. But if people are so stupid and credulous as to follow the advice of those papers in their voting, will they not follow the same newspapers' advice in their shooting?

You cannot get away from that, no matter how you try. If a person will not perform the perfectly peaceful and safe function of voting rightly, he will surely not engage in the dangerous and unsafe function of shooting rightly.

Nor can you get away from the fact, no matter how you try, that in a democracy, even a sham democracy, where there is universal suffrage, the people can, if they wish, make all the changes necessary in a peaceful, orderly manner. Who can prevent the people from casting fifteen or twenty million votes for any candidate they choose? They can elect a congress to suit themselves and can enact any laws they wish. Take North Dakota, for instance. Very valuable reforms have been instituted there, reforms that enrage the reactionaries; but still the reactionaries can do nothing, for the majority of the people are in favour of those things. My contention is this: If only a minority of the people are in favour of a revolution, then the revolution is apt to fail, to act as a boomerang and give the reactionaries greater power. If the majority of the people are in favour of revolution, then revolution, forcible revolution, is no longer necessary.

Of course in autocratic countries, where there is no machinery whatever for expressing the people's will, revolution is the only way of bringing about change, and is justifiable even where there is risk of failure. But this is not true of countries like England or the United States.

Those who are constitutionally in favour of revolutions like to point to the French Revolution, as if that answered all arguments. There was a time—when I was about fifteen—when I was greatly thrilled by the French Revolution. But I am sorry to say that I am thrilled no longer. The shouting, the shooting, the street barricades, the guillotine working overtime, etc., are not in themselves sufficient to justify a revolution. We must free ourselves from the romantic glamour which has surrounded revolutions so long. Things must be judged by their results. I am doubtful whether humanity-at-large gained much through the occurrence of the French Revolution. This is not the place to go into details, examining the losses and gains of that revolution, nor will I refer to the Terror, and to the subsequent reaction which held Europe in its grip for many decades. I will merely call attention to the results of that revolution on the French nation itself. The fruit of the French Revolution after more than a century was a government as imperialistic and as corrupt as that of any monarchical country. It produced a government which entered into an alliance with the bloodiest and vilest monarchy in the world, that of the Russian Tsar, a government that lent money to the Russian Tsar for the purpose of crushing the then beginning Russian revolution, a government which is opposed to a just peace and favours armed intervention in Russia. Clemenceau is the ultimate fruit of the French Revolution. Is that anything to be proud of?

England has had no revolution, in the modern sense of the word. Is it in any respect more reactionary, more backward, than France? Is it not rather more advanced than that country?

Revolutionary phrases no longer thrill me. I should have to be convinced that a revolution is an absolutely necessary step in the upward progress of humanity, and that the good it will accomplish will greatly overbalance its unavoidable evils, before I could give it my approval.

As to the recent Russian Revolution, that was no revolution at all. The Tsar's regime was rotten through and through. It fell without any shaking. The overthrow of the Kerensky government was no revolution either. The Russian people were ahead of Kerensky, they were ripe for the change. This

is shown by the fact that the change was accomplished without any bloodshed to speak of.

Where the people are not ready for a change, the revolution is premature. Where they are ready, the revolution is superfluous.

[April 1919.]

RED RUSSIA.

March 22nd. I have just returned from a wonderful meeting. Colonel Raymond Robins, the head of the Red Cross Mission to Russia, who had spent nine months in that country (about three months under Kerensky and six months under the regime of Lenin and Trotsky), at last broke his silence and told the truth about Russia to an audience of three thousand people. The meeting was held under the auspices of the League of Free Nations' Association. For over three hours the speaker, who spoke without notes, held the audience spellbound.

Colonel Robins showed that the Soviet government is something entirely different from what our ignorant, vicious, and prostitute press has tried to make the American people believe. He showed that Lenin and Trotsky, far from being German agents or depraved monsters, were the strongest enemies of the German junkers, and were not only great statesmen but great idealists who were ready at any moment to lay down their lives for Russia. He showed by unimpeachable and incontrovertible evidence, by official documents and photographs, that had the Allies and the United States promised them the help which they requested, they would have refused to sign the Brest-Litovsk treaty and would have continued to fight Germany. He showed by unimpeachable and incontrovertible evidence that the nation as a whole, including of course the peasants, were solidly behind Lenin and Trotsky and the bolshevik government. He showed that all the opposition to the present government in Russia was conducted by reactionaries who want to restore the ancient regime. He told how he travelled over six thousand miles from Moscow to Vladivostock, the largest continuous area under one government in the world, and how everywhere a

letter signed by Lenin acted as an open sesame. Never in the transportation of food or the transaction of any other business did he have to pay a cent of graft, and at no time was he in danger or in any way molested.

In short, those who listened to him went away convinced that the newspapers have vilely, criminally, stupidly lied and misled the nation as regards Russia, and that all the "atrocities" and "massacres" were inventions of the hirelings of the press.

But three thousand, or twenty thousand, or one hundred thousand people are but a drop in a population of one hundred millions, and the rest of the people will continue to be poisoned by the lying emanations of our newspapers. For no facts will have any effect on the newspapers when the "interests" have determined to traduce an individual, a movement, or a nation.

[April 1919.]

THE RULING MINORITY.

To my dying day, it will remain with me a source of the deepest satisfaction, of supreme contentment, that during the entire period of the war I kept my head. From the beginning to the end I walked in the right track, was not influenced by the infamous lies and atrocious propaganda of the various belligerent nations, and remained unwaveringly true to the highest ideals of humanity, to the sacred principle of international brotherhood. From the time of my first editorial in the September 1914 issue of the "Critic and Guide" (which infuriated the pro-Germans), down to the time of my last editorials in "A Voice in the Wilderness", and my special bulletins (which enraged the hoodlums, the renegade radicals and the ferocious anti-Germans), I have written nothing upon the war which I need regret, nothing which I need recant.

Why was this? Simply because, as a sane and analytically thinking radical, as a convinced internationalist, I have always differentiated between a people and its rulers. I no more blamed the German people for the misdeeds of the Hohenzollerns and the German militaristic clique, than I blamed the Russian people for the horrors and brutalities of

the world's vilest and cruellest dynasty, the infamous Romanoffs.

I know that superficial thinkers and platitude worshippers will say that every nation has the government that it deserves. This is one of the lies which through frequent repetition come to be considered by many as axiomatic truths. The statement is false: In an autocratic country, one per cent. of the population, being in control of the government and of the machine guns, can hold in subjection ninety-nine per cent. of the population. Even in a democratic or so-called democratic country, where the common people think they do the ruling, the ruling is really done by an insignificant minority, because that minority controls the sources of information, namely the newspapers. It thus manufactures public opinion to suit its purposes. When the common people vote, thinking that they are expressing their free and independent will, they are really doing the will of that numerically insignificant but controlling minority.

That the vast majority of the people are stupid—about this there can be no question. But they are not really wicked. Their apparent wickedness is the outcome of their ignorance, which is fostered both in autocratic and so-called democratic countries by the same ruling class.

Yes it is because I have always kept, as I shall always keep, in mind the strict differentiation between the peoples of the world and their rulers, that I did not become insane or hysterical, that my eyes did not become bloodshot, that I did not join the ranks of militarists, profiteers, renegades, throttlers of free speech and free press, and was not prepared, on April 6, 1917, to trample on and spit upon everything that I had held dear and sacred on April 5th.

I will repeat now (when it is safe to say it), what I said before (when it was dangerous to say it): "All peoples of the world are about equally good and equally bad. They all hate war, and would prefer to live at peace with one another. It is only a minority in each nation that is perverted and cruel, bloodthirsty, and ambitious for power and territory". It is that minority, I reiterate, which controls the governmental machinery, the police power, the jails and dungeons, the army and the navy and the machine-guns—and last, but foremost,

the newspapers. This small minority is responsible for most of the world's mischief and misery.

[June 1919.]

LEFT-WINGISM AND REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

I cannot help speaking my mind, again and again, on subjects that are of supreme interest at the given moment.

Belonging to no party or wing, I cannot well be accused of partisanship, though this does not protect me from making enemies !

And so I wish to re-emphasize—because the matter is of supreme importance—that the muddle-headed extremists of any movement, the lunatic or cruel fringe, are its greatest enemies, greater enemies than are the movement's outspoken opponents. The loud-mouthed left-winger, who in this country counsels violence, armed insurrection, bloodshed, the forcible overthrow of the government and the immediate substitution in its place of a bolshevist or a Soviet government or a dictatorship of the proletariat, is a greater enemy of the genuine socialist movement, is a greater enemy of the people, than is Senator Overman, Senator King, Senator Knute Nelson or Archibald E. Stevenson.

It is not a question of abstract morality. Everything that is distinctly for the benefit of mankind is moral. And it is because the preaching of violence in this country—except for self-defence—is injurious to the cause of progress, that it is immoral and stupid.

There is no question about the right to revolution ; there is no question about a people's right to overthrow its government by peaceful means if it can, by forcible means if it must. But conditions must be ripe, ripe more or less. To incite to insurrection where the government is of the people's own choice, and where the vast majority of the inhabitants—about 90 per cent. of the population—are in favour of the institutions as they are, is stupid, criminally stupid, and therefore immoral. The results of such preaching or of such an insurrection are merely these : persecution and jail or worse

for the preachers, ruthless crushing of the insurrectionists, repressive laws against all liberal and radical movements, even those that do not advocate violence, and, in a country like the United States, especially cruel treatment of the foreigner. The ultimate result is, not an advancement of the cause of humanity, but a retardation. In other words, the activities of radical extremists in a country like the United States are more pernicious in their results than the activities of the vilest reactionaries.

To preach certain doctrines without taking into consideration (1) the economic condition of a people, (2) its historical development, (3) its intellectual level, and last but not least (4) its moral level, and its egotistic versus altruistic tendencies, is the acme of criminal stupidity, and that is just what some of our left-wingers have been guilty of.

I repeat the charge that I made once before: the left-wingers do not know the temper of the American people. Because bolshevism and the preaching of bolshevism are right in Russia, in Hungary, and in Germany, it does not follow that they are right or that they would work here. Let us see.

(1) Economically, the American people as a whole is better off than any other people in the world. It is no use denying it, it is no use lying about it. We are very far from the economic millennium, and there is a heartbreaking amount of wretchedness and poverty; but compared with other countries—and most things in this world are relative—the United States is the best off of any. And for people who always talk of economic determinism to overlook this point is unpardonable. We know that the small capitalist, the poor man who has reached a competence, is more tenacious of his wealth and is more furious against any doctrine which he fears will force him to “divide”, than is the big capitalist. And America is a country of small capitalists (in addition to the big ones). Not speaking of the enormous middle class, too many American working men make a comfortable living, own Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps, have deposits in savings banks, and quite a respectable number are even owners of Fords. And not only that. The American working man is a petty capitalist in spe. If he is not a capitalist yet, he hopes to be one some day. To such a man it is futile to preach a violent revolution, as a result of which he may be worse off than he is now.

(2) The historical development of the American and his education are such that he is sincerely convinced that he is the highest type of civilized man, that this is by all odds the best and freest country in the world, that to want more liberty is to want too much, that any change in it would be a change for the worse, that all reformers, socialists, etc., are a damned nuisance, and that whoever does not like this country ought to get out of it or be kicked out. To preach revolution to such people is futile.

(3) The people's intellectual level. This is rather a touchy point. But the truth must be told. The average American citizen considers himself, because of his ability to write a letter and read the newspaper, a highly intellectual gentleman. True, the most interesting parts in the paper to him are the baseball and race-track news, the jokes, and perhaps the prices of stocks and bonds; nevertheless, just because he is not illiterate, he considers himself intellectually superior to the citizen of any other nation on earth. If he were told that this is not a universally shared opinion, if he were told that he never thinks, but permits the newspapers (the most vicious as well as the most stupid in the world) to do his thinking for him, he would be a very much surprised and indignant man. Be this as it may, you will admit, that to preach revolution to such a person is extremely foolish. He considers himself so superior to you that he has only contempt for your endeavour to convert him; and his contempt is particularly great, if his collar be whiter and his shoes shinier than yours

(4) As to the altruism of our people, it is idle to mince words. One need have no hesitation in affirming that the American people is an egotistic and not an altruistic nation; it is selfishly devoted to its own interests, and everybody thinks of nothing but making a living, and getting the better of the next fellow. A nation that considers competition not merely a necessary evil, but an institution to be worshipped, a nation whose chief or only god is material wealth, cannot very well be persuaded to risk its wealth as well as its life in an altruistic adventure. Especially if it can with very good reason say: why should we resort to violence and bloodshed if we can change our entire structure by peaceful means, by means of the ballot? If there are not enough people to want

a change, why do you wish to impose the change upon them by force? If there are not enough people to vote right, why will there be enough people to shoot right?

A word about the foreign element. Our treatment of the foreigner, particularly the foreigner who has been weak, inoffensive and unable to stand up for himself, has been non-understanding and brutal in the extreme. And a million of him is now following the oft-given advice, "Why don't you go back where you came from?" and is returning to the old country; but it cannot be denied that millions did find here opportunities that were entirely closed to them in the countries of their birth, many gained a competence, some became rich, and these people are intensely "loyal" and "patriotic" and reactionary. Though they may not be able to write English, and though they may speak it with difficulty, incorrectly, or with a decided accent, they generally outdo in their "patriotism" the bluest-blooded American whose ancestors came over, really or metaphorically, on the "Mayflower". And such people make of course very poor revolutionary timber.

The above considerations make the conclusion inevitable, that to preach violence and revolution in this country is to put ammunition into the hands of our enemies, to give them an excuse for raids, for house searches, for arrests, for repressive laws, for continued censorship, for heavy jail sentences and deportations.

I therefore feel justified in maintaining that left-wingism with its preaching of violence and immediate revolution can only proceed from one of two sources: 1. From muddle-headed or brainless extremists who have no self-respect and who do not care what injurious effect their words may have; or 2. From provocative agents.

Take your choice!

["A Voice in the Wilderness," 1919.]

EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Dr. Hrdlicka, writing in the "Scientific Monthly", declares that the late war, so far as the American people are concerned, did no permanent biological harm, and that, on the other

hand, it was attended by many-sided compensations which are bound to have a beneficial effect on the further development, biological and otherwise, of this nation.

The author points out that, so far as numbers alone are concerned, the damage has been immaterial, our total losses slightly surpassing 100,000 men. But the objection may be raised that numbers alone do not count for much ; if the losses incurred took in an undue proportion of the bravest and best, then the harm done may be much greater. To this the answer is that our army was not one of volunteers. Since, with few exceptions, the expeditionary force was drafted in equal proportions from all strata of our population, he would be a rash statistician who should endeavour to prove that any particular group of our soldiers consisted of men who were braver or better than any others.

As to the wounded and the invalided, the large majority were wounded only slightly. From the biological or racial standpoint, their wounds were of small moment. The illnesses from which they suffered, left no permanent impairment. Even the men who lost whole limbs have not, in general, it appears, been affected by any loss of racial potentiality. Taking the war loss in its entirety, we can safely assert that no permanent harm need be feared from it by the American people, while for this small loss there have been far-reaching compensations.

During the recruiting of the United States Army it was found that about 34 per cent. presented defects or pathological conditions of sufficient import to cause their rejection. Thanks to these reports, there has been a greatly enhanced appreciation of the need for careful, systematic physical education of our youth, and of extended medical inspection.

In the course of the same recruiting it was discovered that an important proportion of the men were infected with venereal disease. Strenuous efforts were at once made to cure and prevent these diseases, and every man received instruction as to their exact nature and gravity, with the certain result that from four to five millions of young men will carry into civil life a knowledge which not one in a hundred would have acquired otherwise, and which will safeguard many of them and their families.

The mental gains from the war, so far as this country is concerned, have been no less extensive than the physical.

All these things may be justly regarded as compensations which by far outbalance the total losses in life and health, and outweigh the temporary social derangements occasioned by the war.

Last, but not least, we must take into consideration the industrial and medical progress, the political advance, and the great strengthening of our powers for national defence.

Thus writes the orthodox statistician. Because only one hundred thousand men were killed and about four or five times that number wounded, no permanent damage to the American race need be apprehended. The problem to him is a very simple one. The heartaches and the shortening of the lives of the millions of fathers, mothers, and other relatives left behind, mean nothing to him because they cannot be statistically recorded. Nor do the prostitution of a nation, the feeding of our people with lies for several years, the chauvinism, the family dissensions, the international hatred, and the racial antagonism, which it will take decades to overcome, count for anything with him !

Every war, without exception, results in injury to both the vanquished and the victors, particularly to the victors. The victors may be better off materially than the vanquished, but they are apt to be morally deteriorated. We saw that in the Germany of 1871 ; and we see it now in the France of 1919.

One more comment on Dr. Hrdlicka. He writes : " The men came back full of new knowledge, experience, and ambition. They will make quite different citizens and Americans from what they would have made had there been no war. They have progressed years and decades in as many months, in many instances." These assertions are unwarranted. The men came back just as stupid, just as ignorant, just as sheepish, just as spineless, as they went. If the imperialistic plutocrats should declare another war, ordinary men would go just as readily as they went into this war. There might not be so many volunteers, but they would submit. Inasmuch as, in the event of a new war, conscription would immediately be

enforced, they would have no choice. They would not rebel against a draft law. No danger of that !

Of course a few men, those with a modicum of intelligence, had their eyes opened to the kind of democracy we were fighting for ; but these are enormously outnumbered by those whose dormant savage instincts have been awakened by this war, and who will never be good for anything else except for the business of murder.

There can be no more vicious, no more inexcusable war than our war in Siberia on the Russians, and still we have no difficulty in getting volunteers for that war !

[October 1919.]

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION IN AMERICA.

We have a Secretary of the Navy. We have a Secretary of War. I should like two other posts established : (1) that of a Secretary of Peace, whose duty it would be to preserve peace at all hazards and whose head, literal or political, should come off as soon as war is declared ; and (2) that of a Secretary of Enlightenment, whose duty it should be to enlighten the people on all burning questions of the day, to expose frauds, to contradict false rumours, to crush superstition.

And if I were appointed to that post, my first task would be to enlighten our people on the significance of our participation in the World War.

What, the war again ? Or, the war still ? And do you consider that a burning question ? Yes. Our part in the war is just as burning a question to-day, as if the war were still going on. The war of course is still going on, but I mean that the question of the war is still as important as if our soldiers were still on the other side, fighting.

Our people will not think right, nor act right, until they have been set right on the subject of the war. Not war in general ; but this war in particular. It is easy enough to make people agree with us—at least to have them give lip-agreement—that war is wicked, useless, unjustifiable, dis-

honest. But the point is to make them see that this war, i.e., our entry into it, was wicked, useless, unjustifiable, dishonest. Not until this truth penetrates into every crevice of our consciousness, not until we become fully, frankly and humbly convinced that it is the truth, shall we be able to think rightly on other questions, or act rightly, at home and abroad. For this is a vital, fundamental, crucial question.

Don't you see? Here we had a "righteous" war. Some wars are sordid, selfish, unjustifiable. But this was the one just, noble, unselfish, self-sacrificing war; a war to be fought with "proud punctilio"; a war to save democracy; a war to crush militarism and imperialism; a war to end war; a war, at last, to make the world a better place to live in. So we were told; and if one dared to express his scepticism he was sent to jail to give him time to change his opinions. Now, if we can prove that this was the meanest, sordidest and most unjustifiable of all wars, if we can show the people that they were wretchedly, dishonestly, maliciously, and deliberately deceived, if we can prove to them beyond the possibility of contradiction that our entry into the war was, if not a colossal crime, a terrible blunder, which has had and is still having most disastrous consequences; that we were dragged into it by sinister influences; if we can show by unimpeachable documents that while Germany had her share of guilt in the war, that share was much smaller than the share of France and Russia; if we can show that the so-called German atrocities were manufactured in a newspaper factory deliberately established for that purpose; if we can show clearly and unmistakably that the French chauvinists, with Poincaré at the head of them, had been itching for war and doing their utmost to prevent a rapprochement between France and Germany; if we can show that our interests were not attacked, that our country was at no time endangered, that our honour was not at stake, and that we had absolutely no excuse for declaring war; if we can further show that our entry only prolonged the war, that, had we not entered, peace would have been made in 1917 and that it would have been a more just and equitable peace than the Versailles "peace"; if we can show, as some claim they can show, that, even if Germany had come out victorious, conditions would not have been so

bad as they are now ; if we can show that the Versailles treaty is the vilest, wickedest and most unjust peace treaty that was ever compounded by criminal conquerors ; if we can show, what is evident to any who is not a hopeless moron, that France is now more militaristic and imperialistic than Prussia ever was, and that it is she who is now the real menace, the disturber of the world's peace, the ruthless, barbarous, criminal aggressor, solely responsible for the reign of terror and death in Central Europe—if we can show all that to our people, do you know what the result would be ?

Why, the people would begin to think ; the newspapers and propaganda bureaus would never again be able to ensnare them into their nets of manufactured falsehoods ; and they would never again go to war. For, they would reason, if that “ just, holy, noble, unselfish ” war was nothing but a useless, cruel butchery, into which we were dragged by lies and misrepresentations and selfish interests, then how do we know that this new war for which the stage is being set by our newspapers, militarists, and plutocrats, is not also a sordid, cruel, unnecessary butchery ?

And they would not go.

I know this would be an extremely bitter pill to swallow. It is certainly painful and humiliating to be told and to be shown that the holy war in which we poured out billions of treasure and sacrificed a hundred thousand lives, not to speak of the horrible legacies which the war has left us, was just a terrible blunder, a stupid, unjustifiable aggression, which has had none but disastrous results, and has replaced one military power by another ; it is heartrending to perceive that such terrible sacrifices were worse than vain ; but it cannot be helped ; when a patient is sick he must take the medicine, bitter though it may be ; our mind is diseased, made sick by the deliberate perversions of the warmongers, and nothing can make us well except a good dose of truth.

I consider war humanity's greatest curse. And the only way to prevent war is to enlighten the people not only as to the horrors of war, but as to its utter uselessness, stupidity, and unjustifiability. Not only war in general, but any specific war.

Let Congress create the post of Secretary of Enlightenment,

and let the President appoint me to the post. I promise you I shall do my job well and thoroughly. There would never be another war.

["Humanity." 1924.]

MY OBJECTION TO REVOLUTIONS.

My principal objection to a revolution is that in any turbulent upheaval the criminal classes and the sadists are bound to come to the top. Those who wage a revolution, like those who wage an ordinary war, are out to win; and they need men; and they are not, perhaps they cannot be, particular about the character of the men, so long as these men are able to handle a gun or a cudgel. The criminals themselves do not care a rap which side they are on—all they want is the opportunity to plunder, to exercise power, to revenge themselves for their former disabilities.

It has been shown that about fifty per cent. of the Italian fascisti are common criminals, many with long criminal records. The fascisti are a criminal organization, and it is not surprising that many of their members should be criminals. But unfortunately it has been shown—and this is the point I wish to make—that many of the present fascisti were, during the communist revolution in Italy, attached to the communists; as soon as they saw that the fascisti were gaining the upper hand, and the opportunities for crime, cruelty, and plunder would be greater under fascism, they joined the latter movement.

It is unfortunately also true, that many of the professed adherents of bolshevism are not convinced idealistic communists, but criminals and careerists who joined the bolshevists because they saw the opportunities for power that it would give them. If they saw the counter-revolutionists were gaining ground, they would quickly flop over to them, and they would not care if the counter-revolutionists were socialists, moderate liberals, or out-and-out murderous tsarists.

Let us try to change the world without revolutions. It can be done. And the change can be brought about more quickly and more effectively without than with a bloody upheaval.

["Humanity." 1924.]

RED REVOLUTION.

Flags, flags, everywhere ; red flags and Russian flags, but not a French flag to be seen. This in the midst of Paris. Thus was the immense hall of Luna Park decorated to-day. The communists of Paris were celebrating the seventh anniversary of the Russian Revolution, and I wanted to see what it would be like. The crowd was enormous—some estimated it at twenty thousand—the *International* was sung enthusiastically again and again, but not a snatch of the *Marseillaise*. That is now considered—by the communists—a bourgeois song, and it is taboo at radical gatherings. As to the speeches, they were fire and brimstone, and they certainly would make the palms of our “ finest ” itch to use their billies on the heads of the speakers. If unable to use them, they would explode from fury and indignation.

Of course war to the knife against the bourgeoisie, and against the international capitalists the world over, was preached by every speaker. The world's only salvation was communism, and there was no hope and no liberty outside the dictatorship of the proletariat (!). But the speeches went further than that. One speaker stated that in the case of a war between France and Russia, he would go over to the side of Russia, and the people were urged to military disobedience. “ We want revolution, we are working for revolution, and we are going irresistibly towards revolution ; let the traitors, the hirelings, the cowards, and the imbeciles make the most of it.”—“ We are with the Soviet government, because we are for the class war, for the revolution, and because one slogan embraces all our aspirations, all our will-to-battle, all our revolutionary yearnings, and that slogan is : Long live the Russian Revolution ! ” And so on, and so on, and so on.

And nothing happened. As peaceful as a Quakers' meeting. Imagine a similar meeting in Madison Square Garden in New York, with the hall burning under scarlet flags, and the flags of the Russian Republic, and not a single Old Glory anywhere, and the speakers attacking the government most viciously, preaching not only open revolution but what we should call high treason, glorifying the Russian Soviet govern-

ment above anything the world has ever seen, advocating the immediate establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the nationalization of all money and of all property—without a single arrest, without a single cracked head, without even a single bull in civilian clothes taking notes—can you imagine anything like it? I can't, and I have a pretty fair imagination. Certainly, not in our lifetime.

As I stated, there was a riot of red everywhere. Besides the hundreds of red flags—some people wore red bands and red ties, and most of the men and women wore red eglantines (dog-roses) which were being sold at the entrance. But the reddest and most picturesque figures in this red assembly were the Italian communists gathered on the platform, dressed in scarlet shirts in opposition to the black shirts of the fascisti. And their speeches were as red as their shirts; and the song they rendered several times, in Italian, was *La Bandiera Rossa* (the Red Flag).

It was a riot of red, but not a red riot, and no blood flowed, for there were no brutal policemen to maintain "law and order".

I watched the faces. What is there more interesting than a sea of faces? Seldom should I have another opportunity to see so many communist faces at once. It seems that all communist Paris was there. I noticed many fine, delicate, kindly, and intellectual faces. Many, many faces that told of hardships and suffering. And I noticed many hard, bitter faces, faces with a streak of cruelty in them. In a revolution, I thought, they would be in the forefront, and quite likely they would be selected as members of the Cheka.

That is one of the reasons why I dread a revolution. In a revolution, as in war, there is something to be accomplished; to win the battle, to destroy the enemy. The means are of secondary or no importance. The result is the thing. And it is because of this that in every revolution, as in every war, the ruthless elements, the men who do not mind shedding blood, even if it be the blood of the innocent, the men who do not hesitate and stop to ask themselves questions, the men who have no finicky conscience to bother them, the men who can be so cruel and heartless as to inspire terror in the enemy—

those are the men who come to the front in every revolution as in every war, and that is one of the reasons why I hate revolutions almost as much as I hate war.

With the exception of the motive (which in revolutions is sometimes noble, while in war it is always ignoble), there is really very little difference between the two.

I do not know whether the discovery is original with me or not, but in studying men in different countries, I have discovered that there are people who love revolution for revolution's sake. Whether the revolution is going to do any good or not, does not matter much. If the same improvement that they claim to be their aim could be brought about by peaceful, orderly methods, they would be distressed.

They want a revolution, and a violent, bloody revolution for its own sake. Why? For two reasons. The true militarist, that is the rascally militarist, wants war for two reasons. First, he knows that during a war he stands a chance of reaching quickly a high rank and a high salary which in peacetime he would reach only very slowly or not at all; secondly, the war gives scope and an outlet to his bloodlusting, sadistic instincts.

Well, sad as it may be to say it, there are revolutionists who want revolution for the same reasons. First, it might put them at once into a high executive position, and secondly, they have a cruel streak in them, which a revolution would give scope to. Of course, they would exercise their power against the hated bourgeoisie only; but that does not change the essence of the thing. Sad but true. I have seen such revolutionists. An examination at the hands of a competent psychoanalyst would easily uncover their true character.

Extremes meet, and among the extreme reactionaries and the extreme radicals you will find specimens of the same type. Their ideas are different, but their characters, and consequently their methods and tactics, are the same.

Not for one moment do I doubt the sincerity, but I cannot help having a rather poor opinion of the intelligence, of those radicals who sneer at the MacDonald and Herriot governments, rejoice at the fall of the former and would feel happy at the fall of the latter.

The labour government in England, and the radical government in France may not be able to show any material results, capable of statistical demonstration ; they may not have succeeded in diminishing unemployment or in settling the housing question ; but the intangible good they have accomplished is quite incalculable. And what's more, the good that MacDonald and Herriot have accomplished, can never be undone. The impetus they have given to world peace and reconciliation cannot be stopped.

Of course those who sneer at little reforms and detest slight improvements are welcome to their opinions ; but I must say that the doctrine " the worse—the better " so beloved of some extremists is a vicious doctrine, and as false and stupid as it is vicious. A step forward is a step forward, and a step backward is a step backward. Conditions could not be rottener anywhere than they are in miserable, wretched Spain. And what do you see there ? Any signs of a successful revolt ? Not that one could notice it. No ! Where the people are too poverty-stricken, too oppressed and down-trodden, there is no hope of a successful revolution ; or of a peaceful beneficent change. To be able to go forward, to be able to make any progress at all, a people must possess a certain amount of material wellbeing and comfort, must enjoy a certain degree of freedom. Hence, I for one, welcome any reform, acclaim any additional item in the people's Magna Charta. Let our extremists demand the whole loaf, refusing anything less, and letting the people in the meantime die of starvation ; I prefer half a loaf or even crumbs to no bread at all.

[March 1925.]

REVISED THOUGHTS ON THE CAUSES OF THE WORLD WAR.

The French are writing the best books on the war, and it is they who are proving that France was more responsible for bringing about the war than Germany.

My interest in the war is not of an academic character. It is not even motivated by the desire to see justice done to nations that have been unjustly calumniated and maligned.

My interest in the war 1914-1925 (for the war is still going on) is of a practical character. I want to do all I can during the remaining years of my life to render another war impossible. The best means of accomplishing this is by exposing the vicious iniquity, the vile, cruel hypocrisy of the World War, and the ignoble part that the Allies played in it.

During the past few months I have read a great many books, pamphlets, and documents relating to the war. Almost exclusively French, written by Frenchmen. A few English, written by Englishmen. Not a single German one among them—I have deliberately avoided German sources.

Here are some of the conclusions that I have reached from a study of French and English sources :

1. The three countries most guilty, most responsible, for the war are Serbia, France, and Russia.

2. The Serbian government and military clique were a band of assassins, who were directly implicated in the murder of Franz Ferdinand.

3. Under the circumstances, Austria's ultimatum was not too severe ; it was moderate in tone.

4. Of all the countries involved in the war, the country that wanted war least was Germany. The Kaiser fought against it to the very last minute.

5. The *individual* most responsible for the war is Raymond Poincaré. He wanted the war, he planned for it, he pushed out of the way every one whom he considered inclined to peace. Next to him in guilt is Isvolsky.

6. The neutrality of poor little Belgium is a sorry joke. Not only Frenchmen, but Belgians themselves laugh at it. It had been decided long before that in case of war Belgium was to give France a free hand—French generals have so testified. Under the circumstances, Germany did not violate any neutrality in invading Belgium. The Allies knew this, but the German invasion was good political capital for them which they did not fail to utilize to the full.

7. All war is atrocious. War and atrocity are synonymous. You may as well speak of kind-hearted torture as of a non-atrocious war. But there are degrees in atrocity, and all testimony goes to indicate, that incomparably greater atrocities were committed by the Allies, especially by

the French and their black troops, than by the Central Powers.

8. The so-called German atrocities in Belgium have been shown to be deliberately manufactured lies.

9. The German government behaved much more decently, much more humanely towards conscientious objectors and the opponents of the war than the Allies—England and ourselves included.

10. The entrance of Italy and of Rumania into the war was the shameful bargaining of prostituted governments selling themselves to the highest bidder. There was not even a pretence of idealism.

11. It has been definitely shown that Germany and Austria wanted peace in 1917, and that an equitable, stable, satisfactory peace could have been had at that time. But the allies criminally and recklessly wanted the war to go on, and the millions of lives sacrificed between then and November 11, 1918, are exclusively on the shoulders of the Allies.

12. The trickery by which the Germans were made to sign the armistice is one of the most dastardly events in human history, one of the most shameful betrayals of one nation by other nations.

13. The Versailles treaty has no parallel in history for meanness, for brazen cynicism, for reckless brutality, for stupidity, for hate-fanning and war-engendering hideousness. The treaty of Frankfort of 1871 was a marvel of high-minded generosity and moderation compared with the Versailles treaty. Even the Brest-Litovsk treaty, which Lenin called a bandits' peace, was a temperate and decent document compared with this—the pact concluded between Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson. The only good thing about the Versailles treaty is that the bandits in their greed overdid the thing, and made a treaty impossible of fulfilment.

14. The so-called independence of several countries has proved a curse to humanity. The butcher of "independent" Hungary is murdering people daily and is filling the prisons with innocent victims. Poland is torturing its minorities, and its prisons are also full to bursting with liberal-minded, decent men who dare to stand up for their independence. Poland

and Hungary, under Germany and Austria were much safer, freer, and happier countries than they are now.

15. From every point of view, that of responsibility for launching the war, continuing it unnecessarily, and concluding it with a treacherous armistice and a dastardly, dictated peace, the Allies are much guiltier than Germany and Austria.

[1925.]

III
SEXOLOGY

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This section consists exclusively of topics bearing on the domain in which Dr. Robinson has practised as a specialist for a quarter of a century. For detailed treatment of many of the questions here discussed, the reader must be referred to the author's numerous monographs on sexual topics. On the other hand, the interests of "Critic and Guide" readers have justified a more popular exposition of some of these matters than is possible in a learned treatise. Frankness is, of course, characteristic of the author, whether he is talking to the general public or to his professional colleagues. The conventional reticences demanded by Mrs. Grundy are impossible to a sexologist. Purely medical details have, however, been excluded, unless essential to the writer's argument.

IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF SEXUAL DISEASES.

The world is still darkened by the shadow of the Middle Ages. The cruel teachings of that perverted era still have us in their grip. The ascetic doctrine that the body is worthless, and that the genital system is shameful and unclean, influences our conduct, sterilizes our literature, and even emasculates the teaching of our medical schools. Men graduate in medicine without having heard a single lecture on the disorders of the sexual life. Venereal diseases are at last beginning to be treated in some colleges with the consideration which the importance of the subject deserves; but purely sexual disorders are still entirely neglected, and the medical student graduates without having heard a lecture on the subject of masturbation, pollutions, spermatorrhœa, ejaculatio præcox, sterility, sexual perversion, etc. On these subjects I find the average physician as ignorant as the average layman. The intelligent layman often knows more than the physician, because he is more eager for the knowledge.

Should this state of affairs continue to exist? Physicians make a specialty of diseases of the eye, diseases of the nose and throat, diseases of the stomach, etc. Why not make a separate and leading specialty of diseases of the sexual system? Is it perhaps because diseases of the sexual system are less serious and cause less suffering? As regards immediate risk to life, they may be less serious; but as far as suffering is concerned, I declare emphatically that there is not a disease or a whole class of diseases which is responsible for so much suffering, so much misery, so much heartache, as are the diseases of the sexual system—and I do not except tuberculosis. Only, the suffering is of a different character.

Do you see that disrupted home, where love and peace used to reign, and where discord now prevails? Do you see that business man who is steadily losing his grip of business

affairs, is losing his appetite, cannot sleep, and will soon have to be sent to a sanatorium for a "rest cure"? Do you see that refined woman who has every material comfort imaginable, and is nevertheless wasting away, becoming pale, irritable, melancholic, and likely ere long to become a confirmed hypochondriac? Do you see that wan-looking accountant who, formerly an expert, is now unable to keep a position for any length of time, because he can no longer add up a column of figures accurately? Do you see that bright lad whose parents are afraid he is becoming consumptive? Look at that girl who had to leave college for reasons that nobody could explain? Look at all those hundreds of divorced couples? This unspeakable misery and suffering are due to disorders of the sexual system. The greater part of them could have been avoided if the patients had not been ashamed to ask for advice, and if physicians were not so densely ignorant of the subject of sexual disorders.

Let us rid our minds of medieval superstitions. Let us devote ourselves earnestly to the study of sexual diseases. Let us once and for all abolish the unclean notion that there is anything unclean about the sexual system.

If we are human beings, nothing human should be alien to us!

[1908.]

PROSTITUTION.

We believe that societies for moral and sanitary prophylaxis should be encouraged. They can do no harm, and they may do some good. Not much, however. And why? Because they cannot shake off our Anglo-Saxon prudery; they do not speak frankly, and they do not go to the root of the evil. For this reason, I seldom attend their meetings. But I attended one recently, and heard a discussion on The Affluents of Prostitution. If one original or valuable idea was uttered by any one of the speakers during that evening, it escaped my notice! There was the usual beating about the bush; the usual fear of calling things by their right names; the usual unwillingness or inability to look at facts as they

are ; in short, the insincerity and circumlocution that seem inevitable when sexual topics are being discussed. We had hoped better things from a society, whose object is the prevention of venereal disease and the regulation of prostitution.

Wearied by the inanity of the discussion, I took up my parable and said : “ Prostitution has always existed and will continue to exist, until our economic system has undergone a radical change. So long as girls have to fight with starvation or with beggarly wages ; so long as men are deterred from early marriage by inability to support a family ; and so long as many married men remain polygamous in their tastes—just so long will prostitution exist. Attempts at the repression of prostitution without changing our economic conditions will always result in a dismal failure. But even should repression or the total suppression of prostitution be possible, it would be undesirable. For prostitution at the present time is a necessity. Call it an evil, but a necessary evil. It serves the purpose of a safety valve. Without it there would be much more secret domestic prostitution, and cases of rape would increase a hundred or a thousandfold. No homes would be safe. Must I quote to you once more the oft-quoted remark of Lecky regarding this subject ? Well here it is :

“ ‘ There has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of the moralist can dwell. That unhappy being that is scorned and insulted as the vilest of her sex and doomed to wretchedness and an early death, appears in every age the perpetual symbol of the degradation and sinfulness of man. Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the efficient guardian of virtue. But for her the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted ; and not a few, who in the pride of their untempted chastity, think of her with an indignant shudder, would have known the agony of remorse and despair. On that one ignoble and degraded form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people.’

“ In poetic and somewhat high-flown language Lecky tells you what I have just told you in plain prose. And yet, as

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton so well said, ' These high priestesses of humanity, while their profession is considered a necessity, have no protection in Church or State, under the canon or civil law. Though the victims of men, they are hounded like wild beasts from one shelter to another, dragged into the courts, robbed of their property, shunned by society-at-large, and left then to perish on the highway.'

" What do I think should be done with the fallen women ? I say : Leave them alone ! Let them know that as long as they behave themselves, they will not be insulted, will not be persecuted. Let them know that as long as they behave themselves, they have nothing to fear, and that they will not have to pay half or three-quarters of their earnings to grease the palms of corrupt politicians or grafting police captains. Above all, let the parsons keep their hands off. They make a mess of it whenever they attempt to interfere. One respected fellow-citizen, the Rev. Parkhurst, has done more to scatter and to increase prostitution than a thousand white-slave traffickers could ever have done.

" It is the driving of the prostitutes from pillar to post, from one street to another, that is actually harmful—for wherever they move there is a new focus of prostitution to act as an example and as a temptation. This brings me to the only sensible suggestion made here to-night. Deputy-Commissioner Woods said, though with much hesitation, that if we wish to minimize the bad effects of prostitution, we should segregate it. We should assure the women that if they confine their activities within the indicated boundaries, if no complaints reach the police about robberies or assault, they will not be molested. With this suggestion of Mr. Woods I fully agree. The streets would be free ; only a certain area would be infested, and men who would go there would go there deliberately. Innocent men would not have to fight temptation at every corner. As to the licensing of prostitution-houses, and official medical inspection, that is too large a subject to go into to-night in detail ; but the last word has not yet been spoken, and in general I am in favour of the system. Medical inspection may not be capable of preventing all venereal disease, but if it can prevent fifty or even twenty-five per cent., then its introduction is justifiable and highly desirable. Before I

conclude, I should like to reiterate one point. Let our good parsons of all denominations keep their hands off the social-evil problem. It is one of the most complicated among medico-social problems, and of such our dear brethren of the cloth understand nothing. Only physicians and sociologists can grapple with it."

That's what I said that evening. But I said it all inwardly! What was the use of shocking a lot of old maids of both sexes?

[1909.]

THE MARRIAGE OF NEAR KIN.

In discussing the question of consanguineous marriage, we must look at things from the biologic viewpoint only; religious bias or theologic dogma can only obscure the issue, and can have no place in the argument. As a rule, beliefs shared by a large proportion of mankind have some foundation in fact. But there are exceptions. There are beliefs and opinions that have no foundation whatever, and are based merely upon ignorance, misinterpreted facts, or false premises.

To which class of beliefs does the belief in the injuriousness of consanguineous marriages belong? When we examine the question historically, we find that the ancients had no such dread of consanguineous marriages as we have now. The ancient Egyptians approved of the marriage of near kin. So did the Persians. In both these nations, marriages between brothers and sisters, in the royal families particularly, were common. But if consanguineous marriages are harmful, the injurious effects ought to be especially conspicuous in marriages between siblings. Monsters, cripples, or imbeciles should be the fruit. Had this been the case, such marriages would speedily have been forbidden by law, or they would have been discontinued. In every nation, even a savage one, the instinct of race preservation is strong enough to forbid any practice which obviously leads to racial degeneration. The fact that the practice of close intermarriage existed for many centuries, favours the supposition that the children of consanguineous marriages were normal. History tells us of one such child that was anything but a weakling, imbecile, or cripple. We

refer to Cleopatra, whose father and mother were brother and sister; and so were her grandparents. Cleopatra was not physically deformed or mentally deficient, or she would not have been able to lead Antony such a dance! Among the ancient Persians, not only brother and sister, but even father and daughter and mother and son entered into conjugal relations. Marriage between the closest relations was also permitted in Athens, and certainly no one would characterize the Athenians as a degenerate race either physically or mentally.

Nevertheless there is a foundation for the opposition to consanguineous marriages. The foundation is to be found in the fact, that a defect present in both parents is likely to be intensified in the offspring. Let us assume that one parent is suffering from or has a predisposition to insanity, epilepsy, cancer, tuberculosis, or Bright's disease. If the other parent is perfectly healthy, the child may and often does escape entirely. But if both parents suffer from hereditary taint, the chances that the offspring will escape are notably lessened. Now, we know that members of the same family are more apt to suffer from the same hereditary taint than strangers are. The disease may be hidden, dormant, and yet it may be there all the same. If, on the other hand, the family is perfectly healthy, is free from bodily disease, mental disorder, and moral aberration, there is no reason to suppose that the children will suffer through being the offspring of consanguineous parents.

[1910.]

NOTIFICATION OF VENEREAL DISEASES.

My readers ask me to express my views upon the desirability of reporting venereal diseases to the Department of Health. I am not sure whether many of them will like my opinion when they get it, but here it is.

I am strongly opposed to the compulsory registration and notification of venereal diseases, if the latter are to be put in the same category as other communicable diseases, that is, if the patient's name is to be given with the report. Every proposed measure should be considered from the point of view

of its possible effects, and there can be no question that the result of the passing of such a measure would be disastrous. The stigma attaching to venereal disease is still unfortunately very great, and a man having gonorrhœa or syphilis, knowing that, if he went to a reputable physician, he would have his name reported to the Board of Health, that he would run the risk of being publicly exposed, would simply avoid the reputable physician. He would delay treatment, he would use patent nostrums, he would consult a chemist or a barber, or would apply to a quack. These irregular practitioners would reap a rich harvest. They would claim higher fees for risk, and would leave the cases unreported. Of course, they would be breaking the law, but they would take their chances, just as abortionists do now.

Even if the Department of Health were apprised of the names of venereal patients—what good would that do? Would the patient infected with syphilis or gonorrhœa be quarantined, like one suffering from scarlet fever or smallpox? As to hygienic rules, how to prevent infection and autoinfection, there is not a physician worthy of the name who does not instruct his patients in this respect now.

There is no valid objection to the reporting of cases to the Department of Health without giving the patient's name, merely for statistical purposes. But the statistics would be apt to be erroneous, for a venereal patient might change his physician ten times, and one case would be reported as ten separate cases. No name or address being given, there would be no way to identify any case.

When it comes to optional notification, the matter assumes a different aspect. There are cases where it would be a blessing for the community if the physician could send in a report to the public authorities. To give but one example from personal experience. A syphilitic consulted me. The palms of his hands were covered with a scaly eruption—typical syphilitic psoriasis. He was a barber. I told him that he was a danger to all his customers. He had but one answer: he had to live. He continued to ply his trade, using his fingers to work the lather into the faces of his customers. I could do nothing to stop him. Had this happened in Germany, I should have called up police headquarters, he would have been taken to a

hospital and kept there until his condition was no longer infectious. Had I been able to threaten him with a report to the Department of Health, he would certainly have given up his work until fully improved.

But the principal thing is to prevent ignorant or unscrupulous men from infecting their unsuspecting wives. And this can be effectively prevented by demanding a certificate of health, signed by a reputable non-advertising physician, from every candidate for a marriage licence. This would prevent or reduce to a negligible quantity cases of marital infection. But a general reporting of venereal disease is undesirable. It would do more harm than good.

[1911.]

PREACHERS OF CONTINENCE.

Those who preach abstention from illicit intercourse at all hazards, under all circumstances, belong to two classes : 1. Those who do so from a religious or moral point of view ; and, 2. those who claim to be free from the theological or moralist bias, and base their advocacy on what they allege to be purely hygienic grounds. With the moralists, I will not dispute. They are guided by certain beliefs which it is not my present intention to challenge. It is with the second class of preachers that I am now concerned. They claim to speak as scientists and hygienists, but if you examine their arguments you will speedily discover that the real motive is theological or conventional. I prefer intellectual honesty. I demur to this confusion of theology or a man-made morality with biologic necessity. The genuine moralists apart, I think that the men who preach absolute continence to the young generation belong to either one or several of the following categories :

1. Men in whom sex feeling is congenitally weak or non-existent. 2. Old or middle-aged men who have become sexually impotent, and who have forgotten that they ever were young and that red blood ever coursed in their veins. 3. Men who have married at a very early age. 4. Men who, while they believe sexual intercourse to be physiologically desirable, think that the danger of venereal infection and of moral

degradation is so great as to outweigh the possible harm of continence ; and that the public weal demands the advocacy of continence. 5. Hypocrites who, while they preach continence from the platform, lead a very free and active sexual life. To this class belong some of the professional lecturers who are expected to preach in a certain way at so much per lecture. The people of category five need not be taken into consideration, as they are unworthy of respect. The men of the first four categories are sincere in their opinions ; but those belonging to categories one, two and three are not competent judges in the matter.

[1912.]

A SEXLESS SOCIAL EVIL !

If a man of letters wrote a history of the English drama and left out all reference to William Shakespeare's works, what would you think of his book ? Something analogous happened last night at a meeting of the Society for Moral and Sanitary Prophylaxis, where the Social Evil in its various phases was the subject for discussion. In none of the three papers read, in none of the discussions that followed, was the chief cause of prostitution mentioned, or even hinted at. None of the speakers, apparently, seemed to be aware of the existence of such a thing as a sexual instinct or a sexual impulse—and this, after all, is the principal cause of prostitution, and the only cause of unmercenary extra-marital intercourse.

The papers of the evening were as follows :

Recent Progress in the Governmental Attitude Towards Prostitution. This paper was read by Professor E. R. Seligman. Professor Seligman is a clear, logical thinker, and a pleasant, effective speaker. On the subject of reglementation and segregation, however, I fear he has some prejudices. The fact that the police are full of graft and corruption is no indictment of the system of reglementation, it is an indictment of the police. Professor Seligman himself alluded to the fact that in Germany, where there is no graft, the system of reglementation and segregation, in those cities where it prevails, works very well. He would be still more convinced of the value of that system if he saw its latest improvements in Bremen and

Hamburg, for instance. Nothing more is needed than to make prostitution absolutely legal, to leave prostitutes unmolested as long as they do not become public nuisances, and then graft on the part of the police is practically eliminated.

The second paper of the evening was read by Florence Kelley, and it was entitled *The Economic Causes of Prostitution*. This was a splendid address. The lecturer proved that the most dangerous occupation for our young girls is that of a salesgirl in a department store. She showed convincingly why the department store was much more instrumental in leading girls into prostitution than the shop or factory. The difference depended upon earnings. A wage insufficient to live upon must necessarily lead to one of three things; tuberculosis, mental disorder, or prostitution. She pleaded for a minimum-wage law.

The third paper was read by Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, and its title was *What are the next Practical Steps to take in Dealing with the Vice Problem?* Dr. Kelly is professor at Johns Hopkins University, and is one of the world's most distinguished gynecologists, but I cannot help saying that he shows himself incompetent to deal with modern social and ethical problems, for his ideas are medieval, and the remedies he proposes date from the twelfth century. His programme for dealing with the social evil may be summarized in one word: extermination. The way to exterminate prostitution, according to Dr. Kelly, is to teach religion on all occasions, in and out of school, to pass draconian laws, and to compel officials to enforce those laws. Simplicity itself! Why these steps were called "practical" steps I cannot imagine. Does not Dr. Kelly know that his "practical steps" have been attempted from time immemorial, and have proved useless or worse than useless? The sincerity and earnestness of Dr. Kelly nobody will question, but his judgment will be condemned, and his remedies will be smiled at (to use a mild term), by every sociologist and sexologist who has made a study of the subject.

The discussion that followed the reading of the papers was extremely vapid, with the sole exception of the remarks made by Dr. J. P. Warbasse. He emphasized the economic causes of prostitution, and he showed how the prevailing economic

conditions, which make it difficult for a man to marry and which cause marriage to be deferred later and later, are a continuous and important cause of prostitution. According to him, if marriages could be consummated at an early age prostitution would disappear. In this, we regret to say, he is mistaken, for it is a well-known fact that at least one-half of the patrons of prostitution houses or of clandestine prostitutes are married men. That an improvement in the economic conditions would materially diminish the prevalence of prostitution, there is no doubt whatever; but that it would completely abolish this evil, or this institution, I emphatically deny. Economic causation plays its part here, but the fundamental cause of prostitution is not economic. It is physiological.

How long will people be afraid to discuss vital problems without equivocation and mental reservation?

[1912.]

WALT WHITMAN AND SEX.¹

Some very good people and some people not so very good are intimating, sometimes gently, sometimes superciliously, and sometimes violently, that there is too much sex discussion going on. It all depends upon how you look at the matter. To the prude who has been taught from earliest childhood to regard sex and all its manifestations as something unmentionably filthy and disgusting, to the congenitally or senilely impotent, to the eunuch and to the professional vice-hunter, it may well seem that too much is being spoken and written about sex. All of them, the professional vice-hunter and the moral censor particularly, must feel pained, discomfited, and angered, when they notice the kind of subjects that are discussed, not only in medical and semi-medical, but also in popular journals; and they must certainly stand aghast at the plain language that is being used in these discussions. It will be well to say a word or two to those of our cynical and pessimistic friends who consider all talking and writing a waste of time, and who, in their Nietzschean superiority, believe or claim to believe that advancement is a delusion and progress a figment of an infantile brain. I well remember

¹ Read at the meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, May 31, 1913.

how these superior pessimists sneered and shrugged their shoulders when, a few years ago, some of us started propaganda on behalf of a saner attitude in sex matters.

"You will never influence Anglo-Saxon prudery," they said. "It is a waste of time and energy."

Just compare our magazines and even the daily papers of to-day with those of five years ago and note the change. Ten or five years ago it would have seemed unthinkable that in so short a time such a marvellous metamorphosis could take place. Books and articles which would have been declared unmailable, and for which the authors and publishers would have been clapped into prison five years ago, are now circulated freely and enjoy an immense vogue. And the discussion of certain phases of the sex question is not limited to small, sensational, or radical publications. Magazines of the highest standing, such as the "Ladies' Home Journal", "Collier's", the "Survey", and "Pearson's", devote a good deal of space to these topics, and discuss them in plain language. Within the last few weeks, the American papers, for the first time in history, have allowed the dread name of syphilis to appear in their columns, instead of speaking of "a certain disease", or using some similar periphrases. This is substantial progress.

Prudes, perverts, and fools may think that there is now too much discussion of sex topics. Scientists, those who have made a study of sex and its manifestations, do not think that there is enough discussion. They know that a good deal of the discussion is worthless, but that does not mean that there is too much of it. On the contrary, we need more, very much more discussion of these matters, though we need it of a better quality, of a more unbiased character, of a more scientific calibre, and grounded on a more solid foundation. The field of sexology is only beginning to be tilled. Every day we who have to deal practically with the problems of sex become more and more convinced of the tremendous, the overwhelming influence exercised by the sex instinct upon the totality of human life—not only upon the physical side of life, but on the mental and spiritual side as well. Every day we discover previously unsuspected manifestations of the sexual impulse to be the primal urges to thoughts and actions which at first sight had seemed to have no connection with sex.

There are but two primal instincts : the instinct of self-preservation, and the instinct for the perpetuation of the species ; in other words, hunger and sex. The hunger instinct has not been suppressed ; it has always been given free rein. The fight for its satisfaction has not only been considered justifiable, but has been encouraged by all possible means. The larger the supply of material things any one could obtain, whether honestly or otherwise, whether by hard work, by the slaughter of a rival possessor, or by cut-throat competitions, the higher the respect accorded to such success. That has been so from primitive times down to our own day.

Not so with the sex instinct. For several thousand years, particularly since the rise of Christianity, sex in all its manifestations has been regarded as shameful ; as something that must be suppressed, repressed, masked, hidden ; as something unmentionable. Since it is impossible to destroy a fundamental natural instinct, the usual result has been the manufacture of perversions—though sometimes the energy of the sex instinct has been sublimated to higher uses. Not only has the taboo which has surrounded the sphere of sex been responsible for an endless amount of disease, misery, and suffering, for venereal afflictions, sexual impotence, and sexual neurasthenia ; but we have recently learned that an endless variety of phobias, obsessions, neuroses, and psychoses are due to the non-gratification, or inadequate gratification, to the suppression or repression, of the sexual instinct. Even insomnia, the most obstinate form of insomnia, the kind that resists drugs and massage and hydrotherapeutics and all other measures, is in a large percentage of cases due to this cause. In refractory cases of insomnia, a proper fulfilment of the sexual life (which does not necessarily mean sexual intercourse ; for actual coitus may not be requisite, and may be insufficient) is often worth more than all the sedatives, soporifics, and hypnotics in and out of the pharmacopeia. But a proper fulfilment of the sexual life cannot be supplied across the counter of a drugstore.

Another recent discovery is that sex life does not begin at the age of puberty. It is active in infants. The early manifestations of sexuality persist to the age of four, five, or six. Then, owing to various causes, they become dormant or are

repressed, to reappear at the age of eleven, twelve, or thirteen. As to the important and wonderfully interesting connection between dreams and the sex instinct, you have probably all heard something about it by this time. In short, every day new discoveries are made, new scientific and psychological nuggets are dug up in the neglected and untilled fields of the physiology, psychology, and pathology of sex. Consequently sex morality, the relationship between the two sexes, is undergoing a marked change for the better.

At length, in the discussion of sex matters, it has become possible to use plain language, to utter expressions which a few years ago would have been considered obscene. The right to speak in intelligible language of the human body and its most important functions has been acquired slowly and with difficulty. Many pioneers braved misunderstanding, contumely, slander, ostracism, persecution, and imprisonment for the right to discuss sex and its manifestations.

Among such pioneers, Walt Whitman was preeminent. It required dauntless courage to write the poems styled *Children of Adam*, at the time when Whitman wrote them. We owe it in large measure to him that we can now speak as freely as we do. He was among the first in this country to write frankly and honestly of the human body, to glorify it and its most important function. He was among the first to declare that "the sexual passion in itself, while normal and unperverted, is inherently legitimate, creditable, not necessarily an improper theme for poet, as confessedly not for scientist". "The same spirit," he said, "that marks the physiological author and demonstrator on these topics in his important field, I have thought necessary to be exemplified, for once, in another certainly not less important field." He was among the first to declare that "it is not the picture or nude statue or text, with clear aim, that is indecent: it is the beholder's own thought, inference, distorted construction". "True modesty," he continues, "is one of the most precious of attributes, even virtues, but in nothing is there more pretence, more falsity, than the needless assumption of it." He well understood that it was "imperative to achieve a shifted attitude toward the thought and fact of sexuality as an element in character, personality, the emotions, and a theme in literature".

Lest it might be thought that he had written *Children of Adam* only because he was in the heyday of youth, he was careful to reiterate the same thoughts in the evening of his days. In *A Backward Glance O'er Travelled Roads* he writes : " And in respect to editions of *Leaves of Grass* in time to come (if there should be such), I take occasion now to confirm those lines with the settled convictions and deliberate renewals of thirty years, and to hereby prohibit, as far as word of mine can do so, any elision of them ". Walt Whitman was no death-bed penitent ; and in the last hours of his life he did not renounce the best work of his early manhood, as some white-livered reformers have done.

Walt Whitman was the poet of genuine democracy, but this is only one of his titles to esteem ; his merits in the cause of sex reform, of free independent womanhood, are just as great. If he had done nothing else but proclaim the sanctity of the human body, the legitimacy of the discussion of the sex function, the freedom of woman to dispose of her body, his claim to immortality would have been undisputed. He dared to say things which, at the time when he said them, few people dared even to think.

[1913.]

THE MENTAL INFERIORITY OF PROSTITUTES.

Some sociologists assert that the vast majority of prostitutes are mentally deficient, in fact belong to the class of morons. Whether this is so or not is a difficult question which I do not care to discuss. But assuming it to be the case, is not their occupation the very best occupation for them ? Is it not better for humanity-at-large that they should be what they are, than that they should live a respectable life, get married, and transmit their mental inferiority and deficiency to their offspring, thus further weakening the human stock ? I know that this is a rather novel point of view, and anything novel may prove shocking. But as an academic question to be discussed in private clubs or radical societies it is not without interest.

[1914.]

WOMAN'S GREATEST NEED.

What is Woman's Greatest Need ?

To love and to be loved.

Her greatest need is not science, nor literature, nor political equality, nor participation in public affairs, nor entry into the professions and trades, nor a single sexual (usually mis-called moral) standard, nor motherhood, nor even economic independence.

Her greatest need is, as I said, to love and to be loved.

Now, good friends, do not get excited. I do not for one moment think that woman is or should be satisfied with love alone ; I would not for a moment maintain that she is not or should not be interested in literary, scientific, social, or political activities ; not for a moment would I curtail her self-expression in any direction she may choose ; not for a moment would I circumscribe the constantly widening sphere of her interests.

But I do maintain that love is the basis and foundation of her life, and permeates her entire being. While she can be interested in many things, while she may achieve success in many directions, without love she will remain an unsatisfied creature, she will not be happy. And when we ask what is any one's greatest need, we naturally mean what is chiefly needed to make that person happy and satisfied.

To express it in other words : a woman with love alone—love bestowed and love received—can be perfectly and supremely happy. A woman with many outside interests but without love cannot be happy. She may not be unhappy, but she will not be happy. Her being will remain unsatisfied. Of course the happiest woman is she who has both love and outside interests.

I am not one of those who consider woman the same thing as man, only of a different sex ; merely a female man. I am numbered among the sexologists who consider woman fundamentally, biologically, different from man. The difference permeates her entire being, and it does not, as some think, make its appearance at puberty, but is there from the day of her birth, or even, as some believe, from the moment of conception. Her life is a failure, as far as her happiness is

concerned, an aching void, if she has not loved and been loved. Many examples could be given of women who achieved eminence in various spheres of activity, and who, in the midst or at the end of their careers, expressed themselves as unhappy, dissatisfied with their lives, and as having been ready and anxious to have exchanged their honours and success for the love of a man. Woman's being dries and withers without the tenderness and affection of the opposite sex. A man can much more readily sublimate his sexual instinct into higher or other channels than a woman.

One can mention some examples of women who to all appearance completely repressed the affectionate side of their lives and to all appearance did not suffer therefrom. But, first, there is nothing absolute in this world, and a few exceptions here and there will always be found to any statement. We do not judge from exceptional cases, but from the vast majority. Secondly, on close investigation, many of those will be found to have been sexually abnormal, to have possessed very marked masculine traits; in fact some were men in female bodies.

These exceptions prove nothing, and I feel quite safe in reasserting that woman's greatest need is Love. But I will add that, in order to give full expression to her love; to be more capable of inspiring and retaining love, it is necessary for her to participate in social life in the widest sense of the word, and to be familiar with the arts and sciences. Whether economic independence will help or hurt her in man's eyes, I am not certain. It will be a great help to her in getting a husband, but that is different from love. Husband and lover are not always synonymous; though they are not mutually exclusive terms, as some fanatical radicals would have us believe.

Yes, give woman the whole world for her sphere, but remember that the foundation, the beginning, and the end of it, must be Love. And, having love, her next greatest need is the knowledge how to guard against excessive, undesired, or inopportune maternity.

[1914.]

TRULY CIVILIZED MORALITY.

I have something to say which may cost the "Critic and Guide" another hundred subscribers. But if it were to be a thousand instead of a hundred, I should say it none the less. In this magazine I write, not to please subscribers, but to say what I think ought to be said, and what I feel and believe to be true. In a former issue, I expressed the opinion, based upon certain facts, that school teachers, as well as other sensible women, were throwing off the shackles of tradition and superstition, and were becoming more free in their sex life. I added that I did not blame them for it, that I did not consider them immoral on that account. I earned a good deal of abuse by this candid utterance. One of the mildest charges made against me was the charge of "immorality". It all depends what you mean by the word moral!

To me human happiness is the highest law, the only law, the only morality; and I challenge any one to point to a line in my writings which did not have this object in view.

There are several million marriageable women in this country, as in every other civilized country, who are doomed to permanent spinsterhood. For one reason or another, they will never marry. Should such women—and some of the finest specimens of womanhood are among them—go down to their graves without having experienced the joy of love, without having felt the embrace of a man, without having tasted what alone makes life worth living? Should all these lives be sacrificed to the Moloch of a selfish, antiquated, and artificial code? Should millions of women be for ever deprived of happiness on account of a figment? If this be morality, according to your way of thinking, then I tell you that it is a savage, brutal morality, and that I will have none of it.

I am happy to see that the good, the sensible, the educated women are beginning to take the same view of the matter. They refuse to sacrifice their health, their life, and their happiness on the altar of ignorance and superstition. When, having reached the age of thirty or thirty-five, they find their youth and charm rapidly slipping away, and they become aware that very soon life will hold nothing for them and they will have

nothing to offer, they shake off their shackles and enter into loving relations, even though these relations are not and never can be sanctioned by priest or magistrate. Such women become kinder, gentler, happier ; and their lives become fuller, wiser, and more useful. No decent man or woman will stigmatize such relations as immoral. " Illicit " they may be, but surely not immoral. On the contrary, contributing as they do to the happiness of two people, without injury to any one, they are according to my understanding of the term, highly moral.

[1915.]

SEXUAL ABSTINENTS.

Whenever an adult male patient, at an age ranging from (say) twenty-two to seventy, tells me that he has never indulged in sexual relations, or that he has been abstinent until a few weeks or months ago, I try to ascertain the cause of the abstinence. The cause is an important factor in the diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment of the case. The causes, as disclosed in my practice, may be classified as follows :

1. Lack of opportunity. This plays a very important role in a large number of patients. It is particularly true of patients in small towns. Though the " morality " of the small town is not any better than the " morality " of the large city, sexual irregularity is more difficult in the former. People are more under observation in small centres of population, and there are no public prostitutes in many of the smaller places. With some men the cause of abstinence is not merely lack of opportunity, but also fear of compromising their social position.

2. Fear of venereal infection. This is not so strong a factor as many people believe.

3. Religious scruples. Among my Catholic patients, this is still a pretty strong deterrent. To them, fornication is a sin, and adultery is a mortal sin. The fear of hell is sometimes stronger than the sexual instinct.

4. Moral scruples. There are a number of people who are genuinely convinced of the immorality of having relations with prostitutes or with any other woman except one's wife. A man may honestly believe in the single standard of sexual

morality. He wants his wife to come to him a virgin pure in mind and body, and he would fain reciprocate. The percentage of such men in my practice is not very large, but still it is not inconsiderable. I have noticed, however, that as a rule the libido of such men is below par.

5. Love for a woman. Some men become engaged to or fall in love with a woman at an early age, and this may operate as an effective restraint against relations with any other woman. Here the restraining influence is aesthetic quite as much as moral.

6. Fear of impregnating the woman. I have had several such cases, where the man had ample opportunities of having relations with respectable women, but abstained for fear of getting them into trouble.

7. Disgust of prostitutes. This objection is purely aesthetic. Many men declare that they would have no objection to illicit relations with decent women, but they find prostitutes disgusting. So strong is their disgust that any attempt at intercourse with a prostitute ends in a fiasco. People of this class, likewise, are generally endowed with a rather weak libido.

8. Masturbation. Many men begin masturbation at a very early age, and keep it up so long and so steadily that they never get a desire for normal sexual intercourse. Most men, indeed, abandon masturbation after a time, and replace it by normal heterosexual intercourse. Others, however, continue the habit, and for two reasons : it may be because masturbation has actually made them incapable of heterosexual relationships ; it may merely be because they have become such slaves to the habit that normal relations with women do not afford them any satisfaction.

9. Weak libido or complete lack of it. Some people have such a weak libido that they never care to overcome the obstacles which lie in the path of regular sexual relations. In some, sexual desire never awakens, and of course such persons cannot understand how anybody can have desire for the opposite sex.

10. Homosexuality. A small percentage have had no relations with women because they have as strong an aversion for them as normal men have for men. Their desire is for the male and not the female sex.

11. Deformity or absence of genitals. In some cases either a diminutive phallus or atrophy or absence of the testicles is the obvious cause of the lack of relations.

12. Lack of funds. There is a not inconsiderable class of people who are forced to abstain simply for lack of money. They may be so poor as not to be able to afford the lowest fee ; or they may feel too refined to go to the lowest class of prostitutes, whilst any others are too costly for them. Such men must put up with sex-hunger just as many poor devils have to put up with lack of food.

If we analyse these causes of abstinence, we see that there is nothing to be proud of about man's " chastity ", and that there is no reason to apply the terms " clean ", " pure ", and " moral " to men who abstain from anti-marital sexual relations. With the exception of Classes 4 and 5, what do we find ? It is not virtue or a high moral standard that keeps men chaste, but lack of opportunity ; fear, either fear of exposure or fear of infection ; lack of desire, or inability to perform the act, that is, impotence. Are these things virtues ? To abstain from an action because one is afraid to do it, or has not the opportunity, or is physically incapable of doing it, is certainly not a virtue.

[1915.]

VENEREAL DISEASE, TUBERCULOSIS, AND CANCER.

Venereal disease is generally referred to as one of the three chief scourges of the human race, tuberculosis and cancer being the other two. It certainly deserves the name of a racial scourge, and is probably responsible for as much widespread suffering as tuberculosis, and for a good deal more than cancer ; but there is a great difference between these three scourges.

To eliminate tuberculosis, a complete or at least a radical change in the social order would be requisite. Tenements would have to be abolished, the hours of labour shortened, some occupations entirely dispensed with, better upbringing of children would become necessary, school hygiene would have to be improved, more fresh air and more outdoor exercise for everybody, etc., etc.

As far as the prevention of cancer is concerned, little can be done at present. We do not know enough.

But venereal diseases are preventable, and that without much difficulty. Individual prophylaxis suffices to ward off infection. When infection has occurred, proper treatment is sufficient to bring about, if not a complete cure, at least such an improvement that the danger of spreading the infection to others is obviated. In short, the problem of the prophylaxis and cure of venereal disease is an entirely different one from the problems which confront us when we have to deal with tuberculosis and cancer. We need merely approach the problem with open minds, need merely handle it as we should any other sanitary problem, and in a decade, or at most two decades, venereal disease would cease to exist.

The difficulty is mental, not material! You cannot force an open mind upon a man whose mind is closed, twisted, or perverted by centuries-old prejudices and falsehoods.

[1916.]

THE THREE-LEGGED WHITE BEAR.

A young man, a fine fellow twenty-five years of age, had determined to live a "pure, clean life," which is in ordinary parlance synonymous with a sexually continent life. He had a hard struggle, but, possessing a strong will power and convinced of the righteousness of his moral code, he succeeded in overcoming his temptations. Hard study, study in which he was deeply interested, was of material help to him in living up to his resolution. After a time, however, the struggle became almost too hard to bear. He still abstained, but began to suffer from frequent emissions, and, what was worse, his thoughts would constantly dwell on sexual subjects. He became absent-minded, concentration on any one subject was becoming more and more difficult. No matter whether he was engaged in hard study or athletic exercise, he would find himself against his will, and much to his disgust, dwelling on sexual topics. While he was trying to solve a mathematical or chemical problem, pictures of an entirely different character would keep on floating through his mind. His efficiency was

becoming impaired and he wrote to one of our estimable sex reformers for advice. The doctor is a good man, and he means well. (Of course most people mean well, however much harm they do !) Here is the answer.

“ Simply don’t think of those things. When any thoughts on sexual subjects come to your mind, drive them away. Say to yourself, ‘ I will not think of those things, I don’t want to think of those things ; keep away from me, bad thoughts ! ’ and you will find you will have no difficulty in overcoming the evil side of your nature. Each time you say to yourself, ‘ No, I will not think of those things ; keep away, bad thoughts ! ’ you will find the victory easier and easier.”

O sancta simplicitas ! Just as if we could command our thoughts or our feelings. We can to a certain extent, and to a certain extent only, control our actions, but we cannot control our thoughts and our feelings. A good way to intensify thoughts and feelings and make them occupy a larger sphere than they did before, is to fight them resolutely and to order them to keep away.

This reminds me of the story of the three-legged white bear which I read when I was a child of ten.

Once upon a time there lived a nobleman who was very rich ; but he was even more miserly than rich. He was always thinking how to make more money. He heard that by certain processes iron could be converted into gold, and he began to spend his time and his money trying to discover the method which would make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. A man who lived by his wits heard of the nobleman’s activities and decided to profit by the latter’s delusion. Our friend wrote to the nobleman to the effect that he had perfected a process which was absolutely infallible. The process of transmutation should be demonstrated before my lord’s very eyes. The price of the secret was ten thousand ducats.

The nobleman made an appointment. The “ alchemist ”, who was skilled in legerdemain, appeared, and, after putting a chunk of iron into a crucible, and subjecting it to numerous heatings, mixings, washings, strainings, decantings, and so forth, extracted from the bottom a nugget of gold. The miserly nobleman was delighted, and, though he hated to part with ten thousand ducats, the secret seemed to him worth the

price. He made the man write out the full process in all its details, and gave him the money.

"But if you have deceived me," the nobleman said, as he bade farewell, "if you have not put down every detail on paper, and if I do not succeed in converting my iron into gold, I shall have you caught and hanged."

"All you have to do is to follow the various steps as I wrote them down and you cannot fail."

Away went the alchemist.

The nobleman at once began the work which was to make him the richest man in the universe. Some two hours later there was a knock at the gate, and the sharp-witted gentleman asked to be admitted. He had to see the nobleman on very important business. He was admitted.

"I had gone quite a distance," he said, "but I recollected that I had omitted one detail. That would have spoiled the whole thing, and you would have blamed me. The matter is this ; at no time during any of the processes you are performing must you think of a three-legged white bear. If you do, the thing will be a failure."

The nobleman was rather short with the intruder.

"Why the devil did you come and interrupt me with a trifle like that ? Never in my life did I think of a three-legged white bear. Be off with you."

Of course you know the end of the story. From that moment, whenever he started work on the magic process of converting iron into gold, the three-legged white bear came into his mind. The more he tried not to think of the white bear, the more the white bear tortured him. All means, all subterfuges, proved unavailing. He consulted doctors and wizards, with no result ; and finally things reached such a pass that the white bear was present in his mind all the time, whether he tried to manipulate his crucibles or not, whether he was asleep or awake. He had become a madman.

It isn't by attempting to drive away thoughts and feelings that we overcome them, but rather by letting them take their course. We see the same thing often in insomnia. If the sufferer gets frantic about his insomnia, thinks it is hurting him terribly, and tries all kinds of devices to overcome it, he is pretty sure to aggravate it. But if he takes his sleeplessness calmly, lies

quietly, is convinced that it doesn't matter so very much, then he overcomes it much more readily.

While Bernard Shaw's advice that the best way to overcome temptations is by yielding to them cannot always be followed in practice, there is a marvellous nugget of truth in the dictum, and the plan often works with an efficiency which is as gratifying as it is unexpected.

The advice, "Don't think of those things, drive the bad thoughts away", is as childish as it is often disingenuous.

[1916.]

VENEREAL PROPHYLAXIS.

The movement for venereal prophylaxis is gaining ground. The London "Times" recently printed a manifesto signed by Sir William Osler, Sir Bryan Donkin, Sir Archdall Reid, and other notables, in which these authorities declared: "It has been abundantly proved during the war that venereal diseases can be controlled by the adoption of simple sanitary measures, the success of which is striking, and the materials for which can be obtained from any chemist. These measures should be at once made known and available; and organized instruction given in their application". The present writer, who was early in the field with his insistence that the only way in which venereal disease can be abolished is by individual venereal prophylaxis, has good reason to be pleased by this powerful support. That does not mean that the cause is won. A good many people are still afraid that individual venereal prophylaxis will increase what they call immorality. But these simple souls are getting fewer in number. Some are coming round to our viewpoint. Those who are inconvertible are less vociferous than of yore. They find it hard to stand up against the evidence brought forward by the military authorities who had to deal with hundreds of thousands of cases.

The problem of venereal disease and of venereal prophylaxis is, after all, a simple one. It may be stated in a few sentences:

(1) All are agreed that venereal disease is a terrible danger to the race, working havoc, not only with the individual im-

mediately concerned, but with many innocent persons, and affecting, not only the living, but generations yet unborn.

(2) All sane people are agreed that the sex instinct is a normal instinct, whose normal function cannot and must not be entirely suppressed.

(3) All sane people know that marriage, while desirable, is for various economic and social reasons not possible for thousands of men.

(4) All sane people know that religious injunctions, moral preachments, threats, and the dogmas of pseudo-physiologists, will never succeed in putting an end to illicit sexual relations.

(5) Under our present social system, illicit and clandestine relations will continue for some time to come ; such relations are apt to lead to infection ; consequently, the only means to avoid such infection is the use of venereal prophylactics.

[1919.]

SEXUAL IMPOTENCE A BLESSING—SOMETIMES.

On the steamer, during my return home, I came across a man who interested me very much. He had an earnest, intellectual, somewhat melancholy face, and he read and wrote a good deal. In fact, next to myself he was the hardest-working passenger on board ship. He walked but little and talked less. His face had a close resemblance to that of a patient I had treated a number of years ago, but it was not the same man. On the fourth or fifth day I made his acquaintance. In the course of our conversation it came out that he was familiar with my work, was a subscriber to the " Critic and Guide ", had read all my books, and had attended many of my lectures. We had several more talks.

One evening he asked me : " Do you know what I consider the most useful thing you ever wrote ? "

" What ?—*Never Told Tales* ? "

" No," he answered. " In my opinion the most valuable thing you ever wrote is a chapter in your book on the *Treatment of Sexual Impotence*, the chapter in which you speak of the relation between sexual impotence and neurasthenia. That chapter must have proved a great comfort to many people. I

personally know three people to whom it has proved such a comfort, whose lives it has brightened and made happier. I am one of them."

He went on to speak of the false ideas which used to prevail on the subject of impotence; and especially the idea that sexual impotence is practically synonymous with mental and physical decay. Thousands of people, when they noticed a weakening of their sexual power, were apt to despair, fearing that this meant an end to their professional and mental activity, to their spiritual life. Inasmuch as fear is a terribly depressing agent, there is no doubt that in many cases the sexually impotent did become also mentally impotent. An erroneous belief in the injuriousness of a thing will oftentimes produce the very injury feared. Many cases of suicide can be traced to the fear of the terrible consequences of sexual impotence.

"That chapter in your book," he continued, "and your other writings of a similar character, have given new hope, new life, to thousands of despairing people. They have shown that sexual impotence was not necessarily connected with neurasthenia, general ill-health, or mental decay. They have shown that a man may be impotent and do excellent, nay better and more work, than when he was potent."

He went on to speak of his own case.

"I am now forty. Unmarried. Between the age of twenty-two and about thirty-four I led a very active sexual life, indulging to excess, sometimes riotous excess. My health was good, I had a good position, and could meet its demands, for they required little mental effort. I did nothing else. Read very little, and had no interest in social and abstract questions. At the age of thirty-four I had an attack of gonorrhoea, a very severe one, which lasted about six months. During the illness, I abstained entirely from sexual relations, without much difficulty. Then I began to indulge again, but moderately. Soon afterwards my brother, a younger man than myself, became infected with syphilis, and put himself under your care."

I remembered the case as soon as he spoke, and realized that it was a family resemblance which had made my friend's face seem familiar.

The brother's trouble alarmed the elder man so much that

he resolved never again to indulge in irregular sexual relations. He had kept his resolution. By degrees there ensued a decline in sexual appetite, ending in entire loss of libido. His own opinion was that his firm determination not to indulge again, and the consequent abstinence, had caused his impotence. It is quite possible, however, that, when he decided to give up sexual relations, the decision was prompted by an already commencing sexual decline. I lean to this belief for more reasons than one: first, I have learned from long experience that people generally pledge themselves not to indulge when the keeping of the pledge no longer presents insuperable difficulties; secondly, Mr. A. told me that the last few times the intercourse was not quite satisfactory, desire being diminished and ejaculation somewhat premature. This was undoubtedly brought about—and here is a third factor—by the long-lasting gonorrhoea, and perhaps also by the early excesses.

But the cause of his impotence is of secondary importance. The point is that since its onset he had become to a considerable extent a “new man”. He began to read a great deal, and a new world was opened to him; later on he began to write, and he has written some very good critical essays—at least they are greatly in demand—and some poetry. I asked him if he ever regretted his past, his loss of the former physical pleasures, and he answered that he had no regrets. His physical health was good, better than before. Reading and writing gave him much more pleasure, though of a different kind, than sexual indulgence had ever done. And he expressed it as his opinion that it would be a good thing for many young men if, temporarily or permanently, they were to become sexually impotent. They would give up their self-indulgence, and would begin to think of more serious and more important things—things of value to humanity-at-large. He declared that he knew personally a number of people, artists and writers, who were doing better work since the decay of their sexual power had set in. Of course a man who had nothing in him, would have even less than nothing in him after he had become impotent. But people with individuality, with talent, were often stirred to new mental activity by sexual impotence.

The phenomenon is a complex one and is undoubtedly due to multiple causes. (I am summarizing Mr. A.'s views.)

First, the man has more time to devote to his work ; extra-marital sexual indulgence, not with common prostitutes, but with demi-mondaines and respectable women, takes up a good deal of time. Secondly, the energy spent in hunting for sexual partners is saved. Thirdly, the man has lost something which gave him great pleasure and saved him from boredom ; he must find a substitute, otherwise he would feel too wretched, and if he amounts to anything he finds that substitute in his work, or in some kind of new work. Fourthly, there is a definite physiological economy. In other words, to some people sexual impotence proves a blessing in disguise. To some, even the acquisition of a venereal disease proves a blessing. Forced temporarily to give up their sexual relations (and the period of abstinence must occasionally be quite a long one), they turn the current of their thoughts in a different direction, and selfishness may give place to altruism, to interest in the world's work.

Now, I am not going to say that I wholly endorse Mr. A.'s contentions, although I could cap his case by others. I do not want my readers to run away with the idea that I consider sexual impotence an unmixed blessing.

To avert such a misunderstanding, I shall briefly recapitulate my own views.

1. To a certain class of people, who up to the age of thirty-five or forty have led an active or moderately active sexual life, a weakening of sexual power and desire is a blessing. They get along perfectly well physically and mentally, and the remainder of their libido they sublimate to other uses. Sometimes these uses are ignoble ones, being centred on the acquisition of money ; but often the man, becoming less gross and sensual, applies his dormant powers to high purposes, science, art, and literature. He himself is thus happier, and humanity is also a gainer.

2. Younger men can sublimate their sexuality to a great extent, and for various periods of time, without any injury to themselves, or even with considerable benefit. But that sublimation must not go to extremes. An endeavour to repress the instinct entirely is likely to eventuate in disaster.

3. There are men in whom no sublimation of any kind is possible. They cannot be made to take an interest in higher

things, and any attempt in this direction is sure to result in failure. They are so built, and that is all there is to it.

4. There is a class of people who are interested in higher things, but whose interest in higher things is heightened if they live an active sexual life. They cannot devote themselves properly to higher things unless their sex instinct can find proper satisfaction. Some find that proper satisfaction in cohabitation with one woman ; others need, or think they need, variety.

So it is. Human beings are not built on one pattern, and any attempt to lay down iron-clad rules for all mankind to be guided by is preposterous.

[1921.]

ARE THERE STRICTLY MONOGAMOUS MEN ?

In his book, *Tramping on Life*, Harry Kemp tells in his whimsical manner of a lecture which Miss Emma Goldman delivered in the university town where he was a student.

The lecture was on sex, and naturally the hall was jammed to the doors. She spoke against the double standard, but of course, she did not demand that men should be as chaste up to their marriage as they want women to be. On the contrary, she demanded that women should be as free in their sexual life as men are. And she expressed her doubt whether there was a single man in the audience who had had no relations prior to his marriage. Here are the exact words, as reported by Harry Kemp :

" I doubt if there be a solitary man in this audience, a married man, who has not had pre-marital intercourse with women. Yes, I think I can safely say that there is not one married man who can honestly claim that he came to his wife in that same physical purity that he required of her."

There was a professor in the audience. He leaped to his feet in a fury. In deep indignation he shouted, " Here is one ", forgetting in his anger the audience, most of whom knew him.

There followed an uproar such as the author never saw before or since. The students howled with joy, Miss Goldman choked with laughter. After the noise subsided, Emma Goldman became serious, and this is what she said :

"I don't know who you are," she called out, "but I'll take chances in telling you that you are a liar."

Of course the boys were in high glee, they hooted and catcalled, and Emma Goldman laughed until the tears streamed down her face.

I am referring to this incident, because it illustrates beautifully the dogmatism of the average human being, which I have occasion to criticize so often. Because Emma Goldman and her male friends lived a free sexual life and both preached and practised promiscuity, therefore she could not imagine that there were people who lived a strictly monogamous life.

And yet no fact is more firmly established than this. I have had hundreds and hundreds of patients who had no sexual relations whatsoever up to the day of their marriage, who were literally as chaste as their wives. And I have no doubt that in this country there are millions of men who never had relations with any other women except their wives. In fact, in the smaller American towns it is not the exception but rather the rule for men to get married without having had any sex experience. And a strictly monogamous husband is not a rare exception in this country. The case is different in central European and Latin countries. I grant that men may have had desires for other women, that they have hankered for polygamous experiences. But nobody can be held responsible for his feelings. Thoughts and feelings come unbidden. It is the actions our thoughts and feelings engender that count.

[*"Journal of Sexology and Psychanalysis," 1924.*]

FRENCH SEXUAL MORALITY.

Is French sexual morality really different from, say, the morality of the Anglo-Saxons? I know very little of France outside Paris. What I do know of the provinces gives me the impression that there the morals are not essentially different from ours. Chastity still seems to be considered a virtue, particularly, of course, in women. But of Paris I can speak with more authority; and if Paris is France, then French morality—that is, sexual morality—does differ very decidedly

from ours. The Paris viewpoint on the sex question does differ very materially from that of London, and still more so, from that of New York.

Numerous facts prove the correctness of the above statement. Let me mention some of them.

1. (a) Pictures, statuettes, dolls, and other figures, are exhibited freely in the Paris shop windows which, if exhibited in New York, would cause the immediate arrest and bring about the conviction of the store proprietors. (b) Books, with and without illustrations, are exhibited and sold freely in the Paris book-shops which would unquestionably cause the arrest and conviction of both author and publisher. (c) Plays and reviews are presented on the Paris stage which would without doubt cause a great scandal in any city in the United States, and would bring about the arrest and conviction of the theatrical managers responsible for them. (d) Finally, dances, scenes, and things are seen in the Paris dance halls and cabarets which would be utterly unthinkable in New York or Chicago, let alone Boston or Philadelphia. (e) I might also mention the numerous advertisements in certain papers openly inviting to exhibitions of sexual immorality.

2. A fact of deeper significance than all those enumerated above is the treatment accorded by Paris to its prostitutes. With us the prostitute is looked upon as a moral leper whom everybody has a right to treat with contempt, disdain, and, if he so desires, with brutality. The Frenchman regards the daughters of joy not as an evil, but as a necessity. Not as a "necessary evil", but as a distinct good. In France, a prostitute is a woman who performs a necessary and important function, not only indispensable for the unmarried men, but she also plays an important role—I am voicing the Frenchman's opinion on the subject—in frequently saving the married home from disruption. According to him, she often renders the otherwise impossible monogamous home possible. As a result of this viewpoint, the Paris street girl is treated, not only with respect, but with a sort of benevolent indulgence, not to say affection. She has the *entrée* everywhere. Men who are considered perfectly respectable have no hesitation about taking a prostitute out to dinner, going with her to the theatre, etc. In his attitude towards the members of "the oldest

profession in the world ", the Frenchman differs materially from the Anglo-Saxon.

3. My last point, showing the difference between the French and the Anglo-Saxon views on the subject, is perhaps of even greater importance. With us the man who leads a strictly continent life is surrounded with a sort of halo. He who has nothing to do with women, who has always led a pure, " clean " life, is treated with a special sort of respect. And woe to the political or professorial candidate if he has not led such a life. In Paris, the unmarried man " who has never had anything to do with women " is considered a fool, an imbecile, or as having " something the matter with him ". In France, a man's sex life—or family life for that matter—has nothing to do with his political aspirations or his candidature for a professorial chair. " That is a man's private affair. " What I have always maintained, namely that two adults' sex life is their own business, and nobody else's, is realized more truly in France than in any other civilized country in the world.

[1925.]

THE PROPAGATION INSTINCT.

What I have maintained for years, against much opposition, will bear repetition. The " propagation instinct " is a myth. There is no such instinct. There is a sex instinct, but not a propagation instinct. Propagation is an incidental, and very often undesired, unaccompaniment of the sexual act.

In many people (especially in the well-to-do, who have property to bequeath, and in the religious), there is a conscious wish for offspring, but that is not the same thing as an instinct. Many men have an intense longing for wealth, but that is not what we mean by an instinct.

In every country of the globe you will now find millions of people who would not for anything you could offer them part with their sex power, but who would—if they could—give away their propagation power " free, gratis, and for nothing ".

[1925.]

IV

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND MORAL

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

A writer, quoted in the first of the extracts that follow, says that the "Critic and Guide" is "a crazy-quilt of pharmacy, medicine, philosophy, politics, and ethics". That was in the very early days of the magazine. The description has been apposite throughout its subsequent career. This section contains some of the most vital of Dr. Robinson's writings upon social, political, and moral issues—the matters dealt with in preceding sections alone excepted. All the articles appeared in the "Critic and Guide", at dates ranging from 1903 down to the present day. The subjects cover so wide a ground that no attempt could be made at systematic presentation. As in the other sections, so here, the editors have thought it best to preserve a chronological order. The most notable gap is from 1914 to 1919, when Dr. Robinson's interest in general topics was (to some extent) suspended by the cataclysm of the Great War.

THE KISHINEV MASSACRE.

I have been asked by a number of subscribers to say something about the Kishinev massacre. One writes that, inasmuch as the "Critic and Guide" is a crazy-quilt of pharmacy, medicine, philosophy, politics, and ethics, it would be in place for me to say something in reference to a matter which horrified humanity. I therefore reproduce a letter of mine which appeared in the "New York Times" of May 21st :

"An outbreak of smallpox or of the plague carrying off a few hundred victims always spreads more terror and excites more attention than such endemic diseases as tuberculosis and pneumonia, which, year after year, kill thousands and tens of thousands. The massacre at Kishinev fills us with horror, sickens our hearts, and tears our brains; but the policy systematically pursued by the Russian government of humiliating, impoverishing, strangling, and trampling upon the Jews and other nationalities, like the Finlanders, hardly excites attention. Nevertheless, that policy is not a whit less brutal than the massacres, and the suffering caused by it in the aggregate is considerably greater than the suffering and the misfortunes caused by the acute popular outbreaks.

"A few days ago the papers brought us the reports of the expulsion of 37,000 Jewish families from Kiev. Just think of the horror of their condition! Thousands of people attached by family and business ties to their native land, having their children in the schools and universities, are compelled to sell their business and their houses for a few pence, and to become homeless wanderers in this world. Many people past middle age are reduced to abject poverty and forced to start life all over again or to become beggars. Thus has the Jewish nation been crushed in Russia for many years, and not a word of protest. Now the same thing is beginning to be done with the Finnish people. I happen to have a large number of Finnish patients, and I know the people well. I know of no

soberer, more peaceful, more industrious, and more home-loving people. Every one in Finland is able to read and write. In general intelligence they are about a hundred times superior to the Russian moujik, and that is just where the trouble comes in. It is a thorn in the side of the brutal Russian to see any nationality within his domain that is more intelligent, more sober, and more industrious than himself. So the peace-loving (?), semi-imbecile Tsar, who is a toy in the hands of the modern Torquemada, Pobiedonostzeff, has broken his oath and the oath of his forefathers, and has adopted a policy against Finland which, for ruthless cruelty, has hardly a parallel in modern history. Finnish hearts are bleeding, but what can a weak people do in combat with a powerful giant, to whom the feelings of mercy, civilization, and humanity are utterly foreign?

“To return to the Jewish question, there is in certain quarters a tendency to blame only the Russian mob for the recent massacre. While the cruelties, the outrages, and the mutilations are the fruit of the savagery of the mob, it should be clearly borne in mind that the massacre was instigated by the Russian government. To the careful student of Russian affairs, the situation is clear. The Russian people, oppressed and robbed by excessive taxes, has of late shown a revolutionary spirit. The anti-Jewish agitation is a diversion. The government has been subsidizing newspapers of the vilest character, and these have been engaged in a press campaign whose aim is to convince the Russians that their poverty is due exclusively to the activity of the Jews. Were it not for the Jews, say these newspapers, the Russians would live in luxury. The government is also sending round agents to counteract the teachings of the revolutionary party, and these counter-revolutionary propagandists find that the simplest plan is to make the Jews the scapegoats for all the ills affecting the Russian people. Furthermore, the profligate Russian nobles, many of whom have borrowed money from Jews, regard the massacre with approval, for thus they are disembarrassed of their creditors. The upshot has been the formation of a triple alliance of the government, the profligate nobility, and the drunken mob, against the inoffensive, peaceful, and intelligent Jews.

“Shall our country protest? It has been stated semi-

officially that we have no better right to protest against the Russian outrages, than the Russian government would have to protest against our Southern lynchings. The comparison is as foolish as it is disingenuous. Our white people do not all of a sudden attack a whole village or street in which negroes live—and mutilate and kill. In every case of lynching, a crime has been committed, or is supposed to have been committed, and the lynching is directed only against the alleged culprit. Race prejudice has nothing to do with the matter, and the same punishment would be meted out to a white tramp. What parallel is there between the two cases? In our own country, we know that the government is strongly opposed to the lynchings, whereas in Russia the government instigates the murders.

“Etiquette or no etiquette, this country should protest in plain terms. We shall have no right to consider ourselves the most civilized and humane of all nations, until we find a ‘right’ to protest loudly against brutalities in comparison with which the darkest deeds of the Inquisition or of the feudal nobility of the Middle Ages pale into insignificance. ‘Where there is a will there is a way.’ Let our astute Mr. Hay want to find a cause for protesting, and he will be able to find one soon enough.”

[1903.]

AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

Probably on account of the approaching Esperanto Congress, the question of an international language is again attracting widespread attention. Some of my readers have asked my own views on the matter. I expressed them several years ago in an article that appeared in “Merck’s Archives” (December 1902). The substance of that article is here reproduced.

The question of an international language has been agitating the intellectual world for many years, and since nothing is settled until it is settled right, this question will continue to crop up until the problem has been finally and satisfactorily solved. That the establishment of a universal language

would be a great boon, is unanimously admitted by all scientists, business men, and students in general. It would not only contribute powerfully towards the progress and popularization of science and literature. It would also promote the unification of all nations and races ; it would diminish jingoism, and would thus aid in the establishment of the universal brotherhood of mankind. The importance of an international language is admitted by all who have given the subject any thought.

An insurmountable difficulty seems to loom up, however, as soon as the question is broached as to which language is to become the universal tongue of mankind. The three dominant languages of the present day are English, French, and German. Everyone knows that it would be an excellent thing if one of these languages were to become the international language. The acquirement of such a language would not only mean familiarity with the universal medium of communication ; it would also provide access to a magnificent, many-sided literature. French, German, and English are the languages of those who have made a great record in history, and who occupy commanding positions in the world of politics, science, industry, and commerce. But, though everyone recognizes the desirability of having English, French, or German adopted as the universal language, the difficulties seem almost insuperable. The prestige and the political and commercial supremacy that the selection of English, French, German, would give to those who now speak that tongue would be overwhelming. Hence the French and the Germans would demur to the acceptance of English ; and so on. Moreover, French and German would be unacceptable to many, on account of the extreme difficulty of their grammar, especially the syntax. Of the two, the greater opposition would be made to German.

The three chief living languages being out of the question, there remain three ways out of the dilemma : (1) the choice of a dead language ; (2) the manufacture of a new language ; (3) the choice of a living but subordinate language. The idea of selecting a dead language, Latin or Greek, may be dismissed in a few words. The plan is chimerical. These languages are too limited in scope. They are too poor in words for the

expression of modern things and modern ideas, to repay for learning them thoroughly enough to converse in them. Only faddists—people who see things in a distorted light, or rather in the light in which they wish to see them—can entertain the idea of Latin or classical Greek ever becoming an international language. Modern Greek is not worth considering.

We now come to the subject of an artificial language. The idea is a fascinating one, and is of very old date. As long ago as 1688, Wilkins proposed an artificial language. We have, further, the languages proposed or evolved by Leibnitz; by Letellier; by Sotos Ochando, who in 1858 received the first prize from the Paris Linguistic Society; by Dr. Zamenhof (Esperanto); by Pastor Schleyer (Volapuk); and finally the “blue language” proposed by Bollack. The beauty, or rather the practical advantage, of a new artificial language, is its perfect simplicity and regularity. No exasperating, torturing, irregular verbs; no ridiculous genders in inanimate objects (*der Teller, die Gabel, das Messer*); no exceptions, and exceptions to exceptions; no crooked, logically absurd sentence constructions—none of these barnacles which have accumulated during the centuries. It is like the newly laid-out and carefully planned cities of the New World. None of the narrow, crooked passages and blind alleys of the ancient cities of the Old World. In the grammar of Esperanto, for instance, there are only sixteen rules in all, while the vocabulary is reduced to about a thousand roots. From these roots by a simple process of derivation, it is easy to form words for the expression of every possible shade of thought. Esperanto is also said to be euphonious, in which respect it differs from the easy but cacophonous Volapuk. Bollack’s “*La langue bleue*” also seems to be of remarkable simplicity.

But all the artificial languages, despite their simplicity and regularity, possess one great disadvantage, they have no literature. Of course, the adherents of a new language claim that no sooner should a language be adopted as an international medium of communication, than books would begin to be written in that language. But to me it seems that a language is an organic growth, and cannot be manufactured in a day within the four walls of a savant’s study.

There remains the third way; the adoption of a subordinate

language. On this point I have a strong preference, being unequivocally in favour of Spanish as the international tongue. As a world power, Spain has ceased to exist. International jealousy is, therefore, not a counter-indication. Spanish is euphonious, and it is an easy language to learn. Its irregular verbs present some difficulty, but not as much as those of other languages ; and even that difficulty could be smoothed away by making all the verbs regular should Spanish be selected as an international language. Its literature is one of the richest and noblest in the world. For these reasons, Spanish commends itself as the most appropriate of all living languages. But let the language be Spanish or another. The important point is to agree upon one language to serve as the medium of science, commerce, and general intercourse. The wide-reaching significance of such a step is hard to overestimate.

This article would be incomplete if I failed to mention that many thoughtful people think that an international language will establish itself spontaneously, as the outcome of a natural evolution. Most of those who take this view believe that English is destined to become the universal language. For instance, Professor Schorer writes :

“ A world-language already exists ; that is, a language which by its extension over the whole globe and by the ease with which it can be learned, has obtained such a foothold that nothing can prevent it becoming in the near future the great means of international communication. This language is English.”

During the years since I wrote the foregoing article in “ Merck’s Archives ” nothing has happened to modify my general outlook on the question. Spanish is still my favourite. Esperanto, however, seems to be gaining ground rapidly, and should it in the end become the universal language, I should feel satisfied. The success of Esperanto would indicate that it had qualities that fitted it for survival in this struggle of the Rival Tongues.

[1908.]

P.S. written in 1925.—I now consider Ido in many essential respects superior to Esperanto.

A CONTRAST.

I write on June 24th, 1909.

It is a burning, sizzling day. We live right in front of the park ; there are no houses opposite us to obstruct the circulation of the air ; the rooms are large, high, and airy ; all the windows are open so that there is perfect ventilation ; our costume is as near Adam's before Eve bit the apple as propriety will admit ; there is ice-cold buttermilk, vichy, and lemonade in abundance ; the bath-tub and shower are within immediate reach ; and we know that in a few days we shall be fanned by the cool ocean breezes, on our way to Switzerland, where we shall have to use warm coverlets at night. Notwithstanding all this, we find the heat enervating, weakening, oppressive. It is horribly, killingly hot, and that's all there is to it !

But if we feel this way, what are the feelings of those poor unfortunates—and their number runs into millions—who are obliged to live in huge tenements, in three or four tiny rooms, with little air or ventilation, some of the rooms actually windowless. What of those who in this killing heat are obliged to work ten to fourteen hours a day, on the machine, in stifling sweatshops, in ill-ventilated work-rooms, in evil-smelling factories ? Think, too, of the poor devils who have to toil in sugar-refineries ; think of the furnace-men in smelting works ; think of the stokers in steamships.

Pity the poor, pity the poor. Pity them whenever it is very hot, pity them whenever it is very cold. Pity them also when it is neither very hot, nor very cold. They need pity, always and always.

[1909.]

CRIMINALS AS SUBJECTS FOR EXPERIMENT.

There is nothing new in the suggestion that criminals should be used as "material" for the study of perplexing medical problems, just as the lower animals are used to-day. In the Middle Ages executed criminals were the material on which our pioneer anatomists studied the structure of the

human body. Roswell Park now comes forward with an earnest plea that criminals be used for the purpose of studying the intricate problems of cancer—its inheritance and its curability. He says that many criminals are worthless, useless, antagonistic to society, and have no purpose in life. Under proper regulations, they could be used for the purpose of experimentation, which might result in startling discoveries. In this way, and in this way only, these useless criminals might be made useful to mankind.

Of course, at first thought, the idea of using human beings as material for investigation, of inoculating them with painful and loathsome diseases, seems abhorrent. But let us consider the subject calmly. If the criminal is willing, why not? A murderer has been condemned to die in the electric chair or on the gallows. He is given the alternative of offering himself as a subject for scientific investigation. The nature of the experiments is fully explained to him; the nature of the diseases he is to be inoculated with, their course, probable duration, etc., is also explained to him. If he is willing and even eager to accept the conditions, why not? Humanity would be benefited, and the criminal would have chosen what to him seemed the lesser of two evils.

I am painfully aware of the fact that the whole subject is an unpleasant one. In the future ideal system of society there will be no capital punishment, no criminals, and no need for medical research on human beings. But I am dealing with the present—and I can see no reason why criminals should not be made to render some useful service to society. Even if we grant that society is responsible for the production of the criminal!

[1910.]

COURAGE AND BACKBONE ALONE DO NOT ENTITLE TO RESPECT.

“He has backbone; he is as obstinate as a bulldog; he has courage; he is fearless.” Thus I have heard a certain man—a man who is to me most repulsive—characterized by an admirer. Misapprehension prevails as to those qualities.

It is time to emphasize that backbone, courage, steadfastness, and fearlessness, while admirable qualities, do not, by themselves, entitle their possessor to respect and admiration. It all depends in what cause, for what purpose, these qualities are used. The trust magnate who determines to crush every rival, and to trample upon every obstacle in his path regardless of consequences, has backbone ; the budding financier who makes up his mind to reach a certain point in the social ladder without permitting such a thing as conscience to bother him, and finally reaches his goal by hook or by crook, possesses the quality of steadfastness ; the burglar who frequently takes his life into his hands, has courage ; the old-time bandit or pirate on whose head a price was set and who had all society against him, was fearless. Still, somehow or other we fail to be filled with admiration for either magnate, financier, burglar, or pirate. Their qualities were used in anti-social causes. Courage, fearlessness, etc., are a good deal like talent, about which a great writer said that it resembled an empty bottle ; it all depended what you put in there, a vivifying liquid or a death-dealing poison. If a man has talent, and prostitutes it for unworthy causes, he is more contemptible than if he had no talent at all.

Let us never forget, then, that there are many qualities, in themselves admirable, which do not entitle their possessors to respect and admiration unless these qualities are turned to account for the benefit of mankind. If their possessors use these qualities and talents as weapons against mankind, if they use them for selfish purposes, in the defence of autocracy or financial piracy, then they are the more odious, the more despicable, the more detestable.

Please do not expect me to admire a man for talent, industry, courage, and backbone, unless you tell me to what use he is applying these shining qualities.

[1910.]

A VISIT TO THE ROCKEFELLER HOSPITAL.

I am just back from a visit to the Rockefeller Hospital, which opened today. I went over every one of the eight

floors from roof to basement. It is a little marvel ; it is the last word in commodious and sanitary hospital construction. There is certainly no other hospital like it in the United States, and I doubt if there be its equal anywhere in the world. From the points of view of ventilation, light, general cleanliness, sanitary and toilet arrangements, equipment and spaciousness of the patients' rooms, balconies, sun parlours, kitchens, laboratory facilities, furnishing of the doctors' and nurses' rooms, hydrotherapeutic department, etc., the hospital is ideal. It is the hospital of the future. The idea of specializing upon the admission of particular types of disease is an excellent one. [For the present only cases of pneumonia, heart disease, and poliomyelitis will be admitted.] By careful observation, by scientific interpretation of the results of various methods of treatment, extremely valuable data will probably be secured. In short, in many respects, the opening of the Rockefeller Hospital may be considered epoch-making.

But as I wandered through the elegantly, tastefully, and sanitarily equipped rooms, as I examined the splendid hydrotherapeutic appliances, the fine sterilizing rooms and diet pantries, as I enjoyed the view across the East River from the spacious balconies, the following little drama in four acts kept on presenting itself to my mind's eye. I could not get rid of it.

ACT I.

A poor devil, hungry, scantily clad, ill-shod, and chilly, is looking for work. From factory to factory he wanders, to be told everywhere that no help is required. Despondent and exhausted, he wends his weary way homeward. "Home" is a little hall bedroom for which he pays a dollar a week. This is Monday. Tuesday the same thing. Wednesday the same. But on Wednesday as he drags himself uptown, he has a terrible stitch in his side. He is shaking like a leaf too. He feels his strength forsaking him, and he is ready to drop. But a saloon is nearby. He gets there with some effort, and for the few cents he has left he orders one drink after another. Half an hour later he is found in the street. A policeman makes the diagnosis: drunk. But the ambulance surgeon, for whom somebody has telephoned, disagrees with the police-

man, and makes the diagnosis: acute pneumonia. The Rockefeller Hospital is asking for cases of pneumonia, and thither the patient is taken as fast as the auto-ambulance can carry him.

ACT II.

Our patient must be sick indeed, for lying with his eyes open he imagines that he is in a large, high-ceilinged prettily furnished room, that he is in a comfortable bed, with snow-white linen, and a downy coverlet. A soft-voiced woman watches over him, and seems to anticipate his every need. The food is such as he cannot remember having ever had before, so daintily prepared, and so agreeable to the palate; it melts in his mouth and gives him new blood, new life. Altogether he is treated "like a gentleman". Yes, he must be very ill indeed to imagine such things. But another day passes, and another, and our patient sees that he is not dreaming. These things are real; the treatment, which must cost fifty or seventy-five dollars a week, is given him without payment. In another day or two he is wheeled out on to the balcony, where he enjoys the sun and the view across the river. He has the time of his life!

ACT III.

The patient has recovered. The doctors are delighted by the success of the new treatment of pneumonia. This patient had double pneumonia, but has convalesced rapidly. To-day he is to be discharged. Somehow or other he does not feel pleased at the thought of leaving. But, of course, they cannot keep him for ever. It is a hospital, not a free hotel.

Two weeks later, he is once more despondent and exhausted. He has been tramping all over New York, in the vain search for work. He is tired of life. He can stand it no longer. He hates to go to his room and face his landlady, who has threatened to evict him unless he pays up the arrears of rent to-night. What is the use of it all?

ACT IV.

A dark night. At the foot of Sixty-sixth Street, beside the East River, there stands a man, who wistfully and long-

ingly looks up into the illuminated windows of an eight-story building. Oh, if he could only get in there again! The hospital was the first place in which people had ever treated him as a human being ought to be treated. Oh, well, he wasn't "ill" now. He was starving, worn out with fatigue, unemployed—that was all. The hospital was no place for him any more. For him, there was no place left in the world. The river was handy, and luckily he could not swim. A hole in the water would end his troubles once for all. Good night!

I know that it is most improper for a respectable scientific physician and editor to fancy such things, but my unruly thoughts took charge. No matter how hard I tried to drive away the imaginary patient, he still rose before me like Banquo's ghost and demanded attention. I knew I should not be able to lay the spectre until I put his story down on paper.

Does not the story make you think some queer things about the world we live in? No doubt a considerable measure of civilization has been achieved. When a fellow-creature is poor and ill, we render him all possible medical aid, free. But what help does this world of ours give to a man out of employment, tramping the streets, lonely, miserable, exhausted, and despondent? Who will give him a helping hand? Who will ring up the ambulance? Where is the "hospital" that will take in such a man and help him through his difficulties?

Sickness is not the worst misfortune that can befall a man! To be out of employment and without prospects and without money is a greater misfortune. Such a man is just as sick, sick socially, as the man who has pneumonia or typhoid fever. Today it would be considered a disgrace for a civilized community to withhold gratuitous medical aid from any one acutely ill. In days to come it will be considered a disgrace to permit any willing man or woman to suffer for lack of work. Involuntary non-employment will be considered criminal, not in the individual, but in the community or nation to which the individual belongs. The primary obligation of every government will be to provide work for every adult who is willing and able to work.

In days to come, there will be much less sickness; but,

as long as sickness exists, hospitals will still be needed. Many diseases are better treated in hospital than at home. But the hospitals of the future will not be "charitable institutions". They will be institutions supported by the entire community for all its members. Their existence will not depend upon anybody's generosity, and the patients will not be under any humiliating sense of personal obligation. In sickness, as in health, they will be free citizens.

Such were my thoughts while I wandered through the elegantly, tastefully, and sanitarily equipped rooms of the Rockefeller Hospital; while I examined its splendid hydrotherapeutic appliances, its sterilizing rooms, pantries, and kitchens; while I enjoyed the fine view across the East River from its spacious balconies.

[1910.]

STIGGINS REDIVIVUS.

Some time ago a symposium took place on the ever-important subject of alcohol. One man maintained that alcohol had a distinct value in certain diseases, particularly those of a septic character; and he further maintained that, even as a beverage, if used in moderation, with meals, it would not cause the terrible damage which fanatics are apt to ascribe to it even in the smallest amounts.

Three other men spoke on the subject, and they declared themselves to be emphatically opposed to the use of alcohol in any amount, in any shape or form. Both as a medicine and as a beverage, it was not only useless, but distinctly injurious. It was a poison which should be entirely eliminated from the pharmacopoeia. One even went so far as to declare that its sale should be prohibited by the State.

That was in the afternoon.

In the evening, the four men who had spoken met in a hotel and spent the evening together. They discussed various medical problems. They also drank. The man who had maintained that alcohol had a distinct place in medicine and was not injurious in moderation as a beverage, drank

nothing but seltzer. The men who had condemned alcohol so unequivocally as to call forth the enthusiastic approval of the president of the W.C.T.U., drank brandies and sodas and Scotch high-balls—plenty of them.

The moral ? I don't know. True stories need no moral.

Here is an analogous story, absolutely true in every detail.

Four medical men discussed before a large audience the necessity or non-necessity of sexual gratification. One doctor maintained that in his opinion such an important instinct as the sexual, upon which the perpetuation of the race depended, could not be suppressed indefinitely with impunity. He believed that too long a repression would result in various nervous disorders, in partial or complete impotence, and perhaps in grave impairment of the general health. The other three doctors combated his ideas as pernicious, un-American (whatever that may mean), false, immoral, etc. They firmly asserted that absolute continence, no matter up to what age, would not injure the system in any way. In fact, insisted they, such continence would result in nothing but good.

The first man, the one who believed in the necessity for regular gratification of the physiological instinct, was known to lead a very straight, very moderate sexual life. Of the three other men, one was beyond temptation. He was too old. But it is known that in his younger days he led a tempestuous and riotous life. The other two, though married, often indulged in extra-marital adventures; and, it is rumoured, had more than platonic relations with a number of nurses.

When doctor Number One chided them gently for the divergence of their practice from their preaching, the answer was that preaching before the public was one thing, and practising in private was another. Besides, even assuming that Number One's ideas were right, it was dangerous to preach them—for such preaching might have a pernicious effect on the youth of the country.

In order to save the youth of the country, it was necessary upon occasions to dissimulate, to lie, to be a hypocrite.

Perhaps !

EUROPE VERSUS NEW ENGLAND, OR
VICE VERSUS VIRTUE.

When I watch, in the Kaiser's capital and in other large cities of Germany, Austria, and France, the constantly flowing, seething mass of humanity, all on pleasure bent ; when I see vice dressed in its most alluring colours walking the streets freely and undisturbed ; when I see the students passing hours and hours in the restaurants and Bierstuben consuming tankard after tankard of beer ; when I see the licentious and obscene pictures and postcards and the books on sexual subjects freely exhibited and freely sold and circulated ; when I see the vile theatrical productions, which could not run in New York more than one night ; when I learn of the early age at which German youths become addicted to the use of alcohol and tobacco, and give themselves up to sexual indulgence—when I see all these things, my heart aches sympathetically for the fate of the German people. For then I am sure that the nation is going to perdition ! But then I recollect that it has been going to perdition in this way for ever so long ; and when I recall that Germany is now indisputably foremost in every branch of science, in literature, and in art, my sympathetic heartache is somewhat assuaged.

I go on to ask myself how the temperate, virtuous, god-fearing New England towns compare with Germany in their output of art, literature, and science ; and then I wonder if puritanism be not more of a curse than a blessing ! It seems to blight everything that it touches. Science may perhaps thrive in a puritanic atmosphere, but literature and art wither where puritanism is rife.

I was brought up in a distressingly puritanical and orthodox environment. I have never learned to drink, smoke, gamble, or tell lewd stories. It is rather too late to learn now. I should find it hard to shake off the shackles that were put on me in infancy and childhood. Nor, indeed, do I want to do so ! Nevertheless, my ascetic ideals are rudely shaken every time I pay a visit to effete old Europe. For I see millions of people eating hugely, as if there were no Prof. Chittenden or fast-curists ; drinking liberally and often, as if there were no prohibition party in America and no W.C.T.U. : worship-

ping at the shrine of Venus assiduously (extra-intra-ante- and post-maritally) as if the societies for moral and sanitary prophylaxis had no existence at all ; reading all kinds of literature and looking at all kinds of pictures, as if there were no Anthony Comstock, no self-sacrificing guardian of public morality. I see millions of people doing all these wicked things, and nevertheless they accomplish the greatest things in the world in every domain of human thought and activity. They produce genius where we produce mediocrity. When I see these remarkable happenings, I wonder . . .

But perish art, perish science, perish literature, perish beauty, if they cannot be had without Bacchus and Venus. It is better for us to do without those things ; it is better for us to remain pure—and hypocritical.

[1912.]

LIBERTARIAN EDUCATION.

Some of our soft-hearted and soft-headed radicals who worship at the shrine of the Goddess of Liberty have decided that it is time to make an attempt to bring up our children both at home and at school in a strictly libertarian manner—libertarian in the true sense of the word, no repression, no suppression, no discipline of any kind.

To paraphrase Madame Roland : Oh Liberty, what stupidities are committed in thy name ! Those children will not be thankful to their parents and their teachers when they grow up. If they understood the full significance of this so-called libertarian education, and if they were strong enough to do it, they would give the misguided and misguiding parents and teachers a sound spanking. For this libertarian education is not preparing, it is absolutely unfitting, those children for adult life, it is unfitting them to take their place in the world, in other words it is utterly failing in the object of education.

The libertarian theory and method of education is based upon three fallacies. The first is that all children are born good ; that they become bad only through evil environment and a bad system upbringing ; and that all that is necessary is to give free play to their instincts, desires, and feelings,

whereupon they will develop into perfect men and women. The second fallacy is that all knowledge can be made pleasant and attractive; that we need merely to present it in this pleasant and attractive form; and that then children will be eager for it. The third fallacy is an utter misapprehension of the meaning of liberty.

As to the first point, it is a great mistake to think that all children are born with good and noble and social instincts. A very large percentage of children are selfish, mean, untruthful, cruel, vicious, and anti-social. Quite young children, at ages ranging from five to ten, may have all the cruelty and all the viciousness of a confirmed criminal. They are not to blame, of course. They carry in them the blight of a vicious heredity. Under our system, when the worse criminals and degenerates are permitted to breed, it cannot be otherwise.

Dr. Hurty tells in one of his papers how he paid a visit to the famous dog-kennels of the Vanderbilt estate. He was surprised at the intelligence and the gentleness of the dogs. "Have you no vicious animals at all?" he asked. The keeper of the kennels replied: "Do you suppose we should be so foolish as to permit vicious animals to breed?" You see, with animals it is quite easy to obtain any kind of breed we desire; but so long as we do not salpingectomize or vasectomize all cruel and vicious people and confirmed criminals and degenerates, and so long as we do not kill off at once all their progeny, we must expect to have some pretty bad specimens among our children.

Those who have watched boys in our city streets, those who have seen or heard how horribly cruel a gang of boys can be to a foreigner or to a small-store keeper or to a Chinese laundryman, making their lives miserable and sometimes intolerable, will agree with me that not all children are angels. The true purpose of education among such children is to repress their anti-social desires and activities, to nip in the bud their criminal tendencies, to check the growth of their selfishness, to cultivate social feelings, to favour the growth of altruism. These things can only be achieved by firm discipline, by sternness where necessary, by punishment when unavoidable.

We may take a few good children of good heredity from

refined homes where the influence of the father and mother and all the surroundings have made for goodness and gentleness, and with such children we may be able to get along on a purely libertarian programme, although even with them the difficulties might be considerable. But take a large crowd of children containing a few specimens like those I described above, and unless strict discipline be maintained those few bad specimens will corrupt and disorganize the entire school. The tainted wethers will ruin the flock. When we have to deal with large numbers of children, the libertarian method of education must be ruled out as impracticable.

Now for the second point. We must bear in mind that studying, the acquisition of knowledge, is no more natural to us than is work. Work is not normal to human beings. Most of us, at any rate, have to be forced to work, or have to force ourselves to work. Only through the pressure of need, and subsequently through habit, does work become "second nature". Of course there is a small percentage of extremely bright children who seem to have inherited a strong desire for study. They would rather study than play. But to the vast majority of children, study is an extremely irksome thing, and they must be forced to it. Always bear in mind that I am not speaking of exceptional children, of geniuses—I am speaking of the vast mass. Just as no boy or girl has ever learned the piano or the violin without a good deal of taskwork, no child will acquire a knowledge of Latin or Greek or algebra or geometry or chemistry or physics without a considerable amount of collar work, without the acquisition of a lot of apparently unnecessary or uninteresting details. Knowledge cannot always be made pleasant and interesting. You may easily acquire a smattering of a science or a language; you cannot gain a thorough knowledge of it without hard work, to which you will have to force yourself. Libertarian education, the purpose of which is to present everything in a pleasant acceptable form, would, if universally adopted, have a decidedly deteriorating effect on our mental calibre. It would make us soft-heads, intellectual mollycoddles. Our ancestors thought it a sin to make the road to knowledge too easy. They frowned upon various methods which would make acquisition too pleasant. They believed that the harder the study, the more

unpalatable it is, the better for the development of the mental faculties. I cannot fully agree with them, but I must admit that there was a sound core to their reasoning. Although the number of people who were able to acquire a real education was smaller in the old days than at present, those who did finally become educated were of a sturdier quality than are the educated people of the present day. We have too many facilities, we have too many easy roads, too many short cuts. There are but three methods of acquiring education, and they are work, and again work, and once again work.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood; that I shall not be supposed to approve the extant methods of public school instruction. Nobody has a lower opinion of these methods than I have, nobody has ever condemned them more strongly than I have. Many of our methods of instruction are utterly senseless, and a very large percentage of our teachers, male and female—particularly female—are unfit for the positions they hold. I am acquainted with many of the persons who have been turned out by our public and high schools after ten or fifteen years' education; and I know how inadequate their education has usually been. But my critical attitude towards our public school system does not entail admiration for a system which contains almost as many debatable features—and would in certain respects be a change for the worse.

Now to the third point. Many of our friends make a fetich of liberty. According to them, all that is necessary in order to be happy is to be perfectly free. I will not stop to discuss this point now. I have known hundreds of people who were perfectly free in every sense of the word, but who were perfectly miserable at the same time! But what I do wish to say is that the main object of present-day education should not be to make a person stand up for his liberty and assert his rights. He does that readily enough, and often too readily. The main object should be to lead him to respect the liberty and rights of others. It is about time that our radicals learned that there cannot be such a thing as absolute liberty—unless for Robinson Crusoe alone upon his island. If there are but two persons on the island, there can no longer be unrestricted liberty, for the liberty of one must be at times limited by the liberty of the other. If there should be a

thousand people on the island, the liberty and rights of the individual are limited by the equal liberty and rights of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. The true purpose of social education is to learn, without giving up any essential liberties, without sacrificing our rights, to respect the liberty and rights of others, and to live with those others in peace and in harmony—and “libertarian” education definitely fails to achieve this end.

I have been told that the children in some of our libertarian homes and in the one libertarian school that we have here, are such damnable nuisances as to be utterly intolerable. I know of one family that lived in proximity to two or three libertarian children. The members of this family became so miserable that, at a great sacrifice of personal comfort, they had to move away! Children that are not interfered with by their parents, no matter what they may do, are not taught to behave like social beings, and are not taught to respect the rights of others. When those children grow up, come in contact with the facts of life, and get a few hard knocks, they will not thank their parents for having unfitted them for the present framework of society.

I should not be at all surprised to hear some one say: “That is just what we want, we want to unfit people for the present capitalistic state of society”. But I pity anyone whose mentality is such as to make him fancy that by bringing up ruffians and rowdies, by bringing up ungentlemanly boors and shameless coarse-grained viragos, we shall be enabled to destroy the capitalistic system of society. Not by such men and women will the old order be destroyed; not by such means will mankind be brought nearer to the goal!

[1912.]

EXTREMISTS.

In vacation times, on ocean voyages, I come in close contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women, listen to their talk, and hear their tenth-century opinions. I note their aloofness from any such thing as a radical idea or advanced movements of any kind. I see the dark cloud of medievalism which surrounds our college professors and

college students, our millionaire aristocracy and our rich bourgeoisie, our fairly well-to-do business people, and even our comparatively poor professional classes.

After an experience of this kind, I always want to say to our extreme radicals: "Poor fools, like squirrels in a cage you turn round and round in the same little circle, fancying that you are influencing the world's thought, and that the world is ready to receive your opinions! Why don't you go out into the world and find out what nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in every thousand really think of you and your opinions—if they think at all? Perhaps if you did this you would cease to sneer at the sane radicals (whom you dub "conservatives"); at those who believe it impossible to push extreme ideas into people's brains, as you pour a dose of castor oil down a child's throat; at those who believe that progress can only be achieved by slow and conciliatory methods, and not by threats and invectives; at those who believe that the moderate radical is the true radical, for his work is efficient, and his propaganda is listened to, while the other kind is despised, ridiculed, and rejected".

The true worker in the field of progress is he whose work bears fruit; the extreme radical not only fails to secure what he sets out to secure, but actually tends to secure the opposite. Revolutionary attempts are followed by reaction, by individual reaction as well as by governmental repression. The moderates, who would otherwise have been sympathetic, are often alarmed—and justly so—by the vapourings of the extremists, and relapse into medievalism and obscurantism.

Extremists injure the cause they have most at heart!

[1912.]

A VISIT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

Some time ago, the exact date does not matter, I was staying in the city of Albany. As our American cities of small and medium size are not noted for the interesting and entertaining features that they offer to the stranger, time dragged somewhat wearily, and a friend suggested one afternoon that we visit the State penitentiary. He thought it would be interesting. As I had never seen the inside, or

the outside for that matter, of a penitentiary, I agreed. Had I known what effect that visit would have on me I should have refrained. I went to Albany for a week's rest, and not only was the rest completely destroyed, but the depression which the visit produced lasted for a long time after, spoiling both my sleep and my appetite.

The approach to the penitentiary had nothing unpleasant or forbidding. A few trusties [good-conduct men] with pleasant smiling faces were mending the road, and, except in their clothing, did not differ from other workmen. The first unpleasant thing was the warden, an extremely stout, red-headed, triple-chinned fellow, with a brutish face on which cruelty and vice were clearly depicted. From his appearance, and from the few remarks I heard him exchange with some guards and other subordinates, I gained the conviction that morally he was probably as low as any of the inmates of the penitentiary, if not lower.

We were shown to the office, where we had to sign our names in a book and pay twenty-five cents each, and were told to wait until some more people came, when a party would be taken round by a guard. There were not many visitors that day. After we had waited for some time, two young ladies came, and then the guard took us round. I shall never forget the feeling I had when the heavy doors closed behind us.

We were first taken through the workshops. At one long table a number of convicts were working, making mats and brushes. At the end of each table a guard sat with a cocked revolver in his hand, ready for instant action. The convicts were not simply working, they were all the time rushing furiously as if their very lives depended upon their finishing a certain thing at a given second. There was not a moment's rest, it was continuous rush, rush, rush. Then, for the first time, I understood what was meant by the term "hard labour". It was not merely working, it was speeding one's life out to accomplish a task in a given time, with the spectre of terrible punishment if the task was not completed. The involuntary glances which the convicts cast at us—they were not supposed to look at visitors—were not over-friendly, and I felt ashamed of myself for coming to look at human wretchedness when there was no possibility to alleviate it.

In the laundry there was the same terrible hurry. The prisoned laundrymen were working as if their lives depended upon it. While no obvious force was being applied to the convicts, it seemed as if they were prodded with red-hot iron or whipped with cat-o'-nine-tails; for only stress of a feeling of physical pain could human beings move and work so rapidly. The two young ladies that were with us giggled. To them it seemed great fun. My friend remained perfectly calm; the sight didn't seem to affect him at all. We were then taken to the kitchen, and it was the same thing, the same senseless drive and hurry.

After this we were taken to the tiers of cells where a number of solitaires were locked in day and night. In one cell, a stout middle-aged negress was shaking the bars like a savage animal, screaming and cursing at the top of her voice, and as we passed her she uttered a horrible yell and spat at us. I am sure that the poor creature was mad.

The small, dark, musty cells were horrible. The day was extremely hot, and I can imagine the sufferings of those poor human creatures locked up there day and night, thirsty, hungry, sweltering, suffocating. I was getting sick and wanted to leave, was told that I could not, but had to go through the regular rounds and then be let out by the accompanying guard.

The faces of some of the inmates left impressions never to be forgotten. I saw them in my dreams, both by day and by night.

We were taken into a special room, where some privileged and well-behaved women were sewing under the matron's direction. I am glad to say that the women had the spunk to turn their backs on us, so that we could not see their faces. The ultra-obliging guard also showed us the initiation of a new prisoner. A lad of about twenty was brought in, measured for his prison clothes, stripped, etc.

The impression produced on me by this visit to the penitentiary, which I am told is not by any means the worst in the country, was terrible. A civilization, I thought, which must have, or thinks it must have, such institutions is a civilization of a pretty low order.

But what I especially wish to emphasize is the behaviour

of the visitors towards what they saw. The two young ladies giggled and laughed throughout. Even the unearthly screaming of the negress, which almost made my blood curdle, produced no effect on them. They were two animals utterly devoid of brains. It never even occurred to them to ask themselves whether what they saw was right or wrong. To them it was simply something strange, unusual, and therefore funny. My friend was a man with brains, but to him it all seemed perfectly right. He did not enjoy these things, but he thought them unavoidable. Not only unavoidable, but as useful and as necessary as a hospital. A man committed a crime, he endangered people's property or lives, and he had to be punished for it. Society had a right to protect itself against further crimes. The question whether society was not in some way responsible for the criminal's actions; or, more important still, whether there was not a better, a humaner, a more efficient way of dealing with the criminal—did not come to his mind.

And as I left that hell and was again inhaling the fresh air and enjoying the bright sunshine, I thought to myself that this penitentiary and its four visitors represented the whole world and the attitude of human beings towards it. The two young ladies represented a huge number of people who have not brains enough to think or to ask any questions. To them everything is measured by their personal position, by their personal feelings. They haven't enough imagination to put themselves in another's place. Anything unusual, even if it be the agony of a fellow being, is "fun" to them. My friend represented another huge proportion of mankind, people who do think, though not in an original way; people who do ask questions occasionally, but to whom this world is the best of all worlds, or even if it is not the best it is the best that we can have, because human nature is bad and people can only be ruled with an iron hand. Improvement, in their opinion, is only possible when men and women become angels; but as this is not likely to happen, the world will have to go on as it has been going on for the past centuries.

For myself, I represented a third type, that of the people who think that our world can be changed for the better. . . .

REFORM AND REVOLUTION.

Greatly do I deplore the tendency of some of my revolutionary friends to scoff at reforms.

What is the matter with reforms? Gradually and slowly we have emerged from the state of apes in the jungle to a condition of comparative civilization—a civilization that is abominable in many respects but which is infinitely superior to conditions that prevailed five or ten thousand years ago. This improvement has been all brought about by reforms, by the gradual and slow process of evolution.

Revolution had very little to do with it.

Surely a hundred reforms are better than no revolution? That a hundred reforms may be better and may bring about more substantial and more lasting results than any revolution, an ultra-revolutionist may wish to deny; but he cannot deny that a hundred reforms are better than no revolution at all. A revolution cannot be brought about by talking or hysterically gesticulating or drawing lurid cartoons, whereas reforms can be accomplished and are being accomplished from day to day. It is to me a matter for the most poignant regret that, because they despise reforms, sincere, humanitarian, and intelligent, persons should refuse to participate in the necessary work of the community, work that is needed day by day; that because they cannot accomplish everything, they should be content to do nothing, and should sit with folded arms waiting for the great revolution.

Yes, to me there is no more painful spectacle than the sight of thousands of radicals, able and thinking men, whom the community needs badly, but who cut themselves off from all communal or social life, and pass their time in idleness, doing nothing whatsoever for humanity while awaiting the great revolution—which, after all, may never come.

Another grievance with our revolutionists is the thought that the improved condition of labour is apt to benefit the capitalist. It hurts them that the improvements in the various workshops, better sanitary arrangements, shorter hours, better pay, while undoubtedly benefiting the working-man, also benefit the employer. Now what does that matter? Suppose a man pays his workmen \$20 a week for ten hours

a day and his profits are \$5,000 a year. Somebody tells him, or he discovers for himself, that by paying them \$30 a week and making them work only eight hours a day their efficiency and satisfaction in the work are so much increased that they turn out a much better article, turn out perhaps double the amount of work, so that at the end of the year his profits amount to \$10,000 instead of \$5,000. Enlightened selfishness has guided him in introducing all the reforms and improvements that he has. Why complain? Isn't it better that both the employer and the employee should be benefited, than that neither should?

It is almost incredible, but our ultra-radicals seem to forget, or do not know, that where capitalism is at its highest development, there the workman is also best off. In the countries where capitalism is least developed, like Spain, Portugal, Rumania, Bulgaria, Southern Italy, Russia, etc., the workman is in the most wretched condition. So while it is true that employers' attempts to better the conditions of labour are not always instigated by pure philanthropy, there is no reason to rail against these attempts. Some philosophers deny altogether that there is such a thing as pure altruism. Others declare that, if it does exist, it does not play an important part in our social and economic life. The mainspring of all our progress is, they say, enlightened selfishness. However that may be, I wish the revolutionists would become what I call "sane radicals". Then I think we should advance quicker.

[1914.]

SHEEPLIKE DOCILITY.

"The sheeplike docility of an American crowd." Where did I come across this phrase? I can't remember. But it is the honestest truth. We stupidly pride ourselves on our independence, on our sovereignty. The truth is, we are the most slavish, most cowardly of nations. I never saw a crowd in any country so afraid of a policeman as is a crowd of American "sovereigns". The same remark is true of individuals.

I remember witnessing an altercation between a Berlin cabdriver and a policeman. The way the driver belaboured the guardian of the law with his tongue was worth hearing.

The cabby had been accused of infringing some rule of the road ; he knew right was on his side ; finally, the policeman beat an ignominious retreat. Law and order was shamed before the assembled crowd. The driver had not been afraid, for he knew that if the policeman had arrested him, justice would have been done. Here, the policeman would have clubbed or arrested the cabdriver, and would have relied on the esprit de corps of the magistrate to find the driver guilty.

In Milan, again, I was present at a passage of words between an old Italian peasant woman and a gendarme. The curses she threw at the poor fellow's head were terrible to hear. But he laid no hand upon her. He tried to pacify her, but, finding this impossible, he retired from the fray.

Such scenes cannot be pictured in New York or Chicago. The club and the alleged offender's head would be sure to come into intimate contact, arrest and a charge of disorderly behaviour would follow. Unless several unimpeachable witnesses came forward, the victim would be fined or sent to prison for several days. Our judges always accept the policeman's evidence in preference to the word of an ordinary citizen, or, I should say, " sovereign ".

[“ A Voice in the Wilderness,” September 1917.]

PRISONS.

One who has read Donald Lowrie's *My Life in Prison*, and Alexander Berkman's reminiscences of his prison life, and the findings of the Westchester Grand Jury about the conditions in Sing Sing prison, cannot help feeling that it might be a good thing if all prisoners throughout the country were set free, and all prisons were razed to the ground. I know that timid souls will be horrified at such a suggestion ; I can see them quaking with fear that murder and burglary and arson and all other crimes against life and property would increase at an enormous rate as the result of such a jail delivery. I do not think their fears are justified. All would go well if it were the primary duty of the State to furnish work to everybody willing to work. But be this as it may, such a revolutionary suggestion as the abolition of prisons is not likely to be realized forthwith.

Meanwhile, therefore, let us do all we can to improve the conditions in the unspeakable hells called prisons. Let us try to put an end to the cruelties and brutalities practised in these dungeons on the helpless inmates. Let us demand that surprise inspections shall be made at frequent intervals. Any prisoner should feel that his complaint of inhuman or merely unjust treatment will be heard by sympathetic ears, and not in the presence of the jailers and prison officers.

It is well to bear in mind that some prison wardens and jailers are more brutal and criminal than any of the prisoners ; that it is a mere accident that they are outside of, instead of inside the cells ; and that therefore they themselves must be closely watched. Nothing but the certainty that they will continually be called to account for their behaviour to those committed to their charge will make them restrain their passions, their savage instincts to tyrannize, to punish, to inflict pain.

Pending the abolition of prisons, let us strive to make them more habitable places than they are now.

[1919.]

A PUBLIC DEFENDER.

To the average man (which means to ninety-nine men out of every hundred) whatever is, is right. The education and the upbringing of the average man is such that every inclination to question, to criticize, is discouraged and crushed. He first loses the desire and then the ability to criticize, and whatever he sees around him seems to him right and proper. Examples could be given by the thousand ; I will content myself with one or two.

To the average man it seems perfectly proper that every community should have a public prosecutor, whose business it is to have people arrested, convicted, and imprisoned for the breaking or the alleged breaking of the law. It never occurs to the average man that it is just as important for every community to have a public defender as it is to have a public prosecutor. Look at the actual state of affairs. A man who is alleged to have broken a law is arrested, tried, and often convicted, at the public expense. All the time he may be innocent ! If he wants to defend himself properly he

must hire a defender, i.e. a lawyer, and pay the defender a high fee out of his own pocket. The fee may be quite beyond his means. A malignant enemy, an over-zealous official, or a rascally litigant, may cause endless annoyance and suffering to the defendant, and there is no relief for it. An innocent man who is unable to get bail may have to spend several weeks or months in prison, may have his reputation and business spoiled, may have his health ruined, may have his very life jeopardized. If, after all, he is proved innocent, he can obtain no redress for the injury he has suffered.

If a private person arrests another private person unjustly, the man unjustly arrested can demand and obtain damages. But the State, in the person of the public prosecutor, may do a man, ignorantly or maliciously, infinite damage, and it cannot be compelled to pay compensation. Why should this be so? Why should not an innocent man, disgraced and injured by the State, be able to demand heavy damages from the State? Still more important, why should there not be a public defender, whose business it would be to thrash out every case with the public prosecutor before the alleged defendant is arrested? If this were so, thousands of innocent persons who are arrested and then discharged, or wrongfully convicted, would escape the stigma, the suffering, and the expense of arrest; and the community would have higher respect for its machinery of justice. As it is, the public prosecutor is paid to prosecute; and in order to show that he is earning his bread he often orders unjust arrests and insists upon prosecutions where the ends of justice and humanity would be much better served by no prosecution, or by a mere warning.

Stupid and brutal though the world is, I am none the less amazed that the community should fail to see the need for public defenders—should fail to see that they are just as indispensable as public prosecutors or district attorneys. The comfort and safety of each individual should be as dear to the community as the collective comfort and safety. But no man's comfort, liberty, and life are secure as long as the State, with its unlimited power, is always ready to pounce upon the individual, without guaranteeing to the individual adequate resources in the way of defence

If we cannot abolish public prosecutors, let us at least see to it that there are public defenders.

[1919.]

SPRING IS COMING.

If I feel buoyant and cheerful this morning, it is not because it is a gloriously bright and balmy morning ; not because I have just received a large number of letters encouraging me to persevere in my chosen task. Those things contribute. But they are not sufficient in themselves to account for my mood.

I feel buoyant and cheerful because Spring is coming. Not the ordinary Spring. We have that every year. We had Spring last year, and two, three, and four years ago ; but I felt miserable. No, the Spring of Humanity is coming. I can hear it approaching. The dawn of a new era is upon us. The human race is coming into its own. We are close to a new world. No longer will a handful of men own the earth and the rest of mankind pay tribute to them. No longer will a few men own the livelihoods and control the thoughts of millions of people. No longer will the lowest and most unscrupulous of mankind own the sources of information—the newspapers—and be in a position to conceal, to distort, and to invent news, and to poison the minds and souls of whole nations. No longer will fear lurk in the eyes of men, women, and children ; and no longer will ignorance, superstition, and hatred be the controlling motives of human action.

Razed will be the jails and the dungeons ; scrapped will be the machine-guns and the battleships.

All brutality and baseness and cruelty and torture and venality and corruption and intellectual prostitution and racial antagonism will disappear, and in their stead will reign kindness and tolerance and justice and understanding and universal brotherhood.

No longer will weak and timid, deformed and diseased, cunning and cruel men and women constitute the bulk of the human race ; in their stead, strong men and gloriously beautiful women will walk the earth—erect, free, and unafraid.

That change is coming although the members of the dominant caste, persons of sluggish intelligence, cannot read the writing on the wall.

It is because I see that change coming, that I feel so buoyant and so cheerful this Spring morning.

[1919.]

MORPHINE, COCAINE, AND NEWSPAPER FIENDS.

Take an honest, straightforward, sweet-mannered, and sweet-tempered young man, give him secretly every day a small dose of morphine or cocaine, keep this up for some time, and, without knowing it, that excellent young fellow will become a morphine or cocaine addict, weak-willed, weak-minded, without any principles, inconsiderate, and even cruel.

Take any ordinary man who is not endowed with an excess of brain power, who is not used to analytical thinking, who has not been brought up to question things and to ask for proofs, but who on the contrary is used to take everything for granted and is ready to believe everything that he sees in print. Instil a little poison into his mind day after day, and night after night, fill his soul with hatred, saturate him with preposterous lies and deliberately manufactured stories about atrocities, and, before you know it, that usually fair-minded and good-hearted man will become a fiend incarnate. He will become a brute without mercy, ready to starve and murder a whole nation or to imprison and persecute and exterminate a whole class of people.

That's exactly what has happened and what is happening to millions of people in this country and in several other countries; but particularly in this country, for in no other country are the papers so conscienceless, so mendacious, so viciously brutal, so cunningly malicious. The newspaper reader is not to blame. He is an innocent victim. Just as the morphine or cocaine addict who has been made so without his knowledge, either through the careless administration of medicine or through the use of quack nostrums, is not to blame for his misfortune, so the newspaper fiend is not to blame for his stupidity and cruelty. Those who must be blamed are the wretches who, for the sake of money or power

or influence, are willing to poison the bodies, disintegrate the minds, and ruin the souls of their fellow-men.

[1919.]

THE DAILY PRESS.

I should not be surprised to hear that some of the readers of the "Critic and Guide" believe the editor to be suffering from "newspaper obsession"; or perhaps they will think that he has a personal grievance against the newspapers. But I am singularly free from obsessions, I believe; just as I am free from all sorts of superstitions. Nor have I any personal grievance against any of the daily papers. My hatred and contempt for the newspapers are due solely to the conviction that the modern daily is the supreme anti-social agent in every community; that it is modern civilization's greatest curse. Of course, there are exceptions. Some of the newspapers exercise a beneficial influence at times. But the good is as a whole enormously outweighed by the evil.

We are no longer ruled by an awe-inspiring priesthood. Feudal barons are things of the dim past. The few kings and kinglets that are left, sit uneasily on their thrones. They know themselves to be ornamental rather than useful, and they are well aware that they can retain their prerogatives only so long as they behave themselves. Not one of the remaining monarchs has as much autocratic power as is possessed by our president or by the French or English premier. The middle and professional classes are inoffensive and well-behaved, are not militaristic, are inclined toward liberalism and humaneness, and cannot, in my opinion, be considered an obstacle to progress.

But there is one class, a master class, whose deliberate and unconcealed purpose is to keep the nation in darkness and subjection. That class is the plutocracy. I know that my words may seem to have a ring of the soap-box at the street corner, and yet I repeat them. There is a militant, ruthless, conscienceless plutocracy in every civilized country. This plutocracy aims at power and more power, at riches and more riches. It regards the nation-at-large as so much material for exploitation, so much cannon fodder, so many chattel

slaves. The role that was played successively by the priesthood, by the feudal aristocracy, and by royalty, is now being played by the imperialistic plutocracy, by the captains of industry, who have become the real rulers in all countries, monarchical as well as so-called democratic or republican. In fact, their power in the latter is greater than in the former.

Numerically speaking, the plutocracy comprises an insignificant minority. It can maintain its rule only with the aid of powerful weapons. Possessed of unlimited wealth, it has no difficulty in obtaining all the weapons it needs. Its two principal weapons in maintaining the extant order of society are the army and the newspaper. The army is its physical weapon; the newspaper is its spiritual weapon. The newspaper, the spiritual weapon, is the more dangerous, the more irresistible of the two. In fact, without reactionary newspapers a reactionary government could not exist. The government punishes and destroys the bodies of individual dissenters. The newspaper poisons the souls and prostitutes the minds of an entire nation; it so perverts the general outlook that men and women come to consider wrong right and right wrong, and are ready to acclaim their hangmen and to crucify those who love them and would fain be their saviours.

In brief, I hate and despise the newspaper because, with a few noble exceptions, it is the most brutal, most depraving, most corrupting, most enslaving, most anti-social agency of modern times.

Plutocracy is maintained and protected by two hirelings: the junker and the editor; of the two the editor is the more dangerous and more despicable. Yes, the plutocratic newspaper is more death-dealing than a machine-gun. In fact, it is the newspaper that sets the machine-guns to work.

[1919.]

MARK TWAIN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

“ I have been reading the morning paper. I do it every morning—well knowing that I shall find in it the usual depravities and basenesses and hypocrisies and cruelties that make up civilization, and cause me to put in the rest of the day pleading

for the damnation of the human race. I cannot seem to get my prayers answered, yet I do not despair." Thus wrote Mark Twain in one of his charming letters to William Dean Howells. Mark Twain lived in happier days. The newspapers were not so vile then as they are now. Now, when we read a newspaper, we find in it, in addition to the usual depravities and basenesses and hypocrisies and cruelties that make up civilization, the special and unusual depravity and baseness and hypocrisy and cruelty that make up the newspaper itself. The depravity with which it lies and misleads the people; the baseness with which it invents, distorts or conceals the news; the hypocrisy with which it claims to stand for liberty and equality of economic opportunity; the cruelty with which it besmirches every liberal movement and assassinates the character of every honest and uncompromising humanitarian—these make the newspaper one of the blackest stains and the greatest curses of our civilization. After I have read my newspaper, instead of spending the rest of the day pleading for the damnation of the human race, I spend it in praying for the eternal damnation of the editors and publishers of our vicious newspapers.

[1919.]

IF I HAD A BILLION.

Only the hopelessly prosaic and unimaginative have no day-dreams. Since I was a little child I have had day-dreams as to what I should like to be and what I should like to do. I often let my fancy roam concerning what I should do if I had a billion dollars. This is what I should do!

I should establish a great newspaper, not great merely in size, but great in truthfulness, in honesty, and in fairness. I should found an absolutely truthful newspaper. The cynic will say that there is no such thing as absolute truth; that, with the best will to be truthful, we are apt to make mistakes. Yes; but there is a difference between always striving after truth, and always striving after falsehood and concealing the truth, as the present-day newspapers are doing. One of the great departments of my newspaper would be taken up

with the persistent exposure of the lies, falsehoods, imbecilities, and contradictions of other newspapers.

My paper would accept no advertisements, and would be independent of any outside influence whatever. The people would soon come to trust it and believe in it, because they would know that it had absolutely no axe to grind, that it was not published for profit but for the sole purpose of aiding humanity in its upward struggle.

While it would be radical, it would not be partisan ; and it would not represent a single class but all mankind.

Such a paper would be a most powerful weapon for peace, for toleration, for enlightenment, for universal brotherhood. Such a paper (in the absolute impartiality, fair-mindedness, and altruism of which the people would come to believe) would make it very difficult for the corrupt newspapers to exist, and they would either have to change their ways or disappear.

While I say a newspaper, it would really be a thousand newspapers, for I would have a replica of my paper established in every capital of the world and in every large city. The chief features and the editorial articles would be the same ; the difference would be such as were necessitated by local conditions.

In the cataclysmic times in which we live, and in view of the dangers that confront humanity, nothing approaches in importance the need for an intelligent, liberal, fair-minded, absolutely independent, and absolutely unfettered press. If I had a billion dollars I should devote it all to the establishment of such a press.

Does a newspaper exist now which comes up to my ideal of what a newspaper should be ? No, there is no daily paper. But there is a weekly which approaches my ideal very closely--the " Nation ", edited by Oswald Garrison Villard, of New York City.

[1919.]

THE USELESSNESS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

Dogmatic theology is responsible for numberless abominations. It has filled the human mind with groundless fears,

with cruel superstitions, with consuming hate, with paralyzing resignation. But for its blighting, destructive influence, mankind would be two thousand years further advanced than it is now on the path towards the ideal. During centuries upon centuries of darkness and bleakness (the Middle Ages), humanity not only stood still, but went backward. To enumerate all the sins, cruelties, and horrors for which theology or religious bigotry is responsible, would fill volumes. I wish to speak here of one of them. I wish to stigmatize as a devilish and cruel falsehood the notion that pain and suffering are good, are essential to our development. "There is something fine and ennobling in suffering ; it helps to mould our character and fashion our soul and bring us in harmony with the divine will"—thus writes a correspondent. Oh, the cruelty and stupidity of it all ! Who can calculate the amount of actual suffering this cruel and insane dogma is responsible for ? If suffering and pain are good and noble and useful, why attempt to do away with them ? Why be in a hurry to remove them, why not wait until the sufferer has had a good dose of them ?

Let the theologians and those who have the atavistic cruelty of the primeval beast in their breasts say what they will. I affirm, and will solemnly maintain it with my last breath, that there is nothing good and noble in suffering ; that its influence on the race is wholly bad ; that it is poisonous both to the mind and to the body ; a cause of degeneracy, decay, and death.

They point out to us a few men or women who, on account of some disgrace or misfortune, have changed from being flighty, frivolous creatures, to become serious-minded social beings. They forget to point out that, for every person whom suffering has made stronger or better, thousands have been crushed utterly, have been made weaker, more cruel, more anti-social, more useless.

This topic, the futility of bodily pain and mental suffering, needs a whole volume, or at least a good-sized essay. Some day, I hope to write it. These few words meanwhile, by one who has seen much suffering, and had his own share of it.

TRY IT ON YOURSELF.

In a former issue of the "Critic and Guide" I made the suggestion that it would be a good thing for physicians to taste the medicines which they prescribe for their patients, particularly their little patients—infants and children. They would then be more particular about their combinations, and children would not have to be punished for refusing to swallow nauseous mixtures. It would also be a good idea if anaesthetists had to undergo one or two anaesthesias themselves. Surgeons, again, ought to endure at least one surgical operation, preferably one lying within the domain of their specialties. A urethral specialist should pass a full-sized steel sound into his own bladder, just to know what it feels like. "Try it on yourself" is an excellent rule.

As an extension of the plan, I propose that all judges, district attorneys, public prosecutors, prison wardens, and jailers, should be compelled, before taking up their duties, to spend from three to six months in jail as prisoners. Incognito, of course, on exactly the same footing as the other prisoners, and without any chance of getting away from the prison a single day before the expiration of their term. A month of the time should be passed in solitary confinement; and there should be a spell in the dark hole on bread and water. To spend a few days in prison, as some have done, with the knowledge that they could leave whenever they had had enough of it, is of little value. A prisoner who can leave the prison at will, is not really a prisoner.

My try-it-on-yourself plan might make judges, prosecutors, and jailers more humane, more merciful. Perhaps the judges would think twice before condemning a human being for a long term to the hell we call prison; and perhaps the jailers and wardens would be less brutal in the treatment of their charges. As I have stated elsewhere, I am convinced that much of the cruelty in this world is due to ignorance and lack of imagination, to the inability to put ourselves in another's place. A good dose of personal experience in one of the hells which we call prisons might help to stimulate the imagination!

Poor prisoners! My heart aches for them. I think of them very often. They are the unhappiest creatures on

earth, the most pitiful victims of our vile system. If the thought of them comes into my mind at dinner, the meal is spoiled ; if at the theatre, my pleasure in the performance vanishes. A friend once said to me : " You write so feelingly and so often of prisoners ; you must have spent some time in jail ! " No ! I have never spent five minutes in a cell ; I have never been a prisoner ; I have never had a relative who has been. But I am cursed with the gift of imagination, I can picture how the unfortunate men and women behind prison bars must agonize ; I can feel their suffering almost as acutely as if I were myself one of the prisoners.

Furthermore, I know that some of the prisoners are morally and intellectually of much finer calibre than the judges and the prosecutors. (This is particularly true of political and industrial prisoners.) Many prisoners are where they are, not for any fault of their own, but because they have been victimized by our vicious and stupid social system. Some are in prison because of trumped-up charges, because of " frame-ups ".

But whether a prisoner be " guilty " or " innocent ", that prisoner suffers the tortures of the damned. Try it on yourself.

It is beside the prison issue, but before I stop writing under this caption I want to say that it would be an excellent thing if men who are in favour of uncontrolled and unrestricted breeding for women could themselves be compelled to undergo the pangs of one, two, or three childbirths ! With the measure ye meted, it shall be meted to you again. These men would speedily become enthusiastic advocates of birth control !

[1919.]

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Of course women should have the vote. That goes without saying. It is not a matter for discussion. It is just as right to deprive women of the vote as it would be to deprive red-haired people or people below five feet in height, or people weighing under one hundred and fifty pounds, etc. There are certain abstract principles of right which admit of no discussion.

But as to the practical good that woman suffrage would

accomplish, about this I have never had any illusions. Years ago when woman suffrage was not as near realization as it is now, I said the same thing. By all means give women the vote; they have as much right to it as the men have, and it is an outrage to deprive them of their vote simply on account of their sex. But if you have any hope that giving them the vote will make the slightest difference in our political or social system, you are mistaken. All it will do will be to double the vote. We have now one thousand intelligent votes to a million stupid, ignorant, and vicious votes. When all women vote, we shall have two thousand intelligent votes to two million stupid, ignorant and vicious votes. Now that in certain States woman suffrage has been in operation for some time the correctness of my prediction has been fully vindicated.

The cost of elections has been increased, but we have not had any more intelligent, any more advanced and humanitarian legislation than before. The two ladies in the New York Assembly followed blindly the behest of that corrupt politician Sweet, just like the other political heelers. Even the hope that, with women voting, war would be less of a probability, is bound to be shattered to bits; for women can be upset emotionally much more easily than men, and they can become as vindictive, as "patriotic", as bloodthirsty, as the most cruel of male militarists ever were. No, the hope of the world does not lie in woman suffrage: it lies elsewhere. But women should have the vote nevertheless, because they are entitled to it.

[1920.]

THE TWO-HOUR WORKING DAY.

There are enthusiasts who declare that when society is properly organized, two hours' work a day will provide us all with necessities, with comforts, even with luxuries. I do not believe it. I do not believe that an average working day of two hours will suffice to irrigate deserts, to unite or cut apart continents, to build roads and keep them in repair, to bore tunnels and construct bridges, to work mines, to make railroads and run trains, to build ships and drive them across

the seas, to sow and to reap, to clothe and to shoe, to feed and to shelter, to clean and to cure, to write books and print them for all mankind. Nor will it suffice for research work, work that requires great concentration and many many hours of toil at a stretch. Most likely the eight-hour or six-hour day will remain the normal work day for many centuries to come.

But assuming it could be done; assuming that the undreamt-of wonderful development of machinery would make the two-hour working day a possibility. What then? What would the people, the average, ordinary people, do the rest of the day? Two hours' work, eight hours' sleep—fourteen hours still left. What will they do during this, the greater part of the day? Will they spend it attending prize fights and baseball games? Or will they pass their time listening to lectures, studying, reading books, looking at pictures and attending concerts? How about those who do not care for lectures, pictures, and concerts? I know what the enthusiasts will answer. "People will be brought up so that everybody will be artistic and intellectual, and everybody will esteem the cultural values of life." This is a childish answer; it is the answer that I used to give to the question when I was thirteen to fourteen years of age. But it isn't so. There are many people, and by many I mean millions and millions, who, in spite of the best up-bringing, in spite of all advantages, in spite of all possible encouragement, never develop a taste for culture, for art or science. They were just born that way. I know people who were born in the best environment and who had fine private teachers and who were helped and encouraged in every possible manner, and yet you cannot make them read a book. Any attempt in this direction results in a yawn. The furthest they bring themselves in the line of reading is to glance at the headings of the newspapers. Such is their mentality, and millions of dollars spent on them would not succeed in changing it fundamentally. Many of our radicals who speak of a two-hour day and of all men being equal, forget, or don't know, that the mental differences in people are enormous. They forget, or don't know, that each nation has a considerable percentage of people who, while not exactly imbeciles or idiots, are of a very low order of mentality; that many millions of people are but

slightly above the level of a moron, though they appear quite or fairly normal. What will such people do after their two hours' work? One other question, though it is not strictly relevant to the subject under discussion. Should the remuneration of the half-moron for two hours' manual work equal the remuneration of the research worker, scientist, and engineer who work—who find that in order to accomplish something of value they must work—twelve or sixteen hours a day? Somehow it doesn't seem right.

But give a man the work he loves, the work he is interested in, and he will not strike for an eight-hour or a six-hour day. For my own part, I often work sixteen hours a day for months at a stretch; and sometimes (when insomnia has its way with me) eighteen and twenty hours a day. My case is not an isolated one. I know many men whose regular day's work is sixteen or seventeen hours.

Work is not in itself injurious; it acts as a stimulant and rejuvenant.

What a wonderfully efficient world this will be when everybody does only the work he loves and is interested in! There will be no sabotage, no striking on the job then.

Of course I speak of work one can love and be interested in. I cannot imagine anybody loving the work of digging the subways or of cleaning sewers. For such work, a two-hour day is long enough!

[1920.]

THE NEED FOR A CENSORSHIP.

Most of our ultra-radicals scoff at the idea that there is any need for a censorship, and dub reactionary those who venture to defend the institution. They fail to distinguish between sound principle and foolish practice. For my part, I am prepared to defend the censorship on principle. I say this although no liberal writer, no radical opposed to violence, has suffered more from our various censorships than I. Three times, I have been in trouble. First, through the working of the espionage law, as administered by Burleson and Palmer; secondly, through the operation of the law of libel, because

I said frankly what I thought of Speaker Sweet and his henchmen in Albany ; and thirdly, through the working of the antiquated obscenity law.

But my personal feelings and my personal experiences are beside the issue. I am talking about principles. I haven't the slightest doubt that in time to come there will be no such thing as a censorship ; the only censorship will be enlightened public opinion. But we are dealing with the present and not with the future, and I know that at the present time we do need some sort of censorship. I know that we need a censorship because I know human nature. Under our present social and economic conditions, and human nature being what it is, some sort of censorship is needed.

Before our Pure Food and Drug Law was put in force, profit-seekers did not hesitate to sell tainted food and poisonous habit-forming medicines. Some of the nostrum vendors were glad enough to fill their pockets at the cost of the broadcasting of drug addiction. In like manner, there are plenty of pornography-mongers who would ply their trade freely, regardless of the harm they would work to young people of both sexes, were it not for the restraining hand of the law. The peddling of obscene books and pictures to school children must be prevented, and it cannot be prevented without some sort of censorship, some sort of obscenity law.

What I criticize is, not the law itself, but the personnel of the censors. I object to the personnel of the judges who are entrusted with the enforcing of the law. It is a disgrace to have practically illiterate ignoramuses or people with obscene and filthy minds to pass judgment upon the character of our literature. But these criticisms do not invalidate the sound principle that there must be a censorship of some kind.

Much as I differ from some of the views held by the leaders of our Social Hygiene Association, yet I should be willing that the leading officials of that society should act as censors on all literature dealing with sex topics, and I should be satisfied to abide by their decision. They may be conservative ; on one or two points they may even be medieval ; but they are cultured people who know the importance of the sex instinct in human life. They understand that ignorance is not synonymous with innocence, and they know the difference

between high-minded, scientific sex discussions, and pornographic garbage.

[1921.]

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION?

Twenty-six million people voted for Harding and Cox, the presidential candidates of the Republican and the Democratic parties—neither of which has a shadow of radicalism, liberalism, or even the faintest sort of progressivism, in its platform. That means that practically the entire nation voted for standpattism, for the extant order. The protest vote, that is the combined votes of the Socialist Party, the Farmer-Labour Party, and the Socialist Labour Party did not amount to 5 per cent. This is the outstanding fact: the entire electorate of the nation, by secret ballot, wanted a perpetuation of conditions as they are. Therefore, am I or am I not right when I say, when I persist in saying, that only impenetrable stupidity or downright insanity can speak of revolution, of overthrow of the government, of communism, of bolshevism, of a dictatorship of the proletariat, of a red army, etc., in this country? Do I see things clearly or do I not? And is it our duty or is it not to see and to proclaim things as they are and not as we might like them to be?

Once more I repeat: the trouble with our ultra-radicals is that, like squirrels in a cage, they turn and turn in the same circle. They get drunk on their ultra-revolutionary phrases, and they see the torrent of revolution sweeping on where there isn't even the faintest trickle.

The word "revolution" brought to my mind the figure of poor, brave Jack Reed. The last time I saw him was at a memorial meeting in honour of Jessie Ashley. That was some three years ago. Jack Reed spoke at the meeting, and spoke well. But I could not help smiling then, as I cannot help smiling now, at the assurance with which he predicted that in two years from that time we should have a revolution in this country. He made the statement with as much positiveness as if he had the information from some divine source. The Delphic Oracle could not have spoken more positively. Well, the two years have passed, and—we have performed the

revolutionary act of electing Harding and Coolidge, as president and vice-president, by sixteen million votes.

[1921.]

THE BEST POSSIBLE WORLD.

Can a scientist, a naturalist, be a moron? Yes, he can! The world's greatest musicians, greatest singers, greatest painters, and greatest sculptors may be morons in their ideas about mankind. "That does not surprise me," you will say. "Artists are not supposed to be great thinkers. But a great scientist must be a great thinker." Yes, in certain fields, but not necessarily in all. A man may be exceedingly wise in some respects, and a fool in others. "I suppose you are thinking of certain people in particular?" you will ask. You are right. I was not generalizing in the void. To-day I am thinking of John Burroughs and Thomas Edison!

John Burroughs has recently published a book entitled *Accepting the Universe*. It contains the following sentence: "All roads lead to the conclusion that this is the best possible world, and that the people in it are the best possible people". Now, John Burroughs is a fair to middling naturalist, and is, I am told, a very lovable person. But how anybody possessing the most mediocre intelligence could pen such words after the horrors upon horrors of the past seven years, passes my poor weary understanding. "All roads leads to the conclusion . . ." Evidently Mr. John Burroughs has not been on the roads between Ukraine, Poland, and Russia, where the horrors of peace are even more horrible than were the horrors of war. There are numerous villages and towns completely wiped off the map; villages and towns where numberless girls and women have been violated in front of their husbands and fathers; where all the inhabitants, including children of tender age, have been massacred.

Perhaps John Burroughs meant the United States when he spoke of the world? Other places don't matter? Maybe we are the salt of the earth? Maybe we really are "the best possible people"? Are we? Do the best possible people permit whole nations (at the moment, I think especially of Austria) to die in the agonies of starvation when they could

help them, and save them from a horrible fate, within twenty-four hours? "The best possible people in the best possible world!"

Now comes Thomas Edison, the wizard of electricity, and on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday he delivers himself of the statement that "there is nothing wrong with this world". I wonder what is the matter with these people! Are they woefully ignorant, or are they devoid of imagination? Because a man's own belly is full, because he has all the good things of the world, therefore the world is all right. Are these self-satisfied idiots really so blind that they cannot see the horrible misery that abounds in every corner of the earth?

[1921.]

BLACK, WHITE, AND GREY.

When I was young, very young, I divided people into two classes; good and bad. The pious, the fervidly religious, the ascetic, were good; the irreligious, the frivolous, the loose livers and loose talkers, were bad. At a somewhat later period, while I still maintained the strict division into two classes, the characterization of good and bad was applied to different sorts of people. Radicals, progressives, and freethinkers, were good; reactionaries, conservatives, bureaucrats, and the clergy of all denominations, were bad. As I grew older, I began to perceive that this classification was defective. I met people who, though decidedly radical, could not, by the most charitable interpretation, be classed among the good. On the other hand, I met conservatives and clergymen who were unquestionably good. Mistaken they may have been, but their entire life showed plainly that they belonged to the good. Then again I met people whom I had considered bad, and whom I found to be not so bad after all; and, conversely, some people whom I had placed in the category of good, were not so good as I had fancied.

The cumulative effect of a number of such instances was to disturb the outlines of my classification. I began to see that a person's goodness or badness did not depend exclusively, or even largely, upon the ideas he held, upon the faith he professed; nor did it even depend upon the keenness of his

intelligence. Something else was necessary. I ceased to classify humanity under two rubrics, good and bad ; I stopped labelling people saints or devils. I began to repeat the well-known verse :

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it does not become any of us,
To speak ill of the rest of us !

“ Nobody is snow-white,” I began to say, “ and nobody is coal-black ; we are all of a greyish tint.” I now prided myself upon my tolerance towards people of different ideas, of different occupations, of different attitudes towards world questions, of different manners of living their lives.

Now, while this attitude is more reasonable than the childish one of a division of humanity into two strictly defined classes of sheep and goats, it is not wholly correct. The war has shown me the incorrectness of my unduly tolerant and somewhat wishy-washy attitude. Prior to the war, I, like millions of other liberals and radicals, lived in a fool's paradise. We believed in the essential goodness and reasonableness of human nature ; we believed in the absolute impossibility of another war ; we believed in the smooth, uninterrupted path of human progress. The war, and particularly the last year of the war and the period since the armistice, opened our eyes. We began to see with painful clearness that there were people who were devils incarnate ; people who either exulted in or were totally indifferent to the agonies and tortures, starvation and deaths, of millions of human beings.

Much against my will I had to change my attitude once more. Admitting that nobody is absolutely white and nobody absolutely black, if a man is five per cent. white and ninety-five per cent. black, then he is, for practical purposes, black ; and if a man is five per cent. black and ninety-five per cent. white, then he is, for practical purposes, white. Consequently I now classify humanity as follows. The vast majority, say ninety per cent., consists of people of varying degrees of goodness and badness. A small percentage, about one per cent., consists of absolutely good men and women ; people utterly kind, utterly unselfish ; ready to sacrifice their all for their fellow-men ; people to whom we still like to apply the old-fashioned

name "saints". About nine per cent. consist of devils incarnate, vicious, anti-social brutes, cunningly cruel demons who (so long as their own withers are unwrung) delight in or are at least callous to bloodshed, fighting, poverty, starvation, death. Unfortunately, a large percentage of these anti-social brutes occupy leading positions in society, and are therefore capable of spreading misery, death, and destruction everywhere. The saints are unorganized, and occupy humble positions.

There may be some difference of opinion about certain people, but I have no hesitation in putting into the class of black brutes and anti-social scoundrels the following: those who foster war; those who nurse or fan religious antagonism and racial hatred; and those who try to perpetuate the mental and moral darkness and the economic slavery of the peoples. Most of the editors of the big dailies belong to this class!

There is also a class of people who, while perhaps meaning well, through ignorance associate themselves with the anti-social elements of society. Many of the opponents of birth control belong to this category.

[1922.]

THE LESSONS OF THE DREYFUS CASE.

The French League of the Rights of Man has recently published the Summary History of the Dreyfus Affair, by Théodore Reinach, revised and brought down to date. An old story, one might say. Thirty years since it started. No, not an old story, but a very new story. This history of the Dreyfus affair ought to be translated into every language in the world, and a perusal of it ought to be made obligatory on every man, woman and child capable of reading.

Aside from the fact that the story is as interesting as any thriller that was ever written, it contains a number of lessons of most vital importance, lessons which must be deeply engraved on the minds of people, in order that similar horrors may be avoided in the future.

Let us try to point out a few of the lessons which the story of the Dreyfus affair teaches us.

One. The first lesson the story of Dreyfus teaches us is that a *perfectly innocent* man may, without a shred of evidence,

without even any circumstantial evidence, be convicted, branded, degraded, and sentenced to a horrible punishment. Bear it well in mind : a man as innocent as an unborn babe of the crime attributed to him may be declared guilty. Let us therefore be sure not to condemn a man unless the evidence is clear and overwhelming.

Two. The second lesson of the Dreyfus affair is that seven judges may condemn a man unanimously, and *all* seven may be stupid, corrupt or mistaken. An important lesson to remember. Events have proved it in the Dreyfus case, and it may happen in other cases. The unanimity of seven or seventeen judges is no proof of the correctness of the verdict.

Three. The third lesson it teaches is that handwriting experts may be stupid blockheads or corrupt scoundrels.

Four. It teaches us, unfortunately, that there is absolutely no limit to the depths to which human baseness and cruelty may descend. What can there be lower than to send away a man to a living death with a full knowledge of his perfect innocence, a knowledge which the plotters, Esterhazy, Colonel Henry, and their abettors, of course had all the time ?

Five. It demonstrates, once more, the vile corruption of the press, which, without a shred of evidence of a man's guilt, may demand his life.

Six. It demonstrates how a whole nation, whose base passions have been fanned by a vicious and dishonest press, may become insane and clamour that an innocent man be stoned and crucified, refusing to rest until its bloodlust has been satisfied.

Seven. It teaches us—and it is well to bear it in mind—what precious scoundrels there are among the officers of the army, who are all supposed to be gentlemen of honour. The honour of the army ! For the sake of the “honour” of the army, officers lied, forged, committed high treason, stole, plotted assassinations, and “framed up” an innocent man. There was no villainy for which they were not ready in order to save their skins and their “honour”. Let us remember that that type of officer is not entirely extinct. Neither in the French, nor, probably, in any other army.

Eight. It shows us—the only cheerful lesson the Dreyfus affair teaches us—that at the worst of crises, during a war, a mass panic, universal hysteria, etc., there will always be a

few clearheaded people, with a passion for truth and justice, who will stand up for the right regardless of consequences. As I said before, it is these few brave humanitarians who save humanity from utter damnation.

Nine. I should like also to be able to say that the Dreyfus affair teaches us that the truth *will* come out. But I can't say it, because I don't believe it. I don't believe that the truth will *always* come out. I have no doubt that in many individual cases the truth for ever remains unknown, the lie for ever marches on triumphant. Often it is mere accident that brings the truth to the surface. It was accident that brought into Colonel Picquart's hands the letter addressed to Esterhazy which showed him that it was the latter who was the real traitor and that Dreyfus was but the victim of a diabolical plot. The letter might not have been picked up from the wastebasket—and who knows if Dreyfus might not have died in his cage in Devil's Island branded a common, venal traitor. And the vile wretches, Esterhazy who died in exile despised by everybody as a loathsome reptile, and Col. Henry who committed suicide in prison by slashing his throat with a razor, would have then gone into history as 100 per cent. patriots who deserved well by their country.

Ten. In conclusion, I cannot refrain from referring to a matter not generally known, but which shows how narrow a professedly humanitarian party may sometimes be. When the truth about Dreyfus was on the point of coming out and when the reactionaries and militarists did their utmost to prevent the truth from coming out, the French Socialist Party was asked to take a hand in the matter. But they did not at first want to touch it. "What have we to do with it? Dreyfus is but a bourgeois and himself an officer. Let them fight it among themselves. We, proletarians, have our own battles to fight." Such was the tenor of the objections. But here the great Jaurès, who was not a narrow partisan, but a true broadminded humanitarian with a great heart, raised his powerful voice and said: "No! Bourgeois or not, he is a human being, and a terrible injustice has been done; and it is our duty to stand by him and to bring the criminals to justice." Jaurès' voice prevailed, and the socialists of France then made the Dreyfus case their own.

The story of the Dreyfus affair has still more lessons to teach us than those I have enumerated. If these lessons are well learned, a study of the case which once rent France to its foundations, will not have been in vain. I repeat, The History of the Dreyfus Affair ought to be translated into all languages and a reading of it made obligatory in all schools.

[1925.]

PUBLIC OPINION AND WHAT IT IS WORTH.

At first it was the terrible and revengeful deity with his representative on earth, the priest, that filled men's souls with fear and trembling and made life a burden ; then it was the king with his representatives, the soldier and the policeman ; now it is the Moloch of public opinion that devours men's hearts, and tyrannizes over every step we make, day and night.

How many sacrifices are made—sacrifices of comfort, of courage, of honest opinion, of freedom, of happiness, in order to appease that monster, recklessly riding in his ubiquitous juggernaut car?—And how silly and unnecessary it all is. For what is public opinion ? Why should you fear it ? Who makes public opinion ? The exceptional people, the people really worth while do not make public opinion ; they have more important things to do than to pass judgment on other people's private conduct. Examine the people who make public opinion. Look what lives they lead, how they make their living, how they pass their time, what they read, what they think, how much they contribute to humanity's progress—look into those things closely, and you will see that the opinion of the mass on practically any subject is worthless if not utterly contemptible. How silly to be influenced by it, to be either elated or downcast !

Public opinion is one of those phantoms which, if you approach boldly and blow on them, disappear into thin air. All you have to do is to say, or rather make up your mind, that you don't care a rap for so-called public opinion, and you don't. All you have to do is to make up your mind that you are free and you are.

[1925:]

V
MEDICO-SOCIAL

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The lectures and articles comprising the present section deal with topics that are, in a sense, distinctly medical, but they are on the borderland where medical questions become general. Their interest is not technical but social. The issues of the "Critic and Guide" are often half-filled with such matter, and a large proportion of the contributions that bear this peculiar stamp are from the pen of Dr. Robinson—for his interest in life is quite as much that of the ardent social reformer as that of the practising physician. We hope that the reason for the rather peculiar title we have chosen for the section will now be obvious. The "Critic and Guide" has in fact, throughout its career, been quite as much a "medico-social" as a "medical" journal. That is what gives the magazine its characteristic quality.

USELESS EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

In the "Russky Vrach", Dr. I. V. Danilevsky recently published the results of his experiments on dogs, experiments extending over a period of twenty years. Dr. Danilevsky is an estimable person, and undoubtedly thinks that he was aiding science. But with all due respect to him, I must say that his experiments were absolutely futile; that they were senseless, cruel, and of a character to furnish ammunition to the antivivisectionists. For twenty years he tried to produce microcephaly [small brains] in dogs. One of the methods was to apply a metallic helmet over the head of each animal which fitted very closely, surrounding the skull from all sides, and fastened so securely that no effort of the animal could displace it. Of course in most animals the "experiments" had to be discontinued on account of ulceration of the skin and other intercurrent diseases. Not a single dog lived longer than four months after the application of the helmet. What was the result, as far as biological research went? Absolutely nil. After subjecting the dogs to several months' torture (during which, the author naïvely tells us, they developed a vicious character), and killing them, he found that the weight of the brain was not altered in proportion to body weight! Now, suppose it had been found that the brain did undergo an abnormal development, what would have been proved thereby? Of what earthly use could such experiments be?

I am in favour of animal experimentation when it has definitely in view the prevention and cure of disease and the prolongation of human life. I am most decidedly opposed to the torture of animals for the sole purpose of satisfying the curiosity of pseudo-scientists.

[1904.]

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN RELATION TO PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND MORAL DEVELOPMENT

With due respect to college athletes, athletics are arrant humbug. The statement frequently made, that the best athletes are also the best students, is ridiculously false. The truth of the matter is that the champion athlete is the pet of the college, is treated leniently, and frequently comes to his passing mark or prize unfairly ; that such favouritism exists in most colleges is an open secret. From my personal experience in American and European universities I can say that, as a rule, the students who possessed the best physique, excelling in all athletic sports, also possessed the dumbest intellect. Is athletics necessary to a healthy body ? No, a thousand times no ! Abstinence from alcoholism and other stimulants, moderation in food, a cold bath in the morning and a warm one in the evening, a brisk walk or ride for an hour or two daily, and that is all the body needs. The functions will be kept in normal condition, and the brain will do all the work it is capable of.

I may be old-fashioned, but hidden somewhere in a deep corner of my mind there is a belief that the body is frequently developed only at the expense of the brain, and conversely. If this be not so, then why is it that in all intellectual giants the sexual and digestive functions are below par ? The old Romans were keen observers. Their adage, “ *plenus venter non studet libenter* ” (a full stomach has no desire for studying), remains true for all time. A man with an enormous appetite is seldom a diligent student.

Furthermore, athletic sports being essentially brutalizing in their nature (the determination to worst an antagonist at any cost is not one of the noblest sentiments), they have a tendency to lower the general moral tone of the participants. As a proof, witness the students' behaviour in this city on Thanksgiving Day after the football game ; or the antics perpetrated on freshmen by the older students. No assemblage of Paris street gamins, or of Bowery rowdies, could behave worse.

Thirdly, the effects of the ardent pursuit of athletics are often physically disastrous. I believe that athletics exhaust

the potential energy of the organism. I will not speak here of the fatal accidents accompanying the games of football, polo, rowing exhibitions, etc. They are conspicuous and known to everybody. Less familiar to most people is the fact that many young men perish from a dilated heart, as a direct result of some contest or match. I know a young man whose muscles are as hard as iron, who, towards the end of a rowing contest, fell down exhausted, remained unconscious for over two hours, and has been a physical wreck ever since, suffering from dilatation of the heart. Is this a reward to be striven after? I would say to the presidents of our colleges and universities: "Thick-skulled and hard-muscled youth is not an ideal to get enthusiastic over. If you want your idle, boisterous 'sportsmen' to become true students—manly, studious and intellectual—then abolish sports! Insist upon moderate exercise, but have done with athletics." It works incalculable injury physically, mentally, and morally.

[1904.]

THE ANTIVACCINATIONISTS.

If you wish to get yourself into trouble, write an article against Christian Science or the antivaccinationists! For some weeks to come, your mail will contain the most curious epistles. You will get letters full of furious tirades, of maledictions, of gentle reprimands, of charitable innuendos, and so on.

My editorial in the February issue entitled, *And Again Vaccination*, brought its quota of correspondence (a good many letters, by the way, not fully prepaid). My correspondents may be divided into three classes.

Those of the first class are so sure that they are right, that it seems to them impossible for an intelligent man to believe in vaccination. They assume that the editor does not believe in vaccination, but does not dare to say so for fear of opposition, loss of subscribers, etc. Well, these good folk are mistaken. I believe in the efficacy of vaccination. If I did not, I should say so, regardless of opposition, and regardless of the effect upon the circulation of the "Critic and Guide".

To the second class belong those who have nothing fresh to say. They repeat the same old story about "poisoning the

blood ", injecting " vile virus ", " the stuff from dead calves ", etc. They adduce no arguments. Most of these letters are written disconnectedly, illogically, ungrammatically. Well, such correspondents are not worth powder and shot, ink and paper. They must learn to reason before I shall trouble to answer them.

The third class comprises the more intelligent portion of the antivaccinationists. They are mainly concerned with condemning compulsory vaccination. That is a question which will certainly bear discussion. I myself am dubious about compulsion. If a person is sure that vaccination is a species of poisoning, that it is nothing more nor less than tainting his " pure stream of blood with filthy, rotten pus ", then it does seem cruel to make him undergo this terrible ordeal by force. Such persons must be educated ; invincible arguments and incontrovertible evidence must be presented. It is true that most antivaccinationists are impermeable to argument or evidence, still we should do well to avoid compulsion unless during a smallpox epidemic. Force is no argument, and compulsory health or compulsory sanitation (except when we are dealing with semi-savage races) may be as objectionable as compulsory religion.

[1907.]

GUESSWORK IN MEDICINE.

Among the many charges that the quasi-reformers bring against scientific medicine, the favourite one is that medicine is not scientific at all, but mere guesswork. In proof they declare that if a patient goes to two or more physicians and presents or feigns to each one the same symptoms, the prescriptions given by the several physicians will rarely or never be the same. A case came to my notice where a strenuous female reformer visited six physicians in one day, told them—so she claims—in the identical words the trouble from which she was supposedly suffering, and got five prescriptions, of which no two were alike, while one of the six physicians prescribed no drugs at all, advising only hydrotherapy and massage. In the circumstances, the lady considered herself justified in denouncing medicine as humbug and guesswork. If medicine

were an exact science, she contended, the same drugs would always be prescribed for the same condition. This not being the case, it follows that all drugs are worse than useless ; and so on.

Now, let us suppose that a hungry man goes into six different restaurants and orders something to eat—anything that will satisfy hunger, without specification—would the waiters in the various restaurants bring him exactly the same thing ? Isn't it more than likely that the dishes would be different ? Would that prove that all the dishes are worthless for the purpose of appeasing hunger ? Of course not. Similarly with the different prescriptions. Several different drugs may be useful in the same condition. All the doctors, let us imagine, consider that the patient needs a diuretic ; one may prescribe sparteine, another theobromine, another squill and buchu, or potassium citrate, or spirit of nitrous ether—different remedies to produce the same or a similar result. But even if the remedies be of an entirely different character, belonging to different classes of medicines, that does not show that the treatment is not right.

Suppose that the patient is suffering from a moderate degree of auto-intoxication. All the doctors hold that the eliminative organs must be stimulated. One physician may consider it proper to call upon the kidneys for more energetic work, and may prescribe a diuretic ; a second physician may prefer to stimulate the alimentary canal and may prescribe laxatives ; a third, may think it best to call into action that most important gland, the liver, and may prescribe chologogues ; a fourth, may decide to cause the elimination of the toxins through the millions of pores in the skin, and may prescribe a diaphoretic ; a fifth, may very wisely think it best to combine all the remedies in small quantities, and thus work on all the emunctories at once ; a sixth, may not prescribe any drugs at all, but may prefer to obtain the same results—more slowly, but just as surely—through massage, hydrotherapy, gymnastics, walking, horseback riding, etc. Many different remedies, many different methods, but all equally efficient means towards the same end. The non-informed layman gets bewildered, of course, on seeing such a multitude of different methods used for the same disease ; but far from

showing "guesswork", it shows how rich and varied our resources are in some diseases.

It is puerile to claim—as is done in some quarters—that medicine is at present an exact science. It is not. We are in the dark as to a good many points, and we have much, very much, yet to learn. Beyond question, we don't know everything yet. But we know a good deal, the diatribes of our critics notwithstanding.

[1908.]

PROFESSIONAL SECRECY AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST.

We all of us from time to time encounter cases in which there is a conflict between the obligation to regard the patient's confidence as inviolable, and the obligation to safeguard those with whom the patient comes in contact. A dairyman whose child has scarlet fever, a colour-blind engine-driver—these are cases of the kind.

I have just been consulted by a young woman sent to me by a colleague with a diagnosis of gonorrhoea. The diagnosis was correct. She had one of the worst, one of the most widely diffused attacks of gonorrhoea I have ever seen in a woman. But also, I found, she was suffering from secondary syphilis, in a virulently infective stage.

She was not a professional prostitute, but an amateur, with a considerable circle of clients, who kept her liberally supplied with money. But she was also a servant girl in a well-to-do family, working there for a wage of fifteen dollars a month. The family consisted of father, mother, and four young children.

Now what am I to do? To permit the woman to work in that family and allow two adults and four children to run the risk of infection with gonorrhoea and syphilis? Every fibre of my moral nature revolts against such criminal indifference. To report to the family that a dangerous person is in their midst, and that they should at once discharge her? This is the first impulse, but the law distinctly forbids us to do any such thing. It is illegal to betray the confidence of

a patient, to divulge anything about a patient when the information has been obtained in a professional way.

Nor is the statute law the sole difficulty. The moral law is superior to statute law ; and where the two conflict, we should not hesitate a moment to obey the former in preference to the latter. But the moral law is not clear on this point. The moral law also looks at the matter primarily from the patient's interest. The patient comes to us in perfect confidence. What he or she tells us, or what we find out in our professional capacity, should be an inviolable secret, like the avowals made to a priest in the confessional. In no circumstances should we use such knowledge to the patient's detriment. This being so, have we the right to act the part of informer ? Have I the right, in this instance, to disclose to the young woman's employers the actual state of affairs ? Of course she will be discharged, and it may be a long time before she gets another situation. The moral law and the statute law agree in prescribing silence. But the moral law likewise tells me that I must protect those four young children from infection.

What am I to do ? What would you, who read these lines, do in such a case ?

[1908.]

THE VIVISECTION QUESTION.¹

VIVISECTION A MISNOMER.

At the outset let me say that I object to the name vivisection, because of the falseness of its implications, and because, despite its falseness, it is the chief asset of the antivivisectionists. What's in a name ? Very much. I have always believed that a great part of the opposition to experiments on living animals is sustained by this misnomer. Vivisection means dissecting or cutting up alive. This instantly calls up a painful picture. Nevertheless, out of a thousand experiments performed on animals nowadays, very few require the cutting up of a living animal. When true "vivisection" takes place, it is usually done under anaesthesia, and the animal is killed

¹ A lecture to the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, January 14, 1912.

before the effect of the anaesthetic passes off, so that at no time is pain felt. Most of the experiments performed nowadays take the form of hypodermic or intravenous injections, venesection, a study of the processes of metabolism, etc., and the name vivisection does not apply. We should use the term animal experimentation, or, if a more concise term be wanted, we can speak of "viv-experimentation". That means experimenting on living beings, and expresses just what it should express.

ANTIVIVISECTION IRRATIONAL.

Is vivisection or animal experimentation immoral and unscientific? The antivivisectionists say it is. My aim this afternoon is to convince you of the contrary. I shall prove that not only is vivisection not immoral and not unscientific, but that it is both moral and highly scientific. I shall do more than that. I shall prove that it is indispensable. I shall prove that without vivisection or animal experimentation progress in medicine in its broader sense, i.e., any further progress in the prevention, the alleviation, and the cure of disease and the prolongation of human life, would become impossible. I shall prove that many or some of you that are here to-day would almost certainly be in your graves, were it not for viv-experimentation. If I succeed in proving this beyond dispute, then it will become apparent that antivivisection is immoral, irrational, cruel, and unscientific. For you will agree that these are the only terms we can apply to a movement which has for its object the hindrance of progress in the prevention and cure of disease and the prolongation of human life.

In every discussion, in every debate, certain basic principles must be agreed upon, certain terms must be defined, explained, and borne in mind. Otherwise the discussion is a waste of time, no satisfactory conclusion can be arrived at, confusion becomes worse confounded.

In this discussion, if I succeed in proving to your satisfaction that thousands and thousands of human lives are saved annually as a result of vivisection or viv-experimentation; if I prove that without vivisection or viv-experimentation progress in medicine is impossible, I shall consider that I have

proved my case. For with the person who maintains that even if experimentation does save tens of thousands of human lives, it is nevertheless immoral, I have nothing to do ; I have nothing to say to such a person. He or she is in my opinion an irrational being, is outside the pale of rational discussion. We should never understand one another, and argument between us would be a waste of time. Nor shall I address myself to those antivivisectionists who are meat eaters and who wear the skins of animals and the feathers of birds. Persons who object to experimentation on animals under anaesthesia for the purpose of curing disease, and do not object to the brutal killing of animals by the hammer, knife, or bullet for the purpose of satisfying their hunger or their vanity, are beneath contempt. They are so muddled in their heads and in their hearts that they are not worth arguing with.

MEANING OF THE WORDS MORAL AND IMMORAL.

As to the meaning of the words moral and immoral, my definitions of those words are very simple : Everything that contributes to the health, welfare, and happiness of the human race is moral ; everything that hinders the health, welfare, and happiness of the human race, or that contributes to the ill-health, misery, and unhappiness of the human race, is immoral. If these definitions be accepted, I shall have no difficulty in proving that vivisection or viv-experimentation is moral, and antivivisection immoral.

THE REMARKABLE REDUCTION OF THE MORTALITY IN DIPHTHERIA.

I could take a dozen diseases, the mortality rate of which has decreased within the last few years as a direct result of animal experimentation, but two or three will suffice. I shall consider a disease about which there can be no dispute, no discussion.

We all remember what terror the word diphtheria used to strike into the hearts of mothers, fathers, and every other member of the household. Those of us who were in practice twenty years ago, can recall the eagerness, the tense anxiety, with which a mother used to watch the doctor when he was examining a child's throat. " What is it, doctor ? Is it just

a sore throat, or is it diphtheria? ” The expression on the mother's face was pitiful to behold when truth compelled the doctor to say : “ Diphtheria ! ” At that time diphtheria was a dread disease, and only too often was it fatal. No wonder the very name was a nightmare. Now the name has been robbed of its terrors, not because the disease is milder, but because we have a much more effective method of treating it, so that it is far more rarely fatal. This more effective method of treating diphtheria consists in the employment of anti-diphtheric serum, commonly known as antitoxin. In the discovery of antitoxin a greater advance was made in medicine than had been for a thousand years. This beneficent discovery which saves every year tens of thousands of children, would have been absolutely impossible without animal experimentation.

But perhaps I am going too fast. I have asserted that the mortality rate from diphtheria is much lower than it was, but I have not proved it yet. Of course, we all have a general impression that it is so, but general impressions are dangerous things. In all my writings and addresses I preach against depending on general impressions as arguments in scientific discussions. In such discussions we want facts ; definite, unassailable, incontrovertible facts. Well, I will give you facts which none but the hopelessly prejudiced can question. I shall not confine myself to the statistics of one or two years, for in that case it might be contended that the fall in the death-rate from diphtheria was simply due to a temporary mitigation in the severity of the disease. But when we see the mortality rate under antitoxin diminishing year after year, when we compare a period of ten or fifteen years of the pre-antitoxin days with a corresponding period of the post-antitoxin days, we cannot but be convinced that the discoverers of antitoxin are among humanity's great benefactors.

TRACHEOTOMY AND INTUBATION NOW SELDOM PERFORMED.

Dare any one still doubt the potency of antitoxin ? An additional proof, if additional proof were needed, of the beneficent life-saving effect of antitoxin will be found in the following facts, which will be corroborated by any experienced

physician. In the pre-antitoxin days, the diphtheritic membrane would often spread into the child's larynx and windpipe, and the child would then choke, choke as horribly and painfully as if you had pushed a handkerchief into the back of the throat, or as if you had seized the child by the neck and strangled it. The laboured breathing, the ashen face, the glassy eyes, were most painful to witness. The physician who was unfortunate enough to have many cases of laryngeal diphtheria or true diphtheritic croup, will never forget them. The only chance of saving the child from death by suffocation was to perform the operation of tracheotomy. The windpipe was slit open, and a silver tube inserted. Breathing through this, the child improved for a time, but often succumbed later from heart failure or because the membrane extended farther down the windpipe. An alternative method was that introduced by a New York physician, O'Dwyer, who perfected a set of tubes of different sizes, one of which, appropriate to the child's age, could be inserted through the mouth into the larynx. This method of "intubation", as it was called, saved many lives and became a well-recognized procedure. Courses on intubation were given in the various post-graduate colleges and hospitals, and some physicians who were particularly skilful in intubating children made a speciality of it. I know personally a number of such specialists. Now no courses on intubation are given in the colleges, the intubation specialists have not had a case to intubate for years, and their intubation sets are resting in the leather cases. One of the most dextrous of the intubation specialists told me that he hoped he would never again be called upon to intubate a child, because he feared that his hand would have lost its cunning. Why is this so? Because antitoxin, if administered early, as it always should be, cuts the disease short, makes the membrane disappear from the throat, and thus prevents its extension into the larynx and windpipe.

But without animal experimentation, there would have been no antitoxin. The discovery of the diphtheria bacillus (which was the first step towards the discovery of antitoxin) and the discovery of the antitoxin itself were the direct results of animal experimentation. Viv-experimentation has to be continued for the regular production of antitoxin—at the

cost of a certain amount of discomfort to the horses from whose blood-serum it is prepared.

THE DISCOVERY OF SALVARSAN OR 606.

We will now consider a disease which has caused untold misery to humanity for several centuries ; a disease which in the protean character and universality of its manifestations has no equal ; a disease which is present in every clime, and mows down its victims in every season ; a disease which attacks every organ and tissue in the body, from the least important, such as the hair and finger nails, to the most important, such as the heart and brain ; a disease which spares neither king nor peasant, neither multimillionaire nor wage-slave ; a disease which inflicts its horrors on the so-called guilty and innocent alike ; a disease which is responsible for more physical degeneration, more insanity, more idiocy and feeble-mindedness, more invalid and disfigured wives, more barren marriages, more involuntary abortions, more stillbirths, more puny children that die in early infancy or grow up to curse the day they were born—a disease, in short, which more than any other disease is a menace to both the individual and the race. You have guessed, of course, by this time that I am referring to syphilis, the very name of which up to four or five years ago could not be pronounced before a lay audience, in spite of the terrible havoc it was working among the human race.

Well, we have learned more about this disease during the last six years than during the previous six hundred years. Up to six years ago we did not know the cause of syphilis ; we lacked a definitely scientific method of diagnosis, and had no remedy which could, under favourable circumstances, destroy all the spirochaetae at one blow. Within the last six years we have discovered the germ that causes syphilis, namely the *spirochaeta pallida* ; we have discovered a test (known as the Wassermann reaction) by which we can tell whether the disease is still present in a person's blood or not ; and we have discovered a potent drug which has a powerful effect on the germ of syphilis and on the manifestations of the disease, namely Ehrlich's 606 or salvarsan. Thanks to these discoveries, syphilis has lost for us much of its old-time terror,

and is far more amenable to treatment than it was formerly. Many cases of syphilis which were refractory to mercury, now respond to treatment by salvarsan alone or combined treatment by salvarsan and mercury. It is impossible to estimate how much sickness is being prevented or curtailed by these discoveries. What has made these discoveries possible? Nothing but animal experimentation. Without this, they would have been impossible.

THE TERRIBLE DISEASE—CANCER.

Let us now turn to consider a disease which still baffles us, and still claims a fearful toll in sickness, pain, and death.

It is just as well to state plainly and clearly that in medical science, as in the other sciences, we can no longer expect any great advance from the simple observation of facts. We can no longer expect to make progress by guessing, by experimenting with unknown drugs on healthy or sick people. By a lucky accident we may once in a great while discover some valuable drug, or some new properties in an old drug, but our achievements in this direction will be trifling. If we wish to make serious advances in chemistry, electricity, physics, in any of the industrial arts, we do not wait for chances or accidents. We try, try, try again; we experiment, experiment, experiment again! The essential cause of the advance of science is experiment. If we wish to make progress in medicine, we must use the same means that we use in all the other sciences; namely experiment. Since we cannot experiment with unknown substances and untried procedures on human beings, we are forced to reproduce the diseased conditions as well as we can in animals, and experiment on them. Let us illustrate by the tragic example of cancer. As yet we have no internal remedy that is of any use in cancer—nothing but opium and its derivatives to ease the pain a little. We have no drug, no chemical, which when given internally will in any way influence the course of true cancer for better or worse.

Let me say that whoever tells you that he can cure cancer by internal remedies, by some medicine taken through the mouth, or dropped into the eye (there is a quack who makes this claim), or rubbed into the skin, is a knave, a swindler, and a liar. Of all the quacks, the cancer quacks are the

most heartless, the most conscienceless, the most abominable ; they are the lowest scoundrels in all quackdom. They work on the sufferings, depression, misery, and hopelessness of the most pitiable of victims, to extract the last cent from them.

In some superficial cancers, caustic pastes, Roentgen rays, radium, Coley's fluid, etc., are of service ; but the knife is still the best means at our disposal. Still, even ruthless excision is not a trustworthy cure, for recurrences are frequent. Often the cancer becomes "metastatic", transferred growths occurring in different parts of the body ; then nothing can be done for the patient. In internal cancers, like that of the womb, stomach, etc., the only help is in operation—a help that is too often fleeting.

What are we to do ? Shall we fold our arms, bow our heads, admit our helplessness, and do nothing ? Not as long as we are rational human beings, with a burning, unquenchable desire for knowledge, with pity and sympathy for human suffering. We have wrested many secrets from nature, and some day we shall learn the secret of the causation, the prevention, and the cure of cancer. It may be the glory of God to conceal a thing—but it is the glory of man to find it out. Hundreds of workers throughout the world, here in this country, in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Japan even, are devoting their lives to the unravelling of the cancer mystery, and to the discovery of a cure for this terrible malady. In these investigations tens of thousands of mice are being remorselessly sacrificed. Yes, weep bitter tears, my anti-vivisectionist friends ! In the search for a remedy for cancer tens of thousands of poor little mice, white, black, and brown, but chiefly white, are inoculated with cancer, and then various remedies are tried on them. Some of the remedies kill the mice ; whilst some make the cancerous tumours disappear, and the mice get well. Recently, the cables brought the news of a new compound, experimented on by Wassermann, which gave very good results in mouse cancer. In many cases the tumours disappeared completely. You must not jump to the conclusion that this necessarily implies a finished discovery of the remedy for cancer in human beings—but at any rate it marks a milestone on the road.

ARE THE EXPERIMENTERS CRUEL ?

The antivivisectionists accuse the animal experimenters and those who defend them of cruelty, brutality, lack of sensibility. The accusation is itself cruel, is a cruel slander. The "vivisectors" personally known to me are gentle, tender, sensitive, and refined men, who would no more think of inflicting needless pain on any living creature than they would think of getting into a street brawl with some drunken loafer. One is as foreign to their nature as the other. Whenever and wherever pain can be avoided by the administration of anaesthetics, anaesthetics are used. Where this is impracticable, the experiment is performed as mercifully as possible; and always with one object in view—the advancement of knowledge, and consequently the prevention and cure of disease, the alleviation of pain, the prolongation of human life.

I do not know whether or not you are interested in my personality; but I can assure you that in spite of my strenuous defence of viv-experimentation, I am as strenuously opposed to cruelty to animals as any zoophilist can be. Needless pain inflicted upon any of the higher animals will quickly bring tears to my eyes. We have a pet dog at home, a rather stupid creature, but full of affection. Not a pedigree dog. I doubt if a dog fancier would offer five cents for the animal, but five thousand dollars would not buy it from us for useless experimentation or harsh treatment. But if it came to the point of saving a human life, or even to the solving of an important scientific question, I should sacrifice Nina without any hesitation. That is where the difference comes in between the rational lover of animals and the man or woman afflicted with the zoophilist psychosis. We love animals and pity them and are kind to them; but we recognize that at all times human life is immeasurably more important than the life of an animal. We say: "A thousand frogs or mice or rabbits or guinea-pigs or cats or even dogs to save the life of one man, woman, or child! The fanatical zoophilist, the bigoted antivivisectionist says: "What care we for men, women, or children; let them go to hell—only leave our dumb animals alone."

INGERSOLL AND BERNARD SHAW.

My antivivisectionist friends often throw at me the names of Ingersoll and Bernard Shaw. Here, they say, are men whom you like and respect and not infrequently quote. You certainly cannot call them stupid and uneducated; but see how fiercely Ingersoll opposed and fiercely Shaw opposes vivisection. Well, my friends, this is merely one more illustration of a truth to which I have often drawn attention. A man may be very great in one line of human activity, and very small, very stupid, in another line. A man may be a great freethinker and a very poor political economist; a great surgeon, a distinguished bacteriologist, a successful financier, or a shrewd man of business, and as full of superstition as a Southern darkey; a great dramatist, and a ninny in questions of pure science. In this country we have a successful dramatist, Mr. Charles Klein, who publicly places himself in the class of brainless imbeciles by confessing that he is a devotee of that cult of fraud and idiocy miscalled Christian Science. The United States are the happy hunting ground of such freakish combinations. For instance, we have freethinkers, socialists, and anarchists, persons who are supposed to be able to think rationally and critically, but who, on the topic of medicine, are on a par with the most ignorant coloured washerwoman; for they print the worst quack advertisements in their papers, consume gallons of patent medicines, and apply for treatment to the commonest and most vulgar charlatans.

Because a man is eminent in one department of human thought or activity, it does not follow that his opinion is of any value in some very different line of human activity. Nobody is more fully aware than I am of the great services to humanity, to free thought, rendered by Robert Ingersoll and Bernard Shaw; their opinion on viv-experimentation is of no more value than would be the opinion of a street-sweeper. Neither the great Ingersoll nor the clever Bernard Shaw had a scientific training; neither of them understands the principles underlying modern scientific research; and neither has a right to pronounce an opinion on the subject. Bernard Shaw has never handled a microscope, has never watched the life cycles of bacteria and protozoa, has no grasp of the theory of

vaccines and antitoxins ; and therefore, I repeat, his opinion on the subject of viv-experimentation is of no more value than that of a shoemaker, a carpenter, or a policeman. Writing dramas does not give one the right to discuss highly complex biological questions, any more than it makes one an authority on questions of astronomy, geology, or shipbuilding. I hope that after this explanation the names of Ingersoll and Shaw will no longer be thrown in my face.

CONCLUSION.

I do not think I need devote any more time to considering the "immorality" of animal experimentation. Having proved that viv-experimentation is responsible for the saving of thousands of human lives, and having taken for granted the premise that whatever contributes to human health and the conservation of human life is moral, I am entitled to draw the inference that viv-experimentation is moral.

As to the assertion or charge that viv-experimentation is unscientific, this deserves even less attention. We judge things by their fruits. And if animal experimentation, within a few years, has given such magnificent, tangible, practical results, what more need we ask ?

Besides, what right have the antivivisectionists to accuse us of being unscientific ? What do they know of science ? What do men completely ignorant of physiology, pathology, and bacteriology, men who never saw a bacterium or handled a microscope, or any chemical or physical apparatus, know about science ?

Vivisection is neither immoral, nor unscientific. On the contrary, antivivisection is immoral and unscientific. It is more ; it is irrational, it is cruel, it is inhuman. There must be something radically wrong with people, wrong mentally and morally, who will pour out their sympathies upon cats, dogs, rats, mice, frogs, and mosquitoes, while withholding them from men, women, and children !

[1912.]

ILLNESS AND DEATH, OR THE PHYSICIAN AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.¹

The physician's business in life is to prevent and to cure disease, to relieve pain, and to prolong life. There are two kinds of medical practitioner. To some, medicine is simply a trade which provides the doctor with a livelihood. The better the livelihood the more such a doctor is pleased ; and for this reason, the more sickness there is, the better. Others, conscientious physicians, are genuinely interested in the reduction of illnesses and deaths to the lowest possible figure. I hope and believe that the doctors of the former kind are few in number. At any rate, I am not concerned with them in this lecture. They do not interest me.

But what about the conscientious physician ? If he finds that the sickness-rate and the death-rate are as low now as they can be in our present state of knowledge, then he will make the best of things as they are, while striving to improve medical science. But if he finds that morbidity and mortality are much higher than extant knowledge warrants, that economic and other conditions interfere with our making the best possible use of such knowledge as we now possess, then he will be a malcontent, and will be eager for a change.

Now, it requires very little argument to prove that mortality is much higher than it should be, seeing that it is much higher in some places than in others. In New Zealand, for instance, the death-rate is only 10 per 1,000. In the United States it is still as high as 23 per 1,000. That may not seem very striking to you stated in this way, but if you think for a moment what it means you will see that the fact is a tremendous one, an appalling one. Taking larger figures, it means that in New Zealand there die every year only 10,000 people per 1,000,000 of the population, whereas in our country there die 23,000 every year per 1,000,000 of the population—a difference of 13,000 every year per 1,000,000, or 1,300,000 for the entire population of the United States. In other words, inasmuch as the condition of medical science is the same in the United States and in New Zealand, 1,300,000

¹ Read before the People's Forum in Brooklyn and the Yorkville Forum in New York.

die every year in the former country from preventable causes. More than a million Americans who should have remained among the living, die year after year from other causes than lack of adequate medical knowledge! What is the reason for this needlessly high death-rate?

THE CAUSES OF OUR HIGH MORBIDITY AND MORTALITY.

1. The first great cause is, of course, economic. What increases so much the mortality of a nation or a community is the number of deaths of children under five, and particularly under one year of age. The great difference in mortality between different nations is not so much on account of the difference in the deaths of adults as in the deaths of children. Furthermore, there is no question but that the greatest mortality of children is among the poor. There is no outstanding difference between the morbidity and mortality of the adult poor and the adult rich; but there is a tremendous difference, in these respects, between the poor infant and the rich infant.

For instance, in the year 1913 over 300,000 babies less than one year old died in the United States. By far the greater part of them were the children of the poor. We physicians know, and Miss Julia Lathrop, the head of the Federal Children's Bureau, declares in set terms, that at least one-half of these children, that is 150,000, could have been saved by proper care and proper feeding. A child is a delicate plant, and if the mother cannot nurse it, it must be brought up by hand. But to bring up a nursling by hand requires, not only the purest kind of milk, and the proper dilution of the milk according to the age of the child, but also such care and such time-consuming cleanliness that but very few mothers of the poor can give it. If the milk is not of the best quality, and if the bottles and the rubber nipples are not properly sterilized, germs get to work, the baby suffers from gastro-intestinal disorder, and very soon there is another little grave, with a modest little cross or board to mark the resting place of another little victim of our savage economic conditions, of our ignorance and stupidity.

The death of a child is the worst economic waste imaginable. Just imagine nine months' pregnancy, with all the trouble

suffering, occasional disease, inability to work, that it implies ; then the childbirth, with its agonizing pain, dangers of disease and infection, and doctor's or midwife's fee ; then several months of care, sleepless nights, expense for milk, etc. ; then the cost of the child's final illness and the cost of the funeral ; not to speak of all the heartache of the mother. All this horrible economic and emotional waste goes on day after day on account of prevailing economic conditions.

We will suppose that the perils of infancy have been surmounted. Our child has grown up, but falls sick in adult life. What happens in that case, when the patient is in poor circumstances ?

I well remember a case which I saw in the very first year, nay, in the very first month of my practice. It was in the good old days when I used to go to see people regardless of their location, regardless of the floor they lived on, for a dollar or two a visit. The patient was a young Finnish girl, and she was lying in a bedroom in which there was not a ray of natural light, and hardly a crevice through which air could penetrate. I had to examine her by candle-light. It did not take me long to diagnose consumption in a fairly advanced stage. Any doctor, or any intelligent layman for that matter, could have diagnosed it ; the cough, the blood-stained expectoration, the emaciation, the large eyes, the little red spots on each cheek, the rapid pulse, the high temperature, all these were unmistakable signs. There was sputum all over the floor, and the girl friends who sympathetically crowded into the room were all candidates for tuberculous infection ! I examined her, and as I mechanically pulled out my prescription pad I stopped short and began to feel—well, I felt like a fool. All at once I saw the utter futility of writing a prescription. What the girl needed was not drugs ; she needed fresh air, she needed sunshine, she needed eggs, she needed cream, she needed cheerful surroundings : and these things you cannot order from a drugstore. I could not even tell the people that she needed all these things, because it would have been like mocking them, like sprinkling salt on a wound. I was ashamed to take my fee, when I had prescribed something to ease the cough and to reduce the night-sweats. That much I could do with my drugs. But I felt

it was a farce, that it was merely patching up things, that in order to help the girl it would be necessary to go to the root of the evil. But the root I could not touch, neither I nor a hundred like me, for the root of the evil was simply want of money ! Two or three months later the girl died. Though more than twenty years have passed since then, the face of that poor girl still haunts me, for that was the first case of the kind that had come my way in private practice, the first case in which I had felt the utter impotence of medicine in certain diseases where economic conditions are at the root of the mischief.

There are thousands upon thousands upon thousands of persons who sicken and die on account of our brutal economic conditions. Every physician sees such cases every day of his practice. Take, for instance, such a common ailment as constipation. Vulgar, as well as common, in the general estimation. Three-fourths of all the men and about four-fifths of all the women in our cities are afflicted with this disorder to a greater or lesser degree. To cure it, the most painstaking examination and treatment are necessary, for it is due to multifarious causes. An entire change in the diet is often imperative, also a change in the mode of life, with increase of exercise, etc. But what does the ordinary physician usually do ? He prescribes a cathartic. He cannot help himself, nor can the patient. The patient cannot change his mode of life, and a laxative gives him at least temporary relief. The result is that no other drugs are consumed in such enormous amounts as laxatives, cathartics, and purgatives. They are consumed in all shapes and forms, in the form of salts, pills, powders, teas, mineral waters, etc. They do not do a particle of good as far as curing the condition is concerned. They are only palliatives ; but in the vast majority of instances the patient's economic condition is such that he is forced to depend upon palliatives. His job in the shop or store or office, or her job as a household drudge, makes radical treatment unattainable.

There are numerous diseases caused by certain trades, the so-called occupational diseases. Every experienced physician is familiar with them, he knows that the only remedy is for the patient to give up his trade ; but very often giving up

the trade means starvation, and the patient goes on the best way he can.

I do not know whether many of you know that the Subway is a real cause of disease. I have convinced myself that daily travelling on the Subway during the rush hours is a fruitful cause of nervous disorders. It may not be the original cause, but it helps to prolong and to intensify the disorder, whatever it may be; and in many instances we can do nothing for our patient so long as he must keep on travelling morning and night in the suffocating, crowded Subway trains. But to order the patient to give up travelling by the Subway means to tell him or her to give up his or her position, and people will naturally rather undergo all kinds of sickness, as long as it does not confine them to bed, than lose their jobs. Treatment, therefore, is perfunctory, palliative, and frequently ineffectual.

2. The second great cause of high morbidity and mortality is ignorance.

There are hundreds of thousands of cases of sickness and thousands upon thousands of deaths every year simply because people do not know how to live. They do not know how to eat and what to eat; they do not know the first principles of personal hygiene. Their own bodies are a mystery to them. There are as many cases of disease and death from improper eating, from overfeeding, as there are from underfeeding. The numerous cases of arteriosclerosis that you hear of, apoplexy, kidney disease, etc., are more often due to too much food and too much drink than to too little.

3. Another cause of morbidity and mortality is heredity. Some diseases are, under our present circumstances, to a certain extent unavoidable. Until eugenics has become more of a science than it is at present, and until people have become more imbued with its spirit than they are at present, a number of children will be born with the germs of disease in them, and the result will be sickness or weakness or premature death. There is a tendency, I think, to exaggerate the importance of the heredity factor in disease. When, for instance, the children of consumptive parents become consumptive, the usual cause is not heredity but infection. When the children of insane parents become insane, the dread of insanity may

have quite as much to do with the matter as heredity in the proper sense of the term. Still, heredity plays an important part in the causation of illness and death. I do not wish to underrate it, but I cannot consider it adequately here.

4. Another cause of disease is the prevailing prudery and hypocrisy. It is to a large extent owing to prudery and hypocrisy that venereal diseases are so widespread, sapping the vitality of the nation and threatening the health and life of every man, woman, and child.

Prudery and hypocrisy find expression in two ways. Most people deny the indispensability of sexual satisfaction. They regard every kind of illicit intercourse as a crime. They object to the teaching of venereal prophylaxis. Anybody who dares to advocate individual venereal prophylaxis is looked upon as immoral. He is supposed to be one who wants to foster immorality. His books and teachings are ignored. Personally, he is ostracized. The result is that young men needlessly expose themselves to the risk of venereal infection, and not only infect themselves but bring danger to their future wives and children.

5. The fifth cause is the lack of hospitals for the treatment of venereal disease. Strange as it may seem, we have not in this country a single hospital,¹ or even a hospital ward, for the treatment of acute venereal disease. Take a young man who gets acute gonorrhoea, or prostatitis, or epididymitis, and who is too poor to be treated at home by a competent physician. If he should apply to a hospital he would merely be scoffed at and shown the door. The same is true of syphilis. Nowhere in the country are acute venereal cases admitted. Only when the disease has worked its havoc to such an extent that it has become chronic and the man is either unable to walk or is in imminent danger of his life, is he admitted to a hospital. I have to speak plainly on the subject, because it is a crying shame. When a poor man develops an acute prostatitis or vesiculitis or epididymitis, so that he is unable to walk and must stay in bed, no hospital will take him. If by neglecting the disease or by improper treatment, he, three years later, develops a stricture so that he cannot urinate,

* Since this paper was read, one or two hospitals have set aside wards for the special treatment of venereal cases.

or if he is affected with inflammation of the kidneys, then he is admitted to the hospital. Crazy logic and crazy morality ! The same with syphilis. When the illness is in the acute stage, so that by proper, rapid, and energetic treatment the patient could be greatly improved or rapidly cured, he is not admitted ; but when he develops a gumma of the brain or locomotor ataxia, then the hospital wards are open to him.

That is because we consider these diseases immoral diseases. We overlook that even if the patient be immoral, he or she is a danger to the community-at-large, and that the only way of minimizing the danger is to provide proper treatment. Our lodges and sick-benefit societies are also imbued with the same pernicious hypocrisy. Most of them, perhaps all of them, refuse to pay any benefits if the disease is of a venereal character. The result is that thousands of people receive no treatment, or receive wretched dispensary treatment, become chronically, incurably diseased, infect others, die prematurely, and cause others to die prematurely.

How differently things are managed in Germany ! There, venereal diseases are treated exactly like any other disease. Working men get their sick benefit when they have gonorrhoea or syphilis just as when they have typhoid fever or pneumonia. The insurance societies have found that it is not only right to treat these diseases on the same footing as other diseases, but that it pays them to do so. Not only are they treated by the lodge and dispensary doctors free as for any other disease to which no shame is attached, but special hospitals are provided where the patients are made so comfortable that I am told a good many working men feel quite pleased when they get an attack of gonorrhoea, for then they get a real holiday. Let me describe to you briefly one such hospital, arranged specially for the treatment of venereal diseases in working men.

During my first day's work at the Berlin University Polyclinic for skin and venereal diseases, I was mystified by several patients asking me if I could not send them to "Lichtenberg". I did not know what they meant. On inquiry I found that Lichtenberg was a suburb of Berlin in which was located a model hospital for venereal diseases. Working people who paid a certain small weekly insurance were kept there and treated gratuitously until they were

well. At the first opportunity I went over there, and the house physician took me through the wards and explained to me the rules and the working of the institution. The patients did not look very much like sick folk. They seemed a happy, jolly lot. To see twenty or thirty of them standing stripped to the waist and rubbing one another's backs with mercurial ointment, to the accompaniment of a popular song, produced on me a rather peculiar impression. The hospital is situated in the middle of a very pleasant garden, where most of the patients spend their time playing games, singing, etc. Besides being treated, the patients receive thorough instruction in venereal prophylaxis, and for a long time after leaving the hospital they report once a week for observation.

In view of the great prevalence of the venereal diseases, in view of their great danger to the individual and the race, in view of the extreme care and expert skill required in their treatment, one of our greatest needs, one of our most immediate needs, is the establishment of special hospitals, or of special wards in the regular hospitals, for the treatment of these diseases.

I may be told that there are many dispensaries where a patient can get free treatment. But, first of all, there are acute complications of the venereal diseases in which the patient is unable to walk to a dispensary; one of the first requirements for a cure, and for the prevention of further complications, is that he shall stay in bed. Secondly, the treatment that venereal patients get at dispensaries is woefully deficient, wretchedly unsatisfactory. In many cases the treatment is as good as nothing. Dr. Henry L. Sanford of Cleveland, Ohio, recently made a special investigation to ascertain what percentage of gonorrhoeal patients treated in the dispensaries are dismissed as cured. He took one hundred unselected cases, just as they came one after the other, and he found that only twelve of them were really cured at the time of their discharge. The other eighty-eight were still infective, still a danger to themselves and to others. But I believe that at many dispensaries a similar investigation would yield even more alarming results. I believe that 3 or 4 per cent. of cures and 97 to 96 per cent. of failures would be nearer the mark. Is that worth anything? Practically

nothing. If we are to deal with the great and serious problem of venereal disease among the poor, we need hospitals and not dispensaries. We need expert specialists who would give their time free or would be paid by the city or State.

6. The sixth cause is quackery. Few people realize what a terrible amount of damage to our health and lives is done in the aggregate by charlatans. A part of the damage is done through their ignorance, but the greater part is done through their absolute lack of conscience. They make wrong diagnoses, they frighten patients into hysterics, they rob them of the last dollar if they can, and then cast them out more ill than before, dejected, despondent, with shattered faith in humanity and in the medical profession.

I see the results of the damage done by the advertising quacks and charlatans, I will not say daily, but very frequently. A mere innocent pimple is diagnosed as syphilis; a slight harmless urethrorrhea is diagnosed as "lost manhood"; if the patient confesses to masturbation, in which somewhere approaching ninety per cent. of men have indulged at one time or another, he is told that that means insanity and an early grave unless he subjects himself to treatment by the quack; a little swelling in or around the female breast is diagnosed as cancer; and so on. The horrible dangers of the alleged diseases are paraded before the victim and he is bled and bled until he can pay no more, or until he is fortunate enough to meet a sensible friend who directs him to an honest physician. The utter heartlessness and cruelty of some of these quacks in dealing with their patients can only be known by those who hear or read the detailed confessions of persons who have suffered at their hands. Why they are permitted to ply their nefarious trade is more than I can understand.

I know that at this point somebody in the audience, not over-friendly to the medical profession (and unfortunately we have quite a number of such people among our radical and so-called radical audiences), would like to get up and remark, and will perhaps do so at the close of the lecture, that all the quacks are not among those who advertise, that there are also quacks in the regular medical profession. I am sorry to have to admit that the charge is not wholly unfounded. But here is an important difference. Whereas, in the regular medical profession we have about ten per cent.

quacks and ninety per cent. honest, conscientious physicians (exact figures are of course impossible to give), among the advertising quacks one hundred per cent. are rogues ; or, if you want to be charitable, I will say that among them are ninety per cent. rogues and ten per cent. honest men. If a man consults an irregular practitioner, there is one chance in ten that he may be putting himself into the hands of a decent man, whereas if he consults a regular medical practitioner, the chances are the other way about. As between the irregular and the regular practitioner—the former will almost certainly have no expert knowledge and no proper diagnostic armamentarium, whereas the latter will certainly have had a proper medical training and will probably be well equipped with the means of diagnosis.

But quackery, most of it “irregular” quackery, is rife. That is why I say that quackery is one of the leading causes of needless suffering, disease, and death.

7. Another frequent cause of disease and death is child-bearing. The public will never know how many cases of acute illness, how many cases of chronic invalidism, how many cases of sudden death, and how many cases of protracted illness leading to premature death, arise out of those conditions which are connected with the bringing of children into the world.

The causes of this morbidity and mortality are manifold. First, we have the general running down and invalidism caused by too frequent childbirths even if they are normal. The bringing of a child into the world every year or every two years, comprising as it does gestation for nine months, the childbed period, the nursing and taking care of the child, will impair the health of almost any woman unless she has extra care and special nurses.

Then we have misguided attempts at the prevention of conception, which are frequent causes of nervous and bodily disorders. The teaching of the proper means of preventing conception is considered a crime in this and in most other countries of the world. Consequently, people use bungling and injurious methods, and the results are deplorable in the extreme.

Then we have the diseases and deaths directly connected with childbirth, particularly in homes where instead of being attended by a competent physician and cared for by a trained

nurse, the mother has to be content with the services of a midwife.

Last, not least, we have the very large number of illnesses and deaths resulting from abortion and attempts at abortion. In its pernicious influence upon the health of womankind, I consider abortion one of the most sinister factors. There is hardly an audience where you cannot see a dozen or more women whose health has been permanently injured by abortion or attempts at abortion.

The universal spread of knowledge of the proper means of preventing conception would reduce abortion to a minimum, but our medieval obscurantists prefer that women should ruin their health and go down prematurely into their graves rather than that they should learn the rational means of controlling the number of their children.

8. Another cause of disease and premature death will be found in alcoholism and kindred drug habits. While there is no question that alcoholism in all its phases is much less prevalent now than it used to be, there is also no question that what is ordinarily termed the drug habit, by which I mean addiction to cocaine, morphine, etc., is greatly on the increase. This evil is spreading, is becoming a serious factor in the causation of disease, and must be stemmed before it is too late.

9. Fear and worry are additional and important causes of ill-health and premature death. I do not mean the occasional fear of an impending calamity, or worry over some misfortune, though these play their part; I mean the chronic fear and worry from which the greater part of humanity suffers. Consciously or subconsciously, every working man, every business man, every professional man with the exception of the few that have reached the top of the ladder, is constantly afraid: one is afraid of losing his job, another is afraid of losing his business, of being outstripped by his rivals; a third is afraid of losing his practice or clientele. They are all afraid, and a good psychologist can see the signs of fear or worry in most faces, and knows that it functions as a continuous depressant. It may not be severe—the person may not be aware of it—but it is there, and its action is constant. Few people belong throughout life to the class of those whose

position is secure. Those who are higher in the social scale, the middle class business men and the professional man, generally acquire a competence at the age of forty or fifty, but by then the foundation for various diseases has already been laid and they have little time left in which to enjoy their hard and honestly earned (or ill-gotten) wealth. The percentage of people who are born into comfortable circumstances and have no financial or economic worry from the day they are born until the day of their death is so small as to be expressed by a decimal fraction.

It is of course impossible to give statistics or even to guess as to what percentage of disease is caused by fear and worry, but we physicians know that they are an important factor. Many diseases can be traced directly to them.

10. The last cause I propose to mention among the factors of needless illness and death is the dependent position of medical practitioners in extant society. It is with some diffidence that I approach the discussion of this topic, for I know that I may readily be misunderstood. Moreover, a doctor is not supposed to discuss the shortcomings of the medical profession before a lay audience. But I have so frequently defended my profession before lay audiences, have so frequently taken up the cudgels for it against those who defend quackery and irregular medical practice, that I trust I shall not be misconstrued. Besides, what I have to say is not directed against the members of the profession as individuals, I merely want to show how the efficiency of the medical profession is greatly handicapped by its economic dependence.

I wish to show that members of the medical profession, because they have to struggle for a living, do much less satisfactory work than they could and would do if they were financially independent, if they did not have to live upon fees paid them by individual patients. In the beginning of this discourse I pointed out how the physician is often unable to do anything for the patient on account of the latter's economic position. Now I want to show that the public does not get the best it is entitled to from the medical profession because medical men are in a dependent economic position. This remark applies not only to the black sheep, not only to those

who are in the medical profession merely for the money they can make out of it ; it refers also to the overwhelming majority, who are conscientious practitioners and would fain be idealists.

Take the example of Dr. X, whom I know very well. He was bright, alert, loved his profession, and was inspired by idealist aims. When he graduated, he was determined to practise medicine in a strictly scientific manner, and for the public good. But he was poor. He had to make a living and pay his rent. It took him some time before he got patients, but when he did get them he examined them thoroughly. He spent an hour or an hour and a half on each patient, and then received fifty cents or a dollar in payment—about one-fifth or one-tenth what it was actually worth. He saw that at that rate he could not make a living. But do you think his patients appreciated the thorough examination? Very few did. Most of them thought he must be rather inefficient if it took him so long to find out what was the matter with them. You know the public has some peculiar notions. A good many people think that a great doctor ought to know what is the matter with the patient by merely looking at him. You will be told, now and again, about some great European physicians who diagnose cases by merely looking at the patient or examining his tongue.

The attitude of those who consulted him discouraged Dr. X. Then he found in many cases that in order to make a complete diagnosis he needed expensive instruments which he did not possess. What was he to do? Tell the patient that he could not fully diagnose or treat his case, send him to some other doctor, and starve in the meantime? He followed, as so many doctors do, the path of least resistance. He did the best he could ; but when patients became numerous, instead of spending an hour examining them, he spent five or ten minutes. In short, he became one of the great multitude of average general practitioners, neither very good nor very bad. He became a medical drudge, a medical mechanic. He will make no discoveries, will never advance the science of medicine in the least. Thousands of young physicians who start out with high ideals and hopes of becoming original contributors to the science of medicine end in this way.

The struggle for a mere existence during the first, the most

important years of one's professional life, the years when a doctor is either made or marred, and when, fresh from college, he is full of hopes and enthusiasm, has a terribly depressing, terribly deadening effect on the majority of practitioners. That is the main reason why most doctors become rule-of-thumb practitioners ; and why initiators, thinkers, and original investigators are so rare in our ranks. Again the truth of Lessing's famous saying is demonstrated : " Wer um das tägliche Brot kämpfen muss, kann nicht edel denken ". (He who must fight for his daily bread cannot think nobly.) To the word " nobly ", I would add the word " originally ".

This is the way the dependence of the physician upon his patients' fees affects the physician himself. What about the public ? Without being extreme, we cannot help admitting that oftentimes the physician is obliged to do things which he would not do if he did not depend upon the patient's fees, if he had an entirely independent living, or if he were paid for his work by somebody else than the patient, by the State or the municipality for instance.

A patient comes to a doctor, complains of feeling ill. After examining him and enquiring into his mode of living, the physician finds that there is absolutely nothing the matter with him except perhaps that he eats too much, stays out late, and exercises too little. How many physicians have the courage to say this bluntly to the patient, and to dismiss him without giving a prescription ? To act that way would mean in many cases the loss of the patient, and few physicians are independent enough to be willing to risk it. The doctor says that he can soon put his patient right, and he pens a prescription. The prescription does no harm, but it helps to perpetuate the superstition that prescriptions are necessary in every kind of disorder. It is not the physician's fault in many instances, the public demands prescriptions. If they do not get them they think that they have wasted their money. More than once have I read in my patient's eyes the question : " What ? Ten dollars just for a little advice and no prescription ? " They thought they did not get their money's worth. I am told as a positive fact that in the poorer quarters of New York City, women judge the goodness of the doctor by the number and length of the prescriptions he writes Of

course the intelligent patient does not expect a prescription in every instance ; and when the general public becomes intelligent they will not expect one in each case ; but even now, if physicians were independent, they would give fewer prescriptions than they do, and they would give more hygienic and sanitary advice.

Then again, medicine has become such a vast storehouse of knowledge and technique that it is utterly absurd for any one man to expect to know all the important facts, to assimilate all the theory and practice of this wonderfully progressive science. If a man devotes himself to one single branch of medicine, picks out one single specialty, he finds that a lifetime is not long enough ! The development of specialties is a natural and necessary step in the evolution of medicine. In the future, practically all diseases will be treated by specialists, or rather by groups of specialists. It is absurd to expect a physician who treats all sort of cases to be able to give them the same kind of service in certain diseases as is given by men who make the study and treatment of those diseases their life work. But how many physicians are prompt to refer difficult but not dangerous cases to specialists ? Some of course do. But others go on treating cases until they see it is utterly useless to continue, or until the patient gets impatient or disgusted and demands a specialist, or until the case acquires an element of danger.

Complaint is also made of superfluous visits—of visits paid by doctors who are mere fee-snatchers ; and of needless but lucrative operations. Personally I am happy to say that I do not know any practitioners who would do such things ; but I am assured that they exist. These evils would certainly disappear the very moment the medical profession was put in a financially independent position. General practitioners would then be only too delighted to shift the responsibility of difficult cases to the shoulders of specialists.

In concluding this address, I wish to say a few words about the remedies for the conditions I have been describing, for the factors of needless suffering, illness, and death. For the most part the remedies are self-evident. The remedy for bad economic conditions, for instance, is improved economic conditions. But how are the economic conditions of the

masses to be improved? Well, I have my own notions on this subject, but you will not expect me to lay them before you to-night.

What I chiefly wish to discuss is a matter that is the immediate concern of my own profession. I am strongly of opinion that it would be to the great advantage of the public as well as to that of the medical profession, if medical practitioners were to be made independent, so that they could do the very best for their patients without having to curry favour with them, or without having to fear that they might lose them, without having to worry about the competition of shrewder and more unscrupulous rivals. The practice of medicine should become a national or a State institution. Every practising physician should be paid by the State or the municipality; and the treatment of patients should be either absolutely free, or the patients should have to pay merely a nominal amount, so as to discourage their running to the physician just for the fun of it.

I am quite clear in my mind as to the great benefits that will accrue to the medical profession and to the public from the nationalization or socialization of the practice of medicine. I am also aware of the objections, some valid, some invalid, that may be made against it. There is no good without some evil in it. I am certain, however, that the good that the socialization of medicine would accomplish would greatly outweigh the possible evils.

But something else is necessary besides attending free to people when they are sick. It is necessary to attend to them free when they are well. At the present time, when a dollar comes so hard to the majority of people, nobody thinks of having himself examined, "looked over", when he is well. It is only when he is so ill that he has decided symptoms that he goes to a physician.

If it became the custom to have oneself examined every six months, a larger percentage of diseases could be prevented. It is an unfortunate fact that many diseases are so slow and treacherous in their onset, give rise to so few symptoms, that the patient does not notice anything, accommodates himself to the morbid change, and becomes aware of his condition only when it is too late. This is particularly true of kidney disease. A person may get along without suspecting that

there is anything the matter with him until two or three or six months before a fatal issue, when nothing can be done any more. If people were in the habit of having at least their urine and their blood pressure examined once or twice a year, much disease would be prevented, and many lives would be prolonged. It is too much to expect people who have to struggle for a living to go to a doctor and pay money when they are well, though it might prove cheaper in the end ; but if this became a State or municipal function, if such examinations did not cost the individual citizen any money, everybody would certainly take advantage of them.

Yes, there are many causes of disease and there are many unnecessary deaths, but there is no occasion for being pessimistic and looking gloomily into the future. Things are improving. We have already made wonderful progress in this respect. When you think of the fact that in a country like Russia the death-rate is still 56 per 1,000, whereas in the United States it is only 23 per 1,000, you cannot fail to agree that we have made wonderful progress. We are going to do better still ; and I hope that the day is not far distant when there will be no such thing as an avoidable disease or an avoidable death, when all infections will be conquered, when accidents will be unknown, and when the only cause of death mentioned by physicians on death certificates will be : "Died of Old Age".

[1914.]

EUTHANASIA, OR DEATH CONTROL.

On some subjects the opinions held by different people are so fundamentally divergent, that no endeavour to be calm and judicial, no attempt at moderate and parliamentary language, no determination to yield, to pacify, to compromise, will be of any avail. No amount of argument will convert either opponent, or bring the two nearer mutual understanding. On the contrary, at the end of the discussion the antagonism may be more strongly emphasized, the opponents may feel further apart. Where the differences of opinion result from a radically different point of view, it is unwise to enter into any discussion. For instance, a discussion between an atheist and a Trappist monk, a religious monogamist and an enthusiast for free love, a libertarian and a Russian bureaucrat, would

be foolish and unprofitable. The representatives of the opposing opinions could never hope to come to any agreement.

But in many instances disagreement is more apparent than real. The ostensible divergence of outlooks is due to a misunderstanding of the terms used, to a failure clearly to define the issues under discussion. How often does it happen that A. strenuously denounces B. for something which B. never said, and that B. argues heatedly in favour of something which A. never for one moment meant to deny?

The champions and the opponents of euthanasia have not escaped this fate. Many of their discussions have been acrimonious because the debaters did not clearly define beforehand what they were debating about. Different people understand different things when they speak of euthanasia.

Let us try to clear up the discussion.

The term euthanasia denotes an easy, peaceful death; or the means for producing an easy, peaceful death. At present we think only of the production of an easy, painless death in those who are incurably ill, physically or mentally. The advocates of euthanasia greet it as a measure gentle, kind, humane, calculated to do away with a large amount of unnecessary suffering; the opponents of euthanasia regard it as murder, or little better.

Let us see.

Euthanasia might be applicable in any one of four different kinds of cases.

1. Where the patient is incurably ill, is suffering cruelly, and begs to be relieved of his sufferings by death.

2. Where the patient is incurably ill, but is unconscious, so that he cannot express his wishes.

3. Where the patient is incurably ill mentally, and on account of his insanity or imbecility, cannot express his wishes.

4. Where the patient is incurably ill, and is a great burden to those about him, but nevertheless prefers life to death.

Let us consider these classes seriatim.

1. I shall not attempt to argue with those who believe that they know the will of the Almighty, and are sure that He has forbidden us to shorten life in any circumstances. But, apart from these extremists, surely rational thinkers must agree that death control is desirable in incurable illness when a fully conscious patient begs to be relieved of his sufferings?

It seems to me that under such conditions euthanasia is fully justified. It is an act of kindness and humanity. To refuse to give the patient the soothing draught which he himself asks for is cruel and inhuman. What is gained, who is benefited, by the useless prolongation of the tortures of a helpless and incurable sufferer? But here the opponent of euthanasia is apt to interpose his objection to the word "incurable". He will tell us that we can never be sure that a certain disease is incurable, that many patients who were thought to be hopeless and were given up, unexpectedly took a turn for the better and recovered.

May I suggest that those who make this assertion are not fully aware of its significance? To contend that we can never know that a certain case is positively incurable, is to assert that medicine is worthless as a science, that all our pretended medical knowledge is a sham, that our claims to be able to make accurate prognoses are false. I believe the statement that we can never declare with positiveness that such and such a case is incurable, as well as the adage, "Where there is life there is hope", are incorrect, unscientific, and are more becoming to New Thinkers and to Christian Scientists than to rational physicians.

I recall the case of a woman whom I had to treat in the early years of my practice. Her gastric cavity was occupied by an immense cancerous mass, her left breast was an ulcerating foul-smelling sore, and she had secondary growths everywhere. She was a skeleton, except for her left arm which was of enormous size, due to oedema caused by cancerous glands in the axilla. It was as heavy as lead and she could not move it. Her pains were constant and agonizing. She could neither sleep, nor eat, nor rest. Enormous doses of morphine had but a meagre narcotic effect on her. Would anybody, except an utterly irrational being, assert that this case could ever recover? The woman's condition was heartrending. She piteously begged the physicians and those about her to put her out of her misery. When the pains became more excruciating than usual, she would curse them for their cowardice and inhuman cruelty.

It seems to me that in cases of this character, the opponents of euthanasia have absolutely no ground to stand upon.

2. Incurability coupled with unconsciousness is usually a feature of the close of acute diseases. Here we may as well leave death to the working of nature. It is not the patient who suffers, but the onlookers, who cannot always realize that the patient is unconscious.

3. In this division we have a very important class to deal with. Here euthanasia should be not only permissible, but obligatory ; and it will not be difficult to prove that the non-employment of death control in some instances of this character is indicative of an inhumanity which is as crazy as it is brutal. Let us visit a lunatic asylum.

What do we see in yonder corner ? A gibbering creature, lower in scale than any animal, the saliva dribbling from his mouth, the urine and faeces passing involuntarily. The patient has no gleam of intelligence. His case is absolutely hopeless. He is an affliction to his relatives ; he is a curse and burden to the attendants, who inevitably tend to become dehumanized in the handling of such sufferers. He has been like this for several years, and we know that the miserable being will never recover. Is it or it is not permissible, nay, is it or is it not our duty, to put an end to such a horrible existence ?

Here is another case taken from an official report which came in the mail to-day, November 26 (Annual Report of the Illinois State Charities Commission, Springfield, Ill., 1912) :

“ No one comes to see her. She has been in the Elgin State Hospital many years. Her deterioration has dragged her below the level of the animal. She has torn into bits every blanket and every particle of clothing that has been given to her. Her room contains nothing but a bare bed. She has slept nude upon the springs. A strap about her waist has held her to it. The demands of nature have been acceded to as they manifest themselves. Attendants, nurses, and doctors fear her.”

Against opposition, the new superintendent gave orders to remove the straps from her, and let her have the run of the room. When the attendants opened the door and stepped in with food, “ the insane woman pounced upon them, dashed the tray of food to the floor, and attacked one of them. Assistance had to be called to prevent more violence.” Imagine this wild, maniacal creature, the horrors in her

disordered brain, imagine her strapped down perfectly nude to the spring of her "bed"; imagine this creature to whom the food has to be passed through a pigeon-hole in the door, as to a wild animal, because all the keepers are afraid of her. She was twenty-five when she entered the hospital; she has been in this torture fourteen years; and she may live fourteen years more. In my opinion, to withhold euthanasia from such a creature is not a sign of kindness and humanity, it is a sign of fiendish cruelty, a sign of utter lack of sympathy.

If we should do to others as we should like to be done by, then we should certainly administer euthanasia to all the incurably insane; for I should unquestionably prefer, if I were insane, to be given poison, rather than live with the horrors of a disordered brain. I should prefer the same fate—death—for my nearest and dearest relative, for my dearest and closest friend.

There is another point, which, though of secondary importance, should nevertheless be taken into consideration. In my opinion we have no moral right to inflict upon any human being the task of caring for such cases as I have just described.

Nobody can continue to nurse or handle gibbering idiots or wild and violent maniacs, without undergoing a decided mental deterioration. We must be kind to the insane; we must be just as kind to the sane!

4. Here a few words only are necessary. Where the patient is incurably and painfully ill, but is mentally sound and wishes to live, there euthanasia must under no circumstances be resorted to. If he is a great burden to the family, being paralyzed and unable to attend to the wants of nature, then the State should take care of him. We have no right to take a sick person's life in opposition to that person's distinct wishes. To us it may seem foolish that a person should care to live under certain conditions, but if that person prefers it, then it is his or her affair. This point needs no further discussion.

I have not touched upon the abuses which we are told would arise if euthanasia were to be legalized. It was my purpose only to indicate the moral justification for euthanasia. The details I leave to others. I will merely say that I have not the slightest doubt that sufficient safeguards could and would be readily discovered.

VI

BOOKS AND PLAYS

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The editor of the "Critic and Guide" is an omnivorous reader; and, despite the claims of a busy practice, he manages to see almost as many plays as a professional dramatic critic. A considerable proportion of the pages of the magazine, for twenty years and more, has been occupied with his impressions on plays and books—all envisaged from the outlook of his particular but multifarious interests. Under this head, even more than under any other in the volume of Views, it was impossible to aim at completeness of presentation. The excerpts that follow must be regarded in the same light as that in which a great American humorist contemplated New England weather—as "only samples".

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

We advise all our readers to get this book, in Miss Macdonell's excellent translation (Everyman Library edition). It is a book to delight the discerning reader. First of all, it is a human document. Of course there is more than a little braggadocio in some of Cellini's statements, but the man stands revealed to us in his greatness as well as his littleness. It is always interesting to see a man revealed to us in all his nakedness. Furthermore, from the reading of the book we get a better idea of Italy and France in the first half of the sixteenth century, than we can get by reading a dozen histories. From no formal history can we get such a light on the customs, morals, ideas of honour, beliefs, superstitions, state of medical knowledge, etc., of Renaissance Europe, as we get from this unique, naïve, and unvarnished autobiography. We gain a very remarkable notion of the "honesty" and "honour" of the great of the land—cardinals, popes, princes, kings. Not a pretty picture! We learn that the alleged lovers and patrons of the arts were petty souls; that their love for the arts was mainly jealousy, a desire to have prettier and grander things than their rivals. These patrons treated the real great men, the painters, sculptors, and other artists, only a little bit better than their lackeys. It is an interesting book to read—if only for the purpose of seeing how great an advance in every direction we have made during the last three hundred and fifty years.

The world does move.

[1909.]

THAT "BAD BOOK", SANINE.

I had heard a good deal about *Sanine* before I left New York, and all I heard was of a derogatory nature: the book was obscene, the author was a rascal, and so on. In Berlin,

I found the German translation extensively advertised, and displayed in every bookseller's window. The fact that the book had been confiscated, its sale prohibited in Germany (and then again permitted), of course tended to increase the sale. I bought *Sanine*, and read the book on my way home.

If Artzibasheff gives a true picture of contemporary Russia, then God have pity on that poor country! Everything becomes intelligible: the failure of the revolution of 1905; the despair which is engulfing the nation, and driving its best sons and daughters—those who are not hanged, exiled, or imprisoned—to suicide or to sexual and alcoholic excesses; and the easy triumph of the brutal bureaucracy. If the picture in *Sanine* be a true picture, what hope can there be in Russia for decades, perhaps for a century to come?

Now about the book itself. It is not a "bad book"; it is not an "obscene book". It is a wonderful, perhaps an epoch-making book; and the author is not a rascal, but a great realistic genius. The book is depressing. Granted. But that is not the author's fault. Russian life is depressing, and a book depicting Russian life must necessarily be depressing. "There is not one lovable type depicted," say some of the critics. The assertion is false. The three leading women characters, Lida, and Lialia, and Sina Karsavina, are all lovable, very lovable, very sympathetic types, even though two of them did break the seventh commandment. Of the men there is not one, except perhaps Sanine, to inspire love, respect, or admiration. For Sanine you cannot help feeling a certain kind of respect, you cannot help admiring his remarkable, though at times brutal, consistency, his absolute sincerity and love of truth. His idleness, his inaction, fill us with despair or disgust; but what can a man like Sanine do in Russia at the present time, when every attempt at useful action is punished as a crime? A pathetic figure in the book is the young Jew, Soloveitchik, who is in mental torment because he cannot find the object of life, and finally hangs himself, leaving the following letter: "Why should I live, since I do not know how I ought to live? Men such as I, cannot make their fellow-creatures happy."

Yes, the types as a whole are anything but pleasant; some are decidedly repulsive. Still, the author probably painted

from life. Such is the impression one derives from a careful reading of the book, and we cannot quarrel with him for his realism.

As to the charge of pornography, I do not think that this can be sustained. I am inclined to think that Artzibasheff somewhat over-emphasizes the purely physical basis of sexual love. He is inclined to discredit the existence of platonic love. But here a good many psychologists will agree with him !

In judging the book as a whole, we must not overlook the various discussions on religion, the object of life, etc., which, in spite of the author's cynicism and pose of world-weariness, are remarkable for their originality and depth.

Artzibasheff does not mince words, and some of the expressions he uses are more brutally frank than any to be found in either Zola or Maupassant. Of course the book is not written for Sunday schools, nor is it a book which it would be wise to put into the hands of sexual weaklings. But surely the author should not be blamed for that ! He writes for healthy, normal, mature people, and not for weaklings or perverts. To those who belong to the former category, the book can do nothing but good. *Sanine* is a great book, written by a great master.

[1909.]

BRIEUX'S PLAYS.

Ours is the last language into which the great masterpieces of foreign literature are translated. This is due to several causes. First, we have ever been all-sufficient. We have always been the greatest people in the world, our literature has always been the best, so of what use to bother with foreign literatures ? Secondly, the number of Anglo-Saxons so thoroughly familiar with foreign tongues as to be capable of making good translations has always been rather limited. Thirdly, our Anglo-Saxon prudery has stood in the way. Some of the greatest books and plays have not been translated into English because of their frank handling of sexual problems. This last is, I think, the main reason why Brieux's excellent social plays are only now beginning to appear in English.

Better late than never !

Of the three plays that have just been published in English, with a superfluous, ridiculously high-falutin preface by Bernard Shaw, two should be read by every intelligent man and woman. These plays are *Maternity* and *Damaged Goods*. The third, *The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont*, is of little importance, and I am not even sure that it is worthy of Brioux. I shall confine my attention to the two others.

Maternity deals with the question of race suicide, and with the tragic problem of illegitimate motherhood, a problem which as I pointed out in my address on Abortion from the Ethical and Social Point of View, is, under our present social conditions, likely to gain in importance as the years go by.

Damaged Goods deals frankly, and with absolute scientific accuracy, with the question of syphilis. The author must have carefully studied the writings of French syphilologists. He makes no statements which could not be admitted into the most advanced scientific treatise on the subject. In some places you feel as if you were reading Fournier's *Syphilis*. This is not the first drama that has dealt with the subject of syphilis in its influence on the offspring, but it excels its predecessors.

Ibsen's *Ghosts* is dramatically stronger, incomparably stronger. But the idea that the reader or spectator gets from *Ghosts* is that of horror. From Brioux's *Damaged Goods* the reader gets as good an idea of the dangers of syphilis, the curability of the disease, etc., as if he were studying a treatise or attending a lecture on the subject. The critic may say that it is not the novelist's or dramatist's province to give the public lessons in the nosology and pathology of disease. To this I would answer that, in the case of the venereal diseases, which affect the happiness of so many millions, no writer can have a higher or nobler theme. At any rate, if these diseases are to be discussed, they must be discussed with scientific accuracy. No false impressions, no exaggerations, must be permitted, even for the sake of the loveliest dramatic effect. In this respect, Brioux has accomplished his task exceedingly well.

THE PIGEON.

Whenever I read anything I like, I want the whole world to read it, and I advise my readers to read Galsworthy's latest drama, *The Pigeon*. It is not so great a play as *Justice*, but it is decidedly worth while. Those, however, who have no streak of Bohemianism in their blood, and in whom the milk of human kindness has completely dried up, will consider it simply silly. Read it anyway. Or you may go to the Little Theatre and see it played. It is admirably staged and rendered.

[1912.]

THE DARK FLOWER.

I consider Galsworthy one of our vital writers, perhaps the most vital among English writers of the present day. His *Dark Flower* is a novel that no thinking man or woman should fail to read. In my opinion it is the best thing he has done so far. He has shown that he is not only a humanitarian, fully alive to the social problems of the day, not only a skilful and charming writer, but also a fine psychologist. He deals with no social problems in this novel, but presents in a most charming, unique way the love-life of a man—the love-life of a man in his spring, summer, and autumn. The most important part of the book is the autumn. The falling in love of a married man of forty-seven with a girl of eighteen is the theme of this later section of the book, and it is handled by the author with consummate skill. His moral is that while a man cannot help his feelings, he can help his actions.

Among the multitude of stupid best-sellers, of obscene or quasi-obscene trash written merely for the purpose of sensationalism and big sales, this novel stands out with a beauty all its own.

[1914.]

MARIE-ODILE:

This is a delightful little play, the title role being finely interpreted by Frances Starr. Marie-Odile is a novice in a nunnery. She was picked up as a foundling on the steps of the cloister, brought up among the nuns, and has never seen a man. When she asks one of the nuns whether all the children are found on steps, the nun tells her no, that God sends children to the women who are particularly good and whom He loves. The action occurs during the Franco-Prussian war. At a rumour that the nunnery is going to be invaded by the Prussians, all the nuns flee in a boat to Switzerland, but through a combination of circumstances Marie-Odile is left behind. In the second act, the nunnery is invaded by Prussian officers and soldiers, and Marie-Odile for the first time sees a man. A lieutenant is strongly attracted to her, and the attraction is mutual. When all the other soldiers leave, he remains for the night with her, and nine months later she gives birth to a child. She considers it the most wonderful thing that could happen to her, and in her innocence she thanks God for His goodness and kindness in having chosen her as a woman good enough to be the mother of a child. She is wrapped up in the child, and when, at the conclusion of the war, the nuns return, she shows them in high glee and in great triumph the miracle that has happened to her. There is nothing overdrawn, nothing improbable in all this scene. Everything seems perfectly natural. The nuns are horrified. She is told to remove her novice's veil, and she is driven out of the convent with her child. She leaves without anger, but is fearfully puzzled as to what it all means and what she has done to deserve the anger of the nuns and the expulsion from the nunnery.

The play is delightful, but we venture to say that not one in a thousand among the audience perceives that it in reality conceals a subtle plea for the sacredness of motherhood, legitimate or illegitimate. It also contains a criticism of the prevailing ignorance about sex matters. One of the nuns who loves Marie-Odile, openly tells the Mother Superior and the other nuns that it was not Marie-Odile's fault, that

it was their own fault because they kept her in absolute ignorance of everything pertaining to sex.

[1915.]

TIME AND THOMAS WARING.

I have just finished reading *Time and Thomas Waring* by Morley Roberts. I am not going to give a synopsis of the book, nor even hint as to what it is; any attempt to do so would prove inadequate, and would do injustice to the book. But it is by all odds one of the greatest of novels that have appeared within a hundred years or so. Its art from the first word to the last is remarkable in its subtlety. Its ethics are still more remarkable in their sublimity. In short, the book is a masterpiece. But how many people—and here is the sad part of it—have heard of it or read it? The novel is not new, it was published nearly two years ago. Some miserable pot-boiler, written exclusively with the object to sell, is hawked about and is read by hundreds of thousands and is found in all libraries, whilst an artistic gem which marks an epoch in our literature is passed by practically unnoticed.

And, by the way, what have our professional reviewers been doing? I do not expect the conservative mediocrities to call attention to such a novel. But our radicals have recently been amusing themselves by publishing lists of the best English novels—in none of them do I remember having seen *Time and Thomas Waring* mentioned. It remains for a busy physician who has a hundred other things to do to call attention to belletristic masterpieces! But what can one person do? This notice may sell a few hundred, it may sell a thousand copies. What does that amount do? A book like this should be read by the million. It would help—a little—to make people kinder, better, more tolerant; and eventually this world might become a better place to live in than it is now.

Oh, yes, I do believe in the influence of books.

[1916.]

THE SEXUAL CRISIS.¹

Humanity is weary, and the burden is becoming heavier and heavier.

There is too little joy in this world, too little happiness. Sadness and misery are the common lot. They are so common that by millions of people they are considered the natural condition, the inevitable fate of the human race. "Yes, I am weary," says Mankind; "the cup of my misery is full to overflowing." Then it proceeds to drink from the cup and continues to carry its burden, sometimes with but generally without a murmur. Fortunately for the race, it has always had some sons—and recently also some daughters—who rebelled against the idea that suffering, pain, and unhappiness were inevitable conditions to be borne without a struggle. They rebelled, they fought, they died in the cause; but they blazed a trail which makes it easier for us to continue the work.

The first thing we need, if we are to cure a disease, is a knowledge of its cause and its character. The first stage in removing human misery is an analysis of causes. It did not require much acumen to discover that our economic order is responsible for a large proportion of human suffering. The discovery that our sex life, our code of sex morality, is the cause of an enormous amount of suffering of the acutest, the most agonizing character, came at a much later date; we may say that it is the discovery of but yesterday. The unbiased modern thinker, the close observer who has considerable material on which to make his observations, must inevitably come to the conclusion that sex misery is as widespread as hunger misery, and much more difficult to handle. In other words, it is much more difficult to solve the sex problem than the economic problem.

¹ EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the English title of the late Grete Meisel-Hess' famous book *Die sexuelle Krise*. The translation had been accepted and was in course of publication by a noted London firm, when an alarm was raised as to the "morality" of the work and it was withdrawn. Of course it is immoral, in the Shavian sense. It is a trenchant attack on conventional standards, and embodies the "immorality" of to-day which will be the "morality" of to-morrow. The Critic and Guide Company published the derelict in the United States, with the preface, here reprinted. Its success in America was considerable.

There are several reasons for this. One of the reasons is that economic misery is open, whereas sexual misery is hidden. People in the mass do not conceal their economic condition ; they are not ashamed of their economic status ; some are even ready to exaggerate their poverty, and many do not hesitate to apply for charitable relief. Sexual misery, however, is hidden in the deepest recesses of the heart. Like the Spartan youth with the fox at his breast, many a man has gone down to his grave with sex misery gnawing at his vitals, without flinching ; and many women will let their health wither and their vitality shrivel, but will not betray their secret.

Another reason is that it is easier and simpler to relieve bread poverty than sex poverty. When a man is starving, we can give him a dinner, a dollar, or a job. When a person is dying for lack of love, we cannot offer him the remedy he needs. There are free bread-lines and municipal lodging-houses for those who need bread and shelter. No such palliatives have been provided for the sexually starved.

A third reason is that we can satisfy our cravings for food, water, and sleep, without infringing any religious code. The gratification of the sex instinct, except under rigidly prescribed conditions which for millions of adult men and women are unattainable, is considered a vice or a crime, because it conflicts with religious dogma, statute law, or man-made morality.

Fourthly, when a man is poor he knows it. In other words, one who suffers from lack of material necessities knows exactly what his trouble is ; one who suffers sexually does not always know what is amiss. A man or a woman suffering from lack of love or from lack of sexual satisfaction (the two are not always synonymous), or from improper sexual satisfaction, may be profoundly miserable without suspecting the cause of the unhappiness. In many cases, a skilled psychologist must devote much time and trouble to the study of the case before the cause can be made manifest.

A fifth reason is that many more persons are at work upon the endeavour to solve economic problems, than upon the endeavour to solve the problems of sex. Furthermore, the economists can be far more outspoken than the sexologists. At the worst, those who frankly expound the causes of eco-

conomic misery will be called socialists or anarchists, and these terms have almost ceased to convey any sense of opprobrium. Those, on the other hand, who venture an honest and unreserved discussion of sex difficulties are anathematized as immoralists, corrupters of youth, debauchers, profligates, or what not—with consequent social ostracism and forfeiture of professional status.

The sixth reason why it is more difficult to solve sex problems than economic problems is that the indiscreet sexologist is likely to have his writings burned and his body incarcerated. Conventional moralists who cannot refute your arguments, can hit you with a club and bind you in chains. Economic and political writers have got beyond that stage. Except in war time, freedom of speech and freedom of the press have been secured, as far as their subject matter is concerned. But sex writings, if frank, free, and honest, are still barred from the mails or destroyed; and their authors and publishers are still fined or sent to prison.

For these reasons, as well as for several others which cannot be mentioned here, the sex problem is much further from solution than the economic problem, and it is therefore the bounden duty of the few who appreciate the full significance of our sex life, and understand its potentialities for weal or woe, to treat the subject honestly, fearlessly, regardless of consequences. The present writer became convinced long ago that the sex problem is more important than the economic problem, more important than any other problem confronting the human race. But perhaps "important" is the wrong word. Generally speaking, the economic problem is the most important. It is fundamental. One who lacks food, clothing, and shelter, is even more wretched than one who suffers from love starvation. Nevertheless, the economic problem is the simpler one. In this country, at least, the number of those in a condition of actual chronic hunger is small, perhaps insignificant. But the number of those of both sexes who agonize on account of love starvation is enormous. They comprise the larger moiety of mankind.

There are millions of persons whose livelihood is secure, and many of whom can live on the fat of the land—and yet their waking and their sleeping hours are filled with misery

because of unsolved sexual difficulties. Often enough the solution of the economic problem seems to give the signal for the sex problem to become harassing! I am not talking at random. I am not voicing abstract opinions. What I write is dictated by the experience of years of medical practice and based upon what I have learned from innumerable patients. This personal and professional experience has led me to devote a large part of my time to the study of sex problems, and has made me wish to popularize the knowledge that has accrued. For the ignorance of the people in sex matters is stupendous! I do not refer exclusively to what is called the "common people". I do not mean the "masses" only. I mean all the people, whether "cultured" or "uncultured". The greatest need of the day, perhaps, is the need for books of high character dealing with all phases of the sex question, considering it from every outlook—physiological, psychological, pathological, sociological, ethical.

Among books of this high character, *The Sexual Crisis* takes a leading place. I regard myself as fortunate in having been instrumental in making so remarkable a work accessible to the English reading public. From many points of view it is a great book. Even those who find it impossible to accept all the author's conclusions, will hardly deny that as an analytical critique of contemporary sex life, and as a stimulus to thought, her book has few equals.

Critical though the author is of contemporary marriage, she is far from advocating the summary abolition of the institution. On the contrary, she, in common with many radical freethinkers, considers a happy monogamous marriage the ideal. But, even while we may recognize the essential need for an institution, we retain the right to criticize its shortcomings. While we agree that monogamic marriage is desirable for the vast majority, we say that experience shows that there are many men and women who are not fit for monogamic marriage. We contend that such people are entitled to a different form of sex life.

My own views on marriage have long been almost identical with those expounded by Grete Meisel-Hess in *The Sexual Crisis*. I have expressed them in closely similar terms. Let me quote the summary with which I concluded my essay in

the symposium on *Sex-Morality Past, Present, and Future* (1911) :

“ The monogamic system of marriage will probably survive in the future as the dominant system. In days to come, as now, the family will be the basic social unit, inasmuch as a happy, harmonious family is the best environment for the proper upbringing of children for the proper development of character. It is possible, of course, that the State institutions for the care of children will, in a future time, be of a much higher quality than such institutions to-day. But those with which we are familiar do not inspire us with very great expectations. A good home is superior to the best public institution, and no substitute has yet been found for mother love and father love. . . .

“ Monogamy, though the prevalent system, will not be the rigid system of to-day, will not be so absolute in its applications as (in theory) it is to-day. Occasional departures from it will not entail social opprobrium, and will not be followed by distasteful and distressing legal proceedings.

“ No reproach will attach to ante-nuptial sexual relationships. Prostitution being a coarse and insanitary institution, relationships of a different character will come into vogue, and relationships in which the health of both parties will be as carefully safeguarded as in legal marriage. . . . When prostitution as we know it has vanished, and when individual prophylaxis has been universalized, venereal diseases will have ceased to exist. . . .

“ Those unable or unwilling to enter into permanent unions or to have any children, will enter into free temporary unions, quite openly ; they will not be ostracized or even frowned upon for so doing. There will be general recognition of the fact that for some men and women free temporary unions are the only form of relationship possible, either psychically or physiologically.”

I have read *The Sexual Crisis* three times—in manuscript, galley proofs, and page proofs. Not because I had to, but because I wanted to ; because I enjoyed reading it. With each reading, the enjoyment became greater and the appreciation grew stronger. May the reader's experience be similar to mine.

[December 8, 1916.]

THREE SOLDIERS.

I am using the most valuable space in the "Critic and Guide"—namely the first editorial on the first reading page—to announce a book by another publisher; I am doing it because I consider the book the most important book published in this country for a long time. It is a necessary book, a book that every decent man and woman, every person with a spark of honour and humanity in him or her should read, read carefully, thoroughly, from the first word to the last.

I am referring to *Three Soldiers*, by John Passos.

What *Main Street* is to the small American town, *Three Soldiers* is to our army and our war, our glorious army and our war to make the world a better place to live in. The book deals with the life of the private in the American army abroad; it holds up the mirror to the treatment the American soldier was subjected to over there; the mirror is crystal clear—we look in it, and we recoil in horror; we feel faint and sick at heart, and we feel like cursing the scoundrels who were responsible for all these horrible, unnecessary, futile sufferings, for the wanton, uncalled-for brutality.

The book is fiction, but the truth, the plain, unvarnished and unexaggerated truth breathes through every word of it. The author describes what he has seen with his own eyes, and he has seen some terrible things—even worse things after the armistice than during the war. Every vicious hundred per cent. profiteering shouter and flag-waver ought to have this book forced down his throat.

The best of our youth crushed, humiliated, demoralized, spat upon, trampled upon. The book confirms the worst suspicions the Editor had about the conduct of the war and about our treatment of the private soldier. The reason I suffered so terribly during our unnecessary and ignoble participation in the war is because I am cursed with a sort of clairvoyance. Without having been in the war, without having been near a training camp, I knew what was going on over there (here it was not so bad; it was too near home; wanton cruelty could be complained about, and might be made a subject of investigation). I knew, because I knew

our hard-boiled Smiths, and I knew what they were capable of doing to young, refined, sensitive natures in the ranks. This book proves that I was not hysterical, that my suffering had good grounds and was fully justified.

But *Three Soldiers* is not merely a great historical document ; it is a great work of art. You just must read it.

War is an evil thing. And it needs evil men to do its evil work.

[1921.]

THE HERO.

Whatever play you see or don't see, you ought to see *The Hero*. It is a fine piece of work, and the acting is flawless. Richard Bennett, who is acting "the hero's" brother, has improved very decidedly since we first met him in *Damaged Goods*, the epochal play which had its first presentation in New York under the auspices of the "Medical Review of Reviews". We do not know whether the author intended the play to convey a moral. In a truly artistic piece of work the moral is never protuberant but has to be inferred ; yet a moral there is and a very important one. The moral of this play is that a man can be a physical hero, can behave so bravely in battle as to receive all sorts of medals and orders and ribbons, and still be a moral skunk. The hero of the play is such a hero. He comes back from the war bemedalled and beribboned, but behaves like the vilest wretch. He is utterly heartless, utterly ruthless, is a sponger, a thief, a liar, a seducer ; he robs his poor brother (who is treasurer of the church) of five hundred dollars which he knows the brother will have a very hard job to make good ; he abandons a young girl whom he seduced and made pregnant ; but in the eyes of the world, who do not know all this, he is a hero. It is true that this hero was a rotten egg before he enlisted as a volunteer in the war ; but there is this difference. Before the war, when he did something nasty he knew it was nasty ; but now, in addition to all his criminal propensities, he has acquired an immense amount of cheek and arrogance. And because he fought in the war "to make the world safe for democracy"

(he himself sneers at the ideals for which the war was alleged to have been fought), he thinks he can do anything.

And this is what the war has done to thousands, perhaps to millions of people. It intensified their anti-social and criminal tendencies, and the brutalities and dishonesty which they saw in high places has given them a sense of self-justification for all their bestialities.

The play has another lesson, something which I have been saying, oh, for so many years, and it is this: Those who first volunteer to go to war are the lowest, vilest, cruellest, most sadistic specimens of humanity. This hero Oswald who had to leave home on account of forgery and seduction, and who was beating about different countries in the world committing all kinds of crimes, on the breaking out of the war eagerly joins the foreign legion. Consciously and unconsciously these specimens of humanity know that the war gives them scope for all their criminal tendencies.

Of course a play like this would have been unthinkable during the war or even during the first year after the armistice. But now it can be produced, and we are getting a glimpse of the stuff of which some of our war heroes were made.

In the play *Diff'rent*, presented by the Provincetown Players last year, there was a similar sort of hero, which goes to show that our writers and dramatists are beginning to sense the truth. War is a bestial thing. It converts human beings into ferocious beasts.

[1921.]

THE INSECT PLAY.

I consider *The Insect Play* by Josef and Karel Capek one of the most notable plays of the twentieth century. (The same remark applies to Karel Capek's *R.U.R.*!) Staged in New York as "The World we Live In", *The Insect Play* is the finest satire that has ever been written on our entire life and every phase of it; that is, on our love life, our acquisitive instinct, the love for money and possessions, our industrial world, and our war-making overlords. Withal, the play is a dramatic masterpiece, and in its third act rises to the loftiest

heights that drama has ever reached. If you haven't the price of a seat, borrow it or pawn something, and go to see this play !

[1923.]

LUDOVICI ON WOMAN.

Woman, a Vindication, by Anthony M. Ludovici. Here's a book that will accomplish something. A good thing, or a bad thing ? Read it, and judge for yourself ! The feminists will anathematize the author ; the anti-feminists will proclaim him a prophet.

Anyhow, it is worth reading. It is stimulating, and irritating too ; it contains a number of profound truths boldly and cleverly expressed ; and it contains a good deal of nonsense. The nonsense sparkles—but remains nonsensical.

The name is misleading. The book is not a vindication of woman, but rather a condemnation. Still, Ludovici is not a woman-hater, like Schopenhauer and Weininger. His most passionate sentiment is his opposition to the whole feminist movement, his opposition to the feminist trend of thought which has infected man, his opposition to the emancipation of woman. He likes woman, but only as a mother.

Briefly stated, the thesis of the book is this : Woman was made primarily for the purpose of perpetuating the race. Her sex organs, which occupy in her so much more space than the corresponding organs do in man, prove that her business in this world is to be a mother. Married or unmarried, she is a traitor to the race if she does not become a mother. Anything which takes her away from the business of being a mother, and directs her energies into other channels, is criminal and dastardly. The human race is doomed if the feminist movement is not halted and uprooted.

I said before that the author is not a misogynist. That is true. But he does hate old maids. The unfortunate spinster gives him the creeps and makes him see red. One would think that in view of the fact that there are two million more marriageable women in England than men, the poor spinster should not be blamed ; but Ludovici does not consider this an

excuse. Legally, or illegally, the woman, if she were of the positive type (the author uses the word "positive" for well-sexed, and "negative" for under-sexed), would have gotten a man somehow and would have become a mother.

The book could just as well be called a broadside against monogamy. Ludovici says plainly that people are fools who believe that they can know how they will feel towards each other twenty-five or thirty years after the wedding day. He freely justifies variety, and frankly and boldly advocates the right of married men to have mistresses or concubines, as in the days of our patriarchal ancestors. Sex relations during pregnancy and lactation are, he believes, extremely injurious to the child. The mother, according to him, derives her satisfaction from carrying the child and nursing it; but, as it is impossible for a vigorous male to abstain during eighteen months, the only remedy is for the man to have another, a secondary, wife.

As to men remaining chaste until their marriage day, why, the very idea seems to the author preposterous. "The world is growing so stupid," he says, "in regard to all these matters, and foolish, romantic women's voices have become so clamorous, that there is an ever-increasing body of idiots who insist on the desirability of men being virgins when they marry!"

He denies that woman was ever subjugated or oppressed by man, or that her inferiority, which is both intellectual and moral, was in any way caused by man. Here is a typical passage which shows his opinion on this point:

The True Womanhood hoax of Woman refound by herself, for herself, and in herself, as if all this time her association with man and her dependence upon him had been a mistake, an error of judgment, a cramping, limiting, and disturbing factor in the evolution of "Pure Woman", is simply pure falsehood of the worst description; because it overlooks the facts precisely there where they are most glaring, most undeniable, most conspicuous.

Examine the tendrils of the vine and deny that it is a creeping plant destined to cling to a wall or to a tougher plant than itself, and you would declare yourself in so many words an ignoramus or a madman.

Examine Woman and deny that she must have two primary adaptations—that to the man and that to the child—in order simply

to fulfil her destiny as it is stamped indelibly on her body ; and you acknowledge yourself straight away not only an ignoramus and a madman, but a dangerous specimen of both.

Dozens and dozens of passages striking right from the shoulder could be reprinted and would make interesting reading, but one or two will have to suffice.

Here is the way the author pays his compliments to those who persuade woman that she has any other mission in this world except to bear children :

Immersed as Woman obviously is, up to her shoulders in the business of Life and its multiplication, let it be said plainly and unequivocally ; all those who teach her that any other business is her business, all those who, in face of the dilemma of modern problems, confuse her with tales about a true Womanhood away from Life and its multiplication [childbearing] ; all those, in short, who beguile her with promises of happiness, contentedness, or even comfort, without her primary adaptations to man and the child, are liars both unscrupulous and criminal.

The author is very bitter against those who advocate sexual abstinence or curbing the sex instinct. Here is one of his milder passages against Puritanism :

Puritanism, always so hostile to sex, would fondly like one to believe that sex is no longer one of the first considerations of Life, even for women. It would give a good deal, and has given a good deal, to convince everybody that one can "get on without it" ! And, indeed, its values and atmosphere have now reared so many thousands of wretched, lank, bloodless, and lifeless men and women who can get on without it, and who do get on without it, that quite a large number of people are beginning to believe that Puritanism is right. In any case, it is to these unconscious victims of its system that it now has the effrontery to point as evidence of its criminal contention when it seeks to persuade the unwary that it is right.

Ludovici absolutely denies that the sexually abstinent are "clean-minded". Here, most sexologists will agree with him. He writes :

Clean-mindedness in abstinent young men, as it is generally understood, is a pure myth, a complete misunderstanding. . . . If it is desirable that eligible young men should be clean-minded (and I am of the opinion that it is most desirable), then the road thereto does not lie through the dark spook-haunted swamps of

sexual abstinence, but through the open highways of healthy sex gratification, secured from the dangers of commercial prostitution.

To clean the mind, the deep wishes of the body, which refuse to be flouted, must be satisfied. To forget sex, in fact, the sex instinct must be indulged. Freedom here, as in the case of any other appetite, can only be attained by gratification.

The author of *Woman, a Vindication* is undoubtedly right on many points. All progressive thinkers must be indebted to him for the frankness with which he expresses his opinions regardless of the frowns of Mrs. Grundy. But I think he is damnably wrong upon certain matters. For the moment, I cannot take up the cudgels with him upon these issues.

[1924.]

THE COMPANIONATE.

The "Journal of Social Hygiene" is a staid and respectable periodical. Professor M. M. Knight, of Barnard College, Columbia University, is attached to a perfectly respectable institution. All the more interesting, therefore, to find over his signature, in the May 1914 issue of the before-mentioned "Journal", an article which is a challenge to the sanctity of one of the most venerable of our ordinances. Knight pleads for the recognition of what he terms the Companionate as a rival form of marriage to that entered into for the procreation of offspring.

In a word, a Companionate is a family without children. Or, as the author says, the Companionate is a state of lawful wedlock entered into solely for companionship, and not contributing any children to society. The author believes that such Companionates are now quite common, are going to increase in number, and are perfectly legitimate phenomena. He demands that for the purpose of encouraging the Companionate—which is preferable to illicit unions or promiscuous sex relationships—birth-control information should be easily obtainable by all those who desire it. He also demands that in Companionates the man should not be called upon to support the woman, that she should continue her trade or profession, and that in a separation or divorce the

man should not have to pay any sort of alimony. Altogether a very radical article containing some excellent suggestions.

But how the reactionaries will clamour at the thought of deliberately separating marriage from childbearing! To us the separation of the love instinct into two distinct components, the individual or emotional, and the social or procreative, is a commonplace, but the idea will still seem desperately revolutionary to a good many people!

[1924.]

LA GARÇONNE.

I have just finished reading *La Garçonne* (The Bachelor Girl) by Victor Marguerite, which has made such a furore, of which three-quarters of a million copies have so far been sold in France alone, which has been translated into numerous languages—and which cost the author his membership of the Legion of Honour. For on account of this book the French government passed a decree erasing Victor Marguerite's name from the list of members of the Legion. The distinction of having the ribbon or rosette of the Legion of Honour is considered very great in France, and the dishonour of being deprived of the once-acquired possession is still greater. But Victor Marguerite has survived the disaster, *La Garçonne* is selling better than ever, and the author has written two novels since which continue and conclude that famous book.

The reason given for erasing Marguerite's name from the Legion of Honour is obscenity. *La Garçonne*, they declare, is a lewd book, which misrepresents French society and the French people. As to the French people, the book does not deal with it at all; as to French society, the author claims that it is a writer's duty to tell the truth, and that, far from exaggerating the corruption, the sexual perversions, the stupidity, the dishonesty and venality, of the upper classes, he understates the case. Well, if the French upper classes are as utterly vile as Marguerite makes out, then the Lord have mercy on France.

I will digress here to say a few words about the English translation of *La Garçonne*, and about some of our translations

in general. Those who have read *La Garçonne* in the English translation cannot understand why the book raised such a storm, and why the author was deprived of his membership of the Legion of Honour on account of it. Of course, they can't, for the book is expurgated and mutilated beyond recognition. This is a dishonest piece of business. A book should be translated in its entirety, or not at all. The leaving out of an offensive expression or of an occasional sentence, which mean nothing at all to the book as a whole, is permissible, if the price must be paid to make an otherwise excellent book accessible to readers of certain countries with prudish censorships, official or unofficial. But where the matter left out constitutes the meat, the very marrow of the book, such a procedure is reprehensible beyond words. And it is the worst sort of trickery not to give the reader any inkling that the book has been tampered with, but to make him assume that he is reading a complete unexpurgated translation. This at least should be done: every word, every sentence, every paragraph, left out should be replaced by dots or dashes—one dot or dash for each word left out. The reader will then at least know how much has been left out, though he will not know what has been eliminated.

To return to *La Garçonne*. It isn't obscenity and the reference to sexual perversions that excited the ire of the French ruling powers. The French are not so squeamish as we are on such subjects, and they swallow with perfect equanimity phrases and descriptions that would stick in our throats. It is because he showed that this obscenity and sex perversion and venality existed among the powers that be, among the profiteers, militarists, so-called patriots, society saviours, and reactionaries, that they let him feel the full strength of their revenge. Again I say, if the French governing and financial classes are as Marguerite pictures them, then the Lord have mercy on poor France; but it helps us to understand Poincaré's policy, the occupation of the Ruhr, and many other things.

One other point remains to be considered. Is the book obscene? To this question I am constrained to answer in the affirmative. Would its perusal have a pernicious effect on boys and girls, or immature men and women? Unquestion-

ably. But this merely shows that there are books which are not to be read by boys and girls, and immature men and women.

Marguerite puts to himself the task of describing the morals of the present generations, young, middle-aged and old ; and he considered it his duty to tell the truth, and to tell it in unvarnished language. Such a book—as would a description of any kind of sexual immorality—must necessarily appear obscene. But to say that Marguerite, that veteran writer, made the book deliberately obscene for the sake of filthy lucre, is ridiculous.

I do not mean to deny that some of our writers, the younger ones especially, do put in a little spicy salaciousness in their books to help the sales, but I do not believe that to be true in the case of Victor Marguerite.

[1924.]

FREE LOVE.

Victor Marguerite has written a sequel to *La Garçonne* called *Le Compagnon*. It contains less obscenity than *La Garçonne*—or rather all the obscenity in it is collected in one chapter, and in one page of another chapter.

Our mistranslators would thus have no difficulty in eliminating the parts objectionable to Anglo-Saxon taste and morals. But even if every trace of obscenity were eliminated, the book would stand no chance of being let alone by our censors. Its theme is a passionate attack on marriage, and as passionate an advocacy of free love, or rather free union. The old argument is used : where there is no love, the mumbling of a priest or the signature by a bureaucratic official, does not make a true marriage ; while where there is love, no ceremony or contract is necessary.

The heroine of *La Garçonne*, Monique, demands the same sex freedom for girls as for boys ; and as a sort of protest indulges in every possible sexual excess and perversion : but in her heart and soul she remains pure and true, and eventually marries a man she loves and who loves her (he knows her past), and they live happily together. The heroine of *Le Compagnon*,

Annik, remains chaste until she meets the man she loves; they begin to live together, but in spite of his persistent entreaties she refuses to undergo the ceremony of marriage, refuses to let the man have any legal right over their children. (In a legal marriage the right over the children belongs exclusively to the husband—in France at least.) The “husband” (I use husband in quotation marks, because she refuses to consider him her husband—he is only her lover and the father of her children) is an eminent lawyer and a radical member of the Chamber of Deputies; she is also a lawyer, but she does not permit her duties as “wife” and mother to interfere with her profession. At first she lives apart from her man, but eventually she moves into his house, while she still insists on keeping her office separate from his. They have a few tiffs on account of her obstinacy, but she remains firm and he gradually yields to her program and acknowledges that she was right. Eventually opposition in certain quarters is overcome, and they gain general respect in spite of the fact that they live openly in a free union.

Imagine an unmarried woman lawyer in the United States of America living in free love with a man and having “illegitimate” children. Much of a practice she would have, and much chance she would stand with our broad-minded judges! But evidently in this respect, people are much more tolerant in La Belle France.

The book contains a scathing exposure and denunciation of the French marriage laws, which make of the woman practically a slave (for which slavery she revenges herself by promptly taking a lover). But this part an American cannot help reading with a wry smile. For in our blessed country the opposite is the case; it is the husband who becomes the slave, finding himself, for instance, unable to dispose of any of his real estate without the wife's permission—while the wife can sell all she possesses without even the husband's knowledge.

There are many depraved characters in the book, among the upper classes and the bourgeoisie, but there are also several very fine types unselfishly devoting their lives to the alleviation of human misery.

The accusation brought against Marguerite that he besmirched the French people in the eyes of other nations is

of course absurd ; there are scoundrels and degenerates in every nation, and it serves no good purpose to hide the cancer, to cover it with a rose-coloured plaster. If there be vice and crime and villainy in our midst, it is our painful duty to know the facts. One thing they could not say against Marguerite—the usual taunt of the vicious reactionaries—that he was a foreigner. The author of *La Garçonne* and *Le Compagnon*, and of forty-six other novels, is of very old French stock. His father was the famous French General Marguerite

[1924.]

A SUPPRESSED BOOK.

A friend has lent me a copy of A. T. Fitzroy's *Despised and Rejected*, a novel published in London during the last year of the war. It is a fine, a noble, a deeply interesting book. The author is an uncompromising pacifist, an "out-and-outer", one of those who recognize no justification for non-combatant service. To persons of this way of thinking, non-combatant service or "work of national importance", accepted in lieu of combatant service, is just as ignoble as the murderous work of active service—but more cowardly, for the man on non-combatant service releases another man for the front while saving his own skin.

For issuing a book which contained these fine pacifist sentiments, the publisher was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had to pay a fine, and *Despised and Rejected* was confiscated.

I must make a few extracts from the book. Some of us know that the Edith Cavell business was merely propaganda, something to make political capital ; that the Germans were within their rights ; that any other country would have acted the same way under similar circumstances ; and that as a matter of fact France did shoot one or more women spies ; but it was dangerous to say so while the war lasted. The author of *Despised and Rejected* did say so.

Look at the uproar created by the so-called murder of Edith Cavell : the woman was a spy, and they were strictly within their

military rights to shoot her. But it doesn't seem to strike people that shutting up some of these C.O.'s in prison is deliberate, wilful murder of brains that were fine, sensitive instruments which might have brought some lasting wonder into the world. These men might be rendering far greater service to their country by following their natural bent than by doing navvies' work or performing silly brutalizing tasks in prison. . . .

Of course the press is eager enough to make the public believe that prison is a sort of slacker's paradise, where they have quite a delightful time of it. . . . We know differently. Alan's isn't the only case of systematic brutality wreaked upon a defenceless victim. Only that kind of thing is carefully kept out of the papers. However magnificently England may think to figure in the world's history after the war, the gross stupidity and cruelty of the way she has treated the genuine pacifist should stand as an eternal blot upon her honour.

The author doesn't believe in wishy-washy pacifism either.

Men whose conscience won't let them kill, but who haven't the courage to back their opinions—I've no use for them. Passive pacifism won't do any good. What we want is active pacifism, fearless and unashamed, ready to join hands with the workers of all other countries; to stand firm against their immoral, gain-seeking governments; and ready to suffer the utmost penalty of their idiotic and benighted law.

It must not be thought, however, that the book is exclusively or even primarily an anti-war propaganda book. The love element plays the principal role, and as a work of art the novel stands, in my opinion, very high. Only it is a pity that the two principal figures in the book are invert. Why make pacifism bear unnecessarily such a heavy burden? If the author wanted to show the high, gentle, and noble character of invert, he or she could have attached the abnormality to non-pacifists. Pacifism and inversion do not necessarily go together. And it is likely that it was the homosexuality part of the book that helped the prosecution in obtaining a conviction.

[1925.]

JEALOUSY.

Charles Recht's novel, *Rue with a Difference*, is not all which the jacket and some of the author's friends proclaim it

—but it is a fine novel none the less. By the way, just as a judge is supposed to refuse to sit when the case is one in which he has a personal interest, so a literary critic should never deal with a book when he is a close friend of the writer. Bias, conscious or unconscious, will influence his judgment. He will either praise the book unduly ; or else, if he has an unconscious grudge (as we often have against our “friends”), he will curse where he ought to bless. Why, then, am I writing about *Rue with a Difference* ? Well, though I know the author, I am not one of his intimates, and I certainly nurse no animosity towards him. I think I can discuss the book without bias.

The theme is a very old one—love and jealousy.

Homer Satterlee, who makes his livelihood in some of the more sordid paths of commerce, is none the less a highbrow. Secretly, he is a radical. He is a voluminous reader, and also a writer. He is in love with Gloria, a beautiful chorus girl, full of grace and charm, but lacking two little things : a brain and a heart. She likes Charles Recht (I mean, Homer Satterlee) well enough, but not sufficiently well to want an exclusive relationship with him. According to her moral code, there is no reason why she should not have relationships with several men at the same time. Homer Satterlee is furiously jealous, and his life becomes a hell. I know that there are some good people who rather enjoy the discomfiture of men who are in hell because of the antics of their young inamoratas. In my opinion all people, young, old, or middle aged, men or women, who are stricken with the disease of jealousy deserve our deepest sympathy, for it is doubtful if there is any greater, more real torture in the spiritual domain than that caused by this demon.

Yet my sympathy for the hero of Mr. Recht's novel is qualified by two considerations. First of all, Satterlee had no right to be as jealous as he was. We know now that the principal, the most painful element in jealousy is the inferiority complex, the feeling that one is not good enough for the beloved object, and that it is for this reason that he or she has chosen a rival. This is only true when one is thrown over altogether. Such was not the case here. Gloria did not close her rooms to Satterlee. She let him come whenever he wanted—provided she was not otherwise engaged. So the

inferiority complex played here no role. Of course, there is the jealousy of those who crave for exclusive possession. But, try as I may, I cannot experience any deep sympathy for the person who is in hell because he wants the woman (or the man) entirely to himself (or to herself). We are becoming too civilized for that—at least I am, and a few like me. The exclusive possession of a human being is going to go out of fashion as much as chattel slavery has gone out.

My second consideration, which qualifies my sympathy for Satterlee, is that the man did nothing whatever to combat the demon of jealousy. The trouble with Homer Satterlee (Charles Recht) is that he is a supreme egoist, caring for nothing and nobody but himself, and glorying in the fact. His radicalism is but a veneer. World-pain, and the suffering of mankind, touch but his intellect; they do not penetrate his soul. Hence, when he was in personal trouble, he found no outlet, no door open to him.

Marion Rogers, the only decent woman in the book, whom Satterlee treats most shabbily, knows him very well, and she tells him: “. . . You can plead your honesty in your defence. I should rather call it your conceit and selfishness. You once said that it was very difficult for you to see the other person's point of view; that you were so filled with your own ego, that there was no room in your mind for the consideration of any one else. But may it not be that you never wish to stop long enough in your thinking to admit those considerations? That you conceive this to be the proper pose and permit no arguments?”—Yes, the trouble with the hero of this novel was that he was a supreme egoist, and had no love for anybody in particular (except his feeling for Gloria, which was not love but just sensual passion), nor for humanity in general.

Now, I have known several men as good as or better than the hero of Mr. Recht's novel who had the misfortune to be caught in the clutches of the jealousy-demon, because they were thrown over by the women they loved—in some cases fine women, in others just pretty sluts and strumpets. They did not lie down, they did not become drunkards or drug addicts, they did not blow their brains out nor did they steal in at night and strangle their girls with their silk stockings. No! They plunged into work, work of self-culture (Satterlee

at thirty-two had still a lot to learn), and work for the benefit of suffering, blind, groping humanity.

There is no cant in this. The forces of darkness and cruelty are so powerful and so widespread, that there is plenty of work for every decent, mankind-loving man, who has some talent for work and the will to use it. How many hands and brains, for instance, the movement to abolish war and to bring about genuine international understanding could use !

I say, they plunged into social, humanitarian work, literary and scientific work, worked incessantly and self-forgetfully, until they could see the real pettiness of their petty troubles, and could think of them with indifference, or a smile. Others were blessed with nobler and worthier loves, loves of mates who were their equals, and who besides pretty bodies possessed also souls : brains and hearts.

Because Satterlee's jealousy was caused by his savagely primitive desire for exclusive possession, and because he had no social instincts and did nothing to combat the demon, my sympathy for him is qualified. But my sympathy he has, though he does not need it now.

Yes, there are many clever things in the book ; the cleverest, I think, is chapter xviii, in which the twelve jurors who are to try Satterlee for the murder of Gloria are described in blank verse in the style of the *Spoon River Anthology*. This is really excellently done.—All in all, an extremely original novel.

[1925.]

VII
PSYCHOANALYSIS

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The fragments which comprise this section are not presented as giving a complete exposition of the author's views on psychoanalysis. The design foreshadowed in the second of the following extracts, to compile a monograph on the subject, was fulfilled in 1923 by the publication of *Psychoanalysis, Popularly Discussed*. To that book those interested in the topic may be referred for fuller information. The editors felt, however, that a subject concerning which Dr. Robinson holds such strong opinions deserved illustration by a few articles from the "Critic and Guide".

FREUD AND HIS OVERZEALOUS DISCIPLES.

Freud's merits in having brought to the attention of the medical profession and of the intellectual world in general the importance of repressed sexuality as an etiological factor in various diseases (neuroses and psychoses particularly) cannot be overestimated. Many things that were confused and obscure before, have become clear since Freud has shed upon them the light of his philosophy, of his observations, and his analysis. I consider him one of humanity's benefactors. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to say that he goes, or that some of his disciples go, to extremes, and to absurd extremes. When he states that thumbsucking by infants is in reality a sexual act, when he says that the happy expression noticeable on a child's face after it has been suckled by its mother is due to a feeling of voluptuousness, sexual satisfaction, he goes, it seems to me, to extremes. The claim made by Freud, Stekel, and their disciples, that all dreams without exception have a sexual content and turn around sexual subjects, seems to me extreme to the point of absurdity. That in sleep the mind, unrestrained by the conventions and repressions of actual life, is often occupied with sexual interests—especially in persons who are leading a continent life—is true. It may even be true that many of our dreams which are apparently innocent and seem at first sight to have nothing to do with sex, are sexual dreams nevertheless, the sexual content being latent, being marked by symbolism. For instance, it may be true, as the Freudians claim, that the dreams which old maids often have of burglars and assassins running after them with knives, are really symbolical expressions of a strong latent desire to be raped. Nevertheless, to claim that all dreams have a sexual content is ridiculous. As an example of how the overzealous Freudian will attempt to force the most simple, the most natural dream, into a sexual mould, I will give the following illustration.

At a meeting (October 30, 1912) of the Northern Medical Society of the City of New York, of which I have the honour to be president, Dr. E. W. Scripture read a paper on "The Technique of Psychoanalysis with some Remarks on the Freudian Theories". Dr. Scripture is (or was) a Freudian, but a moderate one. He believes, as I do, that many dreams have a sexual basis, but that many have not. As a simple illustration, he gave the following dream. He was in a hotel in Montclair. When he went to bed, the rain was beating against the window-panes, and he recollected with annoyance that he had not brought an umbrella with him. In his sleep, he dreamed that he went to look into the closet, and that to his satisfaction he found his umbrella there. Now what simpler, what less sexual dream can one think of? Nevertheless in the discussion, an enthusiastic Freudian, Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum,¹ joined issue with Dr. Scripture as to the simple and non-sexual character of the dream. He claimed, with the utmost seriousness, that an umbrella in a closet was not as simple as it seemed at first glance, but was symbolical of something else! I could give numerous such examples where the most innocent, most easily explainable dream was by forcible means dragged and twisted into something ridiculous, but with a sexual complexion.

It is the old, old story, of the pendulum swaying to the other extreme. For centuries churchianity and pharisaism besmirched the fair name of sex, in the mad endeavour to plant in us the belief that the whole subject was something filthy, disgraceful, something to be ashamed of. Even to think of it was a sin, a crime. Now that we have thrown off the shackles of the Church, and that our censorship is less brutal, some have gone to the other extreme, and, as if in revenge for the enforced silence of centuries, they do nothing but think, talk, and write of sex!

[1913.]

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE IN FREUDISM.

I have enough work planned out to last me twenty-five years. It will be well if I accomplish it in that length of time.

¹ He is no longer an orthodox Freudian. See below, p. 304.

But one of my first tasks must be the writing of a popular treatise or essay on Freudism, or what has come to be called the Freudian philosophy. Freud's name will live for ever. The foundations of his philosophy are permanent. Some of his ideas may now safely be declared to be imperishable truths. He has put a new, more correct valuation on human sexuality. He has given us an insight into the motives and mainsprings of human conduct which we did not possess before, or which we sensed only vaguely.

The greater is the pity, that with what is true in Freudism there is mixed so much that is false, so much that is bizarre, ridiculous. In fact, when we read some of the writings of Freud's disciples, we cannot help being in doubt as to the sanity of their authors. A dilemma presents itself, and either horn is an unpleasant one to grasp. Unless these Freudian disciples are insane, they must be charlatans who wish to create a sensation by the boldness and grotesqueness of their views. Thus even the truth in the Freudian philosophy is discredited. That is why I think that a treatise explaining the Freudian theories in popular language, separating the wheat from the chaff, the true from the false, would be an exceedingly useful work.

[1915.]

A DREAM WORTH RECORDING.

I have a cane that I brought back from Hawaii. It is of koa wood, a hard wood but rather fragile. I always take particular care not to drop it.

One night recently I dreamed that the cane fell and the handle was split off. I felt very sorry, because I liked the cane both for its appearance and its associations. I knew in the dream that I couldn't get another one till, if ever, I went to Hawaii again. That was all there was to that dream.

Next night I dreamed again that the handle of the cane was split off exactly in the same place. Now, here is where the remarkable significance of the dream comes in. I dreamed that this time I was not dreaming but awake. That the thing took place in the daytime. I felt extremely unhappy,

not because the cane broke, but because the dream of the previous night had come true. In the dream, I knew that I believed that all the stuff about dreams coming true was nonsense, that I had always considered it a silly superstition, and that now, in view of the fact that my dream about the breaking of the cane had come true on the very next day, I should have to change my opinion about dreams, should have to recognize that there is something after all in a dream, and that those who believe in the prophetic significance of dreams are not all fools. Following up this train of thought, it seemed to me that if I began to believe that there was something in dreams, I should also have to believe that there was something in presentiments, something even in telepathy, and in a number of other things which I considered silly superstitions. This made me very unhappy. I did not want to change my rational beliefs, for I knew that they were correct. But still I did not know how to explain the immediate fulfilment of my dream. I awoke in my perturbation, and was then delighted to find that I had been dreaming once more, and that the first dream had not been prophetic.

The cane is still in perfect condition and I have not dreamed of it again.

If there is any sexual significance or wish-fulfilment in that dream, I beg some Freudian to tell me what they are. I have no doubt that these professional dream interpreters, so fertile in resource, will find suitable explanations without the smallest difficulty.

[1918.]

AMBIVALENCE OF FEELINGS.

Tell the average man that one can love and hate a person at different times, and he will say: "Of course. There is nothing strange in that. Conditions change, the other person changes, we change, and naturally our feelings are apt to change." He will himself give many examples of love that has turned into indifference or hate, friendship that has changed into savage enmity, and conversely. But tell him that one can entertain both love and hate towards the same

person at the same time, and he will shake his head, or smile incredulously, or he will gently intimate that too much thinking and too much studying have affected your head. Behind your back he may say you are a bit crazy. "How can one love and hate a person at the same time? The two feelings are contradictory; they are exclusive of one another. If you love, you don't hate, and if you hate you don't love. Can a thing be black and white at the same time? If it is white, it is not black," etc. Thus is the average man apt to reason. I don't blame him.

But it is as I stated. Love and hatred towards the same person may coexist. To such a condition we apply the term: ambivalence of feelings. In other words: ambivalence of feelings is the simultaneous existence of opposite or contradictory feelings towards the same person. If psychoanalysis has discovered anything, it has discovered this ambivalence of feelings and its great frequency. A daughter may love her mother deeply and at the same time wish her dead; she may refuse to marry on account of her mother, nurse her most tenderly, and still she may hate her at the same time, consciously or unconsciously. A man may be in love with a woman (being in love is the intensest though not the highest form of love), and at the same time hate her unequivocally.

It is good to know of the existence of such a thing as the ambivalence of feelings; it throws a flood of light on certain complex problems.

[1919.]

AN ARGUMENT WITH A RED ROSE.

I have just had such a beautiful and curious dream. I will write it down before I forget it. I was standing on a snow-capped peak on Coconut Island in Hawaii (there are no peaks, capped or uncapped on Coconut Island). Peering out from the snow, there was a delicate little red flower. I bent down, intending to pluck it. As it did so, it withdrew into the snow and became invisible. I took this as a sign that the flower did not wish to be plucked. I then began to argue with myself the ethics of the thing. Was I ethically justified in plucking a

flower that did not wish to be plucked? "A flower has no soul," I reasoned, "and a thing that has no soul has no rights." "But the fact that it hid itself showed that it has desires, and if it has desires, it necessarily has a soul. Soulless things have no desires; and, conversely, things that have desires must have souls." "But I do want to pick this beautiful flower," I insisted. "I feel cold; there is nothing but cold and snow around me; and this is the only warm thing. Besides, it is always considered ethically right to pluck flowers. Women wear big bouquets of flowers." But then I felt ashamed. "Since when," I said to myself, "are the actions of silly, unthinking women a criterion for you as to what is right and what is wrong? Why, they even kill the sweetest, dearest little birds and wear them on their hats." I felt and looked rather shamefaced for a while. Then I had a feeling of triumph. "How about Linné and Darwin, good and noble souls? Didn't they pluck flowers whenever they wanted?"

"No, not whenever they wanted," I heard the flower say very distinctly; "only when they needed some to study botany. Besides we live in a different world now. Then we were inarticulate and down-trodden; now we can speak, and we will not equivocate, and we will be heard." I smiled with surprise at such a little flower being able to pronounce such a big word—"equivocate." "You yourself," continued the flower, "aren't you teaching that morality is constantly reaching to a higher level, that what was moral yesterday may be immoral to-day, and vice versa?" Here again I expressed to myself surprise that such an infant flower should know such a phrase as "vice-versa". I felt myself beaten by my own ethical principles. As I was about to descend the peak, which, by the way, was no longer snow-capped but covered with coconuts, a tall dark fellow appeared—I could not make out whether he was a negro or a Malay—and said: "Here, boss, for one ten cent two nickel dime you can have all dem flowers". So anxious was I to have that one flower, that, I am ashamed to say, I was about to take advantage of his offer—to let him pluck the flower and then buy it from him. But ethics carried the day. In spite of what the Freudians may say as to the dormancy of ethics in sleep, my moral sense

was wide awake. I turned away from the negro, and when I looked back he was gone. I then adopted different tactics with my flower which was now a big red rose. I tried to persuade it. I told my flower that I would transport it to Mount Morris Park, and that it would there have a more interesting, more care-free existence. "No, I should wither in your New York," it replied in an irritated voice. "You are so big, and you are withering there. Prof. Jaggar says that everybody is withering in New York, and that he would rather burn up quickly in the molten lava of Kilauea than dry up slowly in cold and heartless New York. Besides," continued the flower, and it seemed to me that its petals were forming into a triumphant grin, "you couldn't bring me into New York; I should be forbidden there, for I am red, red all through."

I wanted to retort something about roses being exceptions, but I felt that the rose was right, and I woke, woke with a baffled and unsatisfied feeling.

Now, please, my dear Freudian friends, interpret this dream for me. I can interpret it without any difficulty—the interpretation being wholly based upon things I read and thought about before I fell asleep.

[1919.]

A PSYCHOANALYTIC EVENING.

As my readers know, I am not enthusiastic about attending meetings of medical societies. As a rule, it is a waste of time to listen to the papers; and for the collation I am not a bit anxious. It is about twelve years since I attended a meeting of the Harlem Medical Association, but when a paper was announced on The Use and Abuse of Psychoanalysis, by Dr. A. A. Brill, which was to be discussed by a number of other psychoanalysts, I made up my mind to risk it and go. For once, I was not sorry. It was a rather interesting evening. The president of the Association, Dr. J. Sobel, before introducing the speakers, read a paper in which he declared himself to be a thoroughgoing Freudian. Dr. Brill, Dr. M. S. Gregory, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, Dr. George H. Kirby, and Dr. Adolph

Stern, all spoke as orthodox Freudians, and everything would have gone off beautifully—it would have been a psycho-analytic love feast—but for the bomb that was thrown into the banquet hall by the last speaker on the programme, Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum.

Dr. Tannenbaum, formerly an ultra-orthodox Freudian, has recently undergone a radical change in many of his opinions, and, though he still practises psychoanalysis, the Freudians will no doubt disown him. Perhaps it will not be necessary for them to disown him, inasmuch as he is himself leaving their camp.

I consider Dr. Tannenbaum's change of outlook a very significant sign of the times. As I predicted long ago, the day is not far distant when all sensible and thinking physicians will accept the kernel of the Freudian theory, and will discard the excrescences and extravagances. Although Freud is in no danger of falling into innocuous desuetude, I feel sure that many psychoanalysts will follow Dr. Tannenbaum's lead.

[1922.]

VIII
CHARACTER TYPES

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

Some of Dr. Robinson's most vivid writing takes the form of a presentation of character types—usually thumbnail sketches of contrasted types. Representative instances are herewith assembled.

A FUTILE LIFE.

As a child, Robert Smith was neither too beautiful nor too homely, neither too bright nor too dull, neither too good nor too bad. When he was eight years old, his father died of pneumonia, and the lad was left alone with his mother. She secured a position as a saleswoman in a department store, and on the meagre salary supported herself and Bob, who was all she had in the world.

In school, Bob showed average abilities. He was graduated at fourteen from public school. His mother wanted him to go through high school, but he found the studies rather difficult ; and, more important, he did not want to live any longer on his mother's hard work. So he gave up high school after the first year, and secured a position as errand boy in a noted chemical house at a salary of six dollars a week—that's all they paid in those days. He was a remarkably pleasant, faithful, and obedient boy, and after six months his salary was raised to seven dollars a week. At eighteen he was given a clerical position, and his salary was raised to twelve dollars a week ; two years later it was fourteen dollars ; and at the age of twenty-five we find him in the position of salesman, and receiving the respectable sum of a hundred dollars a month. At a salary of twelve or twenty dollars a week, Robert was equally neat, equally well-dressed, equally gentlemanly. It was remarkable how far he could make the dollar go.

His life ran smoothly, placidly, monotonously. Year in and year out, he was at his place of business at eight-thirty ; and between six and six-thirty he would leave for his home uptown. His mother would have his dinner ready for him, and after dinner he would read the paper for half an hour or so, go out for a short walk, and then go to bed. Once in two or three months he would take his mother to a " show " On Sunday he would accompany his mother to church ; in

the afternoon he would read the paper; that was all the recreation he had or needed. He was entitled to two weeks' vacation annually, with pay, but he refused to take the vacation. He tried it once for a week, but he felt bored, and came back before the week was over. He had got used to harness, he would say, and felt uncomfortable out of it.

His mother would urge him to look around for a nice, respectable girl, but he would answer, "What for, mother? Why not leave well enough alone? You are comfortable, I am comfortable, so why get in somebody who may disturb us and prove disagreeable? Besides, who will take care of you and work for you when you get old? You cannot always work at your position." After several unsuccessful attempts to induce him to look for a mate, his mother left him alone.

I met Bob a month ago. I hadn't seen him for fifteen years. He is now forty, and he looks almost the same neat, spruce boy that I knew at the age of fifteen. He still lives with his mother, who is sixty-five and too feeble to hold any position. He had the same smile on his face that he had twenty-five years ago.

A likeable fellow was Bob. But I shall never see his smiling face again. He died yesterday of "influenza complicated with pneumonia".

[1919.]

TWO SAD CASES.

1. I knew a man, we will call him Mr. A., who was considered extremely clever. Whatever may have been thought of his morals, the unanimous opinion of all who knew him was that he was clever, cunning, sharp. He was highly successful in his profession, which was that of a corporation lawyer. His income was considerably above one hundred thousand dollars a year.

In the period of a few weeks the man became unrecognizable. He acted in a silly manner, he talked incoherently, unintelligibly, and he finally had to be put under restraint. The trouble was softening of the brain, the remote result of

a youthful indiscretion. He will have to remain in seclusion until death releases him.

2. I know another man, we will call him Mr. B., who was also considered very clever. Though his knowledge was not fundamentally deep, it was broad, and he was well read. Also, he was an extreme radical. So r-r-radical was he, that in his eyes I was a conservative. He, for instance, stood for freedom of the press without any limitation whatever; and because I told him that I would draw the line at vulgar out-and-out pornography which had no other object than to make money by exciting the sex passions of the immature, he called me a Comstockian. Of course he was a cosmopolitan, an internationalist. He would not join the Socialist Party, because it was too conservative to suit him; too bourgeois, too opportunist.

This was a few years ago. To-day the extreme radical, the uncompromising internationalist, has become a howling jingo. Right and wrong have lost their meaning for him; his views on international relations, on the problems of peace and reconstruction, on the treatment of conscientious objectors and radicals in general, are on a par with those of the veriest street hoodlum and the actual or potential lyncher. It is not merely a matter of ideas; he is on a par with the hoodlum and the lyncher in his desire for and acquiescence in the most brutal treatment of dissenters, the most ferocious punishment of people who act according to the dictates of their own consciences.

He looks with disdain at and refuses to read the "Nation", the "Dial", the "New Republic"; even the "Public" is too radical for him; the "Evening Post" under its present management is not chauvinistic enough for him! He does not read the Hearst newspapers and he proclaims the fact to the world at large on a badge that he wears in his button-hole. The "Call" and the "Liberator" are anathema to him. The only newspapers he reads are the "Tribune" and the "Globe". Such is our ex-r-r-radical, Mr. B.

Now, which is the sadder case—that of Mr. A., or that of Mr. B.?

[1919.]

TWO STATEMENTS, AND THE MEN WHO
MADE THEM.

1 "This country is too damned free. The government is too liberal. If I had my way I would put all the socialists and anarchists under lock and key, or else I would kick them out and send them back to the countries where they came from. I'd make short work of them. I'd stop all immigration for ten years. . . . The trouble is that the President is a socialist or an anarchist himself."

2 "Ours is now the most autocratic country in the world. There is less freedom here than in any other civilized land. Our judges are the most narrow-minded of any, and the sentences they impose for trivial offences are damnably ferocious. The constitution is trampled upon daily. Our plutocracy is the most ruthless of any. No country has been so brutal in its treatment of conscientious objectors, and in its repression of radical and socialist publications, etc., etc. Our bureaucracy is becoming worse than Prussianized ; unless radical reforms are instituted at once, a revolution is sure to take place."

The natural guess would be that statement number one comes from an American plutocrat, from a Republican politician, or from the editor of a capitalistic newspaper ; whereas statement number two undoubtedly should have emanated from a wild-eyed, unshaven foreigner who had a hard struggle to make a living and did not understand or appreciate our institutions.

Now, let us see.

Statement number one was made by a Russian, an employee in a wholesale drug house, who gets twenty-five dollars a week, who has a wife and two children, and who has been ten years in this country. He cannot write a line of English correctly, and he speaks with a strong foreign accent. For instance, he talks of "sotzialists", and he stresses "anarchists" on the second syllable. Moreover, his statement met with the whole-hearted approval of an Italian barber who has been seven years in this country, who earns eighteen dollars a week, and who lives with his wife and four children (he

has been married six years) in three rooms for which he pays twenty dollars a month.

Statement number two was made by Ignotus Blank, an American whose ancestors have been in this country nearly one hundred and fifty years ; but, more interesting still, he is reputed to be worth two or three million dollars. His income is in excess of one hundred thousand dollars annually ; he declares as much in his income-tax return. He contributes lavishly to all advanced causes, attends meetings of socialist locals, and some even say that he can be seen at I.W.W. gatherings. Sincere ? As sincere a man as the world has ever seen. Yes, that statement was made by an American millionaire.

Which goes to show that poverty does not make a radical, nor wealth a plutocrat.

A poor devil, a wage-slave, a fellow who cannot call his soul his own, and who is kicked about from pillar to post, may have all the instincts, inclinations, tendencies, all the ideas and methods, of the most vicious representatives of the plutocracy and bureaucracy. The proletarian with a plutocratic soul is not an exception. In fact, the slum proletariat and the world's Black Hundreds make plutocracy's and bureaucracy's strongest allies.

A man may have been born and brought up in a plutocratic household, may have made or have been left great wealth, may even live on interest or the unearned increment, and yet his sympathies may be wholly with the poor and the downtrodden ; he may dedicate his entire life to fighting plutocracy and autocracy ; he may consecrate all his time, talents, and energy to the work of promoting the economic and spiritual liberation of the human race. The rich man with a humanitarian soul is no more of a rarity than the plutocratic-minded proletarian.

Don't judge by externals !

[1919.]

TEN PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

1. A strikingly handsome man. A really splendid face. Finely and delicately chiselled features. Reminds you of

the idealized portraits of Caesar or Napoleon. But his intellect is that of a cat. Quite incapable of thinking. Quite uneducated. Even the names of the modern writers and thinkers are unfamiliar to him. Yet he holds a high official position.

2. A thin ascetic face. The face of an earnest thinker. One would take him for a writer or a professor. He is neither. He is a judge. And he is a moral skunk. He seems to derive special pleasure from imposing ferocious sentences on defenceless or unpopular victims. His name will go down in history with that of Judge George Jeffreys of infamous memory.

3. A Shelley face. Fine, long, silky hair, and soft dreamy eyes. Surely a musician or a poet. No. Neither. Just a shop assistant. And a shop assistant he will remain. For that unfortunately is all he is fit for.

4. He enters my office timidly and awkwardly. He has come to consult me. You would take him to be about twenty-two, a shy, frail mother's darling who has committed an indiscretion. No, he is a British captain who has been gassed twice, wounded three times, and invalided home—to Canada—against his vigorous protests. He earned his V.C. for a very strenuous, very daring, and very cruel piece of work. To read of it you would think him a ferocious monster, but he is the soul of gentleness and self-sacrifice. What a medley of contradictions a human being is!

5. Here is another captain, a military attaché of one of the belligerent embassies at Washington. You would expect to find him a narrow-minded junker. Not a bit of it! As well versed in radical literature as you or I; a copy of the "Nation" in his pocket. He speaks of the "atrocities" as "bosh, manufactured for popular consumption".

6. Here is a man who weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. Has a square, pugnacious jaw. Surely he must be a hearty eater, bibulous, a heavy smoker, and quarrelsome? Wrong again! A very moderate eater, doesn't drink or smoke at all, and as to pugnacity, he is as timid as a child and as gentle as a young girl.

7. Another tremendous heavyweight, two hundred and sixty pounds this time. He is rather short, and is a full hundred pounds heavier than the proper weight for a man of

his stature. He does eat a lot, drinks still more, and smokes incessantly. You would think by looking at him that he must have great difficulty in moving about; he would give you the impression of a lazy, hibernating bear. You were never so wrong in your life. He is always on the go, is an omnivorous reader, dictates and writes for hours and hours at a time without a trace of fatigue, and can outdo any other literary worker I know

8. To look at, policeman A. is a physical delight. The very picture of health and strength—a combination of Hercules and Apollo. What the physical-culture journals call a perfect specimen of manhood. Yes, on the surface. But he is absolutely no good. And he never will be any good.

9. A buxom, plump, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, jolly young woman. For her height, her weight is just right. She is oozing health, life, and cheeriness. An ideal wife and mother, you would think. But she is as frigid as a 150-pound icicle, entirely devoid of sex feeling. That is why she has come to consult me.

10. She is undersized, flat-chested, dingy-complexioned, anaemic. Colourless; washed out; no life in her, apparently "Poor creature!" is one's first thought as one looks at her. Yes, but this poor creature is a raging volcano of sexual passion. That is what is killing her.

[1919.]

TWO MEN.

I.

Roland Schuyler Palmer always signs the three names in full, for you must not miss the "Schuyler". On both sides he is of good family—one of them the very finest in America. Not an alleged, but a genuine "Mayflower" family. His father is a gentleman, his mother is a gentlewoman in the real sense of the word, and nobody would doubt for one moment that Roland Schuyler Palmer is a gentleman. He imbibed all the essentials of good behaviour with his mother's milk.

From his infancy he was taught to be truthful and honour-

able, to abhor a lie like a pestilent disease, to have the utmost regard for punctuality and reliability, and to differentiate strictly between mine and thine. What was the result? The result of this careful upbringing was that Roland grew up an honourable, punctual, and trustworthy gentleman. He would no more think of telling a lie than he would of cheating at cards; and he would no more think of borrowing money without repaying, and repaying promptly on the promised day, than he would of picking one's pocket. It goes without saying that his manners are perfect, his linen spotless, and his clothes irreproachable. As he is a good sport, a pleasant raconteur, and fairly well read, he is a society favourite. In short, he is a perfect gentleman. Some refer to him as the "soul of honour".

But what does he do for a living? He is one of the managing editors of a metropolitan daily—one of the biggest and best dailies in the country. Though not yet thirty-five, his salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and it is said that before long it will be doubled. The paper is read not only by the rich and well-to-do, but also by the intelligent classes, for it is well edited and has a superior news service. But it is one of the most vicious, most reactionary, most anti-social papers in the country. It always stands for darkness against light, for plutocracy against labour, for cruelty against mercy, for might against right, for strife against universal brotherhood, for money against idealism. An idealistic movement is sure to be distorted and ridiculed, and any uncompromising idealist is sure to be crucified. In short, a typically vicious plutocratic newspaper. And Roland Schuyler Palmer is prominently identified with it. He is not ashamed of his connection. He is proud of it. For—let me emphasize the point—he is not an editorial prostitute like so many who write what they are hired to write, regardless of their convictions. No. Roland Palmer actually believes in the policy of the paper. He believes his paper is doing good.

If his eyes were suddenly opened and he saw things in the light we see them, he probably would not stay on the paper for twenty-four hours. For he is an honest man. That is part of the tragedy. He is an honest man, but with a mind so narrow, so perverted from childhood up, that he is incapable

of clear analytical thinking ; perhaps also reluctant to think. Few of us are big enough to be eager to embark upon a line of thinking which may shatter our most cherished beliefs and endanger our comfortable livelihood into the bargain. In his childhood he was taught everything by his high-principled father and his gentle mother—everything, except how to think. Venturesome thinking would have been discouraged. Hence the spectacle of an honest and honourable man working on anti-social lines, doing everything in his power to retard progress, to preserve the existing order, to keep humanity in darkness and in slavery. If Mr. Roland Palmer were not such an honest and honourable man, if he did tell a lie occasionally, if he swore now and then, if he drank to excess once in a while, even if he failed to pay his debts promptly ; nay, even if he cheated at cards and picked pockets for a living—if Mr. Palmer did all these things, his sins would be as light as gossamer in comparison with the sin of being connected with that vicious, lying, news-concealing, news-distorting and news-inventing, mud-slinging and poison-squirting metropolitan newspaper. But if we said as much to Mr. Palmer we should see before us a very puzzled, very indignant, and very scornful gentleman. He really would not understand. So what's the use ?

II.

Now let us take Frank Brownlee. At the first glance he might not be classed as a gentleman. His linen is far from immaculate—he always wears a soft collar—his clothes are seldom new and often shabby, and there is an air of slouchiness about him whether he sits or walks. (Only when he stands up to make a speech does his slouchiness disappear as if by magic.) His home environment was not very good. His father drank, now and then to excess ; his mother was a silent, sickly, hardworking drudge ; she died when he was ten years old. He is not very punctual in keeping appointments, and he cannot be called strictly reliable. Now and then, though not often, he drinks. He smokes to excess. You had better not lend him money, for it is no secret that he owes money to a number of people and is never likely to

pay his debts. I suppose if he got a windfall he would pay up—but meanwhile his indebtedness doesn't bother him. It seems to him too small a matter to worry about. He is pleasant company as a rule ; but he has his moods, and now and then he is boorish and inconsiderate. His table manners are not all that could be desired. Also, he is rather lazy ; he does not believe in working too hard. Nevertheless, whatever Frank Brownlee does is permeated with one purpose, saturated with one ideal : the economic and spiritual progress of mankind ; the truth—no-matter-where-it-may-lead-to ; and, particularly, the uplifting of the poor and downtrodden. He starved once for sixteen months, refusing to take a position on a plutocratic newspaper ; and he would rather cut his right hand off than write a page or a line expressing anything contrary to his convictions. He can write well (better than Roland Palmer), and he could get a comfortable berth with one of our newspapers ; but he would rather live from hand to mouth than hire himself out to the “ reptile press ”. He has brought trouble upon himself more than once by the frank utterance of his ideas, but he is perfectly willing to jeopardize his liberty for the privilege of preaching his gospel.

Such are the two men—Roland Schuyler Palmer, and Frank Brownlee.

Which do you prefer ?

[1919.]

TWO MEN SUFFERING FROM IMPOTENCE.

Number One. “ Unless I can get well again, the way I was before, life will mean nothing to me ; it will have no zest, no object, and no purpose, it will not be worth living. You must promise me that you will get me well. If not, I shall make an end of myself.” Those were the farewell words of a patient who had been with me for an hour and a half. He was fifty-six years old. And what was his terrible disease ? Nothing more than sexual impotence—entire loss of libido and complete impotentia coeundi. One would think that having reached this age after having lived an active

sexual life for about forty years, the man would adjust himself to his condition and leave well enough alone. But no : his distress was genuine ; and he said he would go to any trouble, any expense, to regain sexual potency. I promised to do the best I could for him.

Number Two. This patient is only forty-two years old. At the age of about thirty-six, *potentia coeundi* disappeared. The sexual appetite persisted for a while, but by the time he was forty this too had vanished. Was the man unhappy ? Not a bit of it. He was happier and more cheerful than ever before ; and he actually congratulated himself on his freedom from an annoying urge, on his complete independence of the female sex. He said : “ Now I can devote myself to my work, uninterrupted and undisturbed.”

How do you account for the difference ? Why did sexual impotence produce such diametrically opposite effects in those two individuals ? You will say : “ Number Two was single ”. Yes, but so was Number One. Number One never married, and he has no intention of marrying now. You will suggest that Number Two was an intellectual man, that he had work which absorbed his energies and engrossed his interests, whereas Number One must always have lived a sensual and selfish life. The difference between Number One and Number Two was the difference between altruism and egoism. Yes, that happens to be true in this instance. But if you were to draw a universal conclusion from the cases of Messrs. One and Two, you would be committing a grievous error. For there are very simple, very common and very ignorant men who regard the onset of impotence with indifference, whilst there are intellectual men with important work on their hands who look upon the onset of impotence as the greatest of catastrophes.

The real reason for the difference in the attitudes of the two gentlemen above referred to is that there is no reason ! Human beings are not machines, and the same causes do not produce the same effects. Of course, the same causes must produce the same effects if acting upon the same objects ; but human beings are so widely and multifariously different, that it is impossible to tell *apriori* how a certain thing will act on a certain man or woman. Practically speaking,

it is correct to say that every human being is a law unto himself.

[1921.]

TWO BOYS.

I watched this noon the boys coming out of school. What will they be? What role will they play in the life of the community?

Here is a fine, robust, red-cheeked boy; he is surrounded by other boys, talks loudly, punches one fellow in the ribs, and seems to be quite satisfied with things as they are. One can see that he is a lad who can take care of himself, and who will not permit anybody to tread on his corns.

Here is another boy. Pale-faced, frail, timid eyed, thoughtful, walks by himself. Evidently not popular with the crowd. I am not a prophet, and do not claim to be able to see into the future, yet I should be willing to wager that this boy will have a hard life and will be unhappy.

The first boy is the normal boy. He will go with the crowd. He may lead the crowd or follow it, but he will be of it. Perhaps he will be a captain of industry, a lawyer, a detective, or a politician; the "world-pain" will not bother him. I cannot imagine that he would sacrifice anything for his convictions. He did not make the world, and he is not responsible for its imperfections. That will be his philosophy.

Boy number two may grow up a great poet, a writer, a thinker, a scientist; he will be out of tune with the crowd. He may want to change the world, he will think it is his mission to reform and to elevate his fellow-men, and these unappreciative fellow-men may put him in jail and keep him there for a good long time.

Boy number one will be a good provider and will most likely make a much better husband and father than will boy number two. Boy number one will be a hot patriot, a one hundred per center, a "my country right or wrong" nationalist; will believe in war as a means of settling disputes, will be for a big army and navy, and for keeping the lower classes in their places. Boy number two will be an internationalist,

will engage in donquixotic work on behalf of peoples in distant lands, will attempt many impossible things ; or, if he be a genius, will perhaps make impossible things possible.

Of course, my forecasts may turn out completely wrong ; but such were my thoughts as I watched and followed the crowd of boys going home from school. The boy is the coming man, and if you possess some psychologic insight you can predict pretty accurately into what kind of a man a boy will grow up.

But it is a great responsibility to bring children into the world.

What kind of a boy should I like to have, number one or number two ? For the boy's sake and for my own selfish sake I should like him to be of the type of number one ; for humanity's sake—like number two. There is my truthful answer.

[1921.]

TWO HUSBANDS.

I knew two men who loved their wives dearly. The cynics and smart-setters notwithstanding, a wedding is not always the funeral of love, and the love of some men for their wives becomes stronger instead of weaker as the years go by. For reasons into which it is not necessary to enter here, the wives of those two men left them. Left them and wouldn't come back.

Husband number one went to pieces. He was as complete a nervous wreck as I ever saw. He could not sit still for one minute ; he ran about the room as if pursued ; he blubbered like a baby, tore his hair, and made in general a very unpleasant fool of himself. He had to give up his position, of course. He was unable to attend to any sort of job.

Husband number two suffered quite as much, I am convinced, as husband number one. The loss of his young, pretty, and healthy wife was a terrific blow to him. It staggered him. But he recovered his balance, and, whatever he suffered inside, nobody knew. He did not go to pieces ; on the contrary he worked harder than ever. As time passed,

he seemed to acquire a sort of peaceful contentment. I do not think he was happy ; but the poise he regained, as well as an increased self-respect that came to him, seemed to take the place of happiness.

Why this difference in the two husbands ? I cannot offer you any mathematical proof that husband number two loved his wife as intensely as husband number one, but you will have to take my word for it. So why this difference ? The answer is in one word : Work. Husband number two had work which he loved ; and so he plunged deeper and deeper into his work, sublimating all his love and all his pain into his creative interest. Husband number one had no work that he loved or that he was interested in. He just had a job, a job into which he could not sublimate his energies, let alone his love and pain. Therefore he collapsed.

How often have I urged people to acquire an interest in something, to get a hobby even, to have something which will aid them and support them in their hours of darkness and loneliness. We all must have some work that we love or that we are at least interested in ; and we must all learn to sublimate, to transmute our feelings—if occasion demands.

[1923.]

WHY DR. FRANCIS RESIGNED HIS INSTRUCTORSHIP.

We were returning from the Boston meeting of the American Medical Association. We went home by boat. It was a beautifully placid, starry June night. Neither of us felt any desire to turn in—we shared the same stateroom—and so we stayed on deck and talked and talked. I seldom failed to utilize an opportunity, whenever one presented itself, to make him talk about his past life, to illumine some points in his career which seemed obscure to me.

I asked him why he gave up his instructorship in the University, which would undoubtedly have led to a full professorship. As usual, whenever a question of such a nature was propounded to him, he was silent for some time, as if summarizing the reasons in his mind, before he answered.

“ I felt a stranger among them, an alien. I was treated

with the utmost politeness ; but the politeness was over-emphasized, and politeness is not cordiality. In my presence they treated me as a superior, but I felt that in my absence they referred to me as not being one of them, as not belonging to their circle. I felt the same way. I felt they did not belong to my circle, and I will confess that I did consider them inferior. Their interests were so circumscribed. Even in their specialties, the instructors and the professors were, with one or two exceptions, mediocre. Their knowledge was mechanical. Outside of their specialties, they were ignoramuses. Things are somewhat different now, but at that time no one expected a physician to be acquainted with literature, art, psychology, or economics. I once referred to one of Tolstoy's books in the presence of two instructors and one professor, and not only was the book unknown to any of them ; the very name of Tolstoy was unfamiliar to them. They were equally unfamiliar with the names of Dostoevsky, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. Still, on the whole they were nice, inoffensive fellows. With the exception of the Dean. He was a doctor of divinity and a very militant Christian. He fought, however, not so much to reclaim souls for Jesus as to gather dollars for the University. My freethinking, agnostic views, of which in some manner he became aware, though I never expressed them publicly, were very distasteful to him. I seldom had occasion to see him, but when we did meet he greeted me with cold politeness, and he looked at me through his thick lenses sternly, as if he wanted to say : Repent, sinner ! He was extremely antipathetic to me, and, no doubt, so was I to him. Still we did not have much to do with each other, and as my work was satisfactory, he let me alone. It was not the milieu of my colleagues that made me resign ; it was the students.

“ Rightly or wrongly I have a definite idea of what a student should be, how he should behave. Perhaps my idea is too exalted for this country. But it seems to me that a student should be one who studies, and not one who loafes and drinks and fights and hazes. Athletics is all right, provided it occupies a subordinate, a very subordinate place.

“ My innermost belief is that we could get along without

athletics altogether, but there is no objection to it, provided it is indulged in moderately, with the distinct understanding that it is practised for the purpose of maintaining and improving one's health. Once it becomes a competitive affair, it is not only worthless, but distinctly injurious. Injurious intellectually, morally, and physically. Athletics as practised in our colleges, far from improving the body, now and then injures the body permanently. I have seen many cases of athletic heart. A game like football not only results often in physical injury—in broken bones, etc., but it is brutalizing in the extreme, giving scope to latent cruel tendencies. But what made my blood boil was, of course, hazing. The lowest dregs of the underworld could not be more brutal in their treatment of one another than were some students in the treatment of other students of lower classes. One student died of his injuries very soon, and, knowing the brutal sadistic character of one of the participants, I believe now, as I believed then, that it was a case of deliberate murder. The parents did not demand an investigation, for they shunned publicity. The matter was hushed up.

“There are many such cases in our colleges. Once, when I saw a crowd of students annoying two freshmen, I told them that they were behaving like common rowdies, and that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They laughed derisively, and this angered me so much that I said they were a disgrace to a learned institution. The young men complained to the Dean that I had insulted them, and demanded an apology. Of course, I refused to withdraw what I had said. After that, my relations with the students became more strained, and at the end of the year I resigned.

“I think I should have resigned in any case. I wanted more time for social work and for research; the atmosphere of the college was not conducive to either. My connection with the institution had lasted for one college year. I never tried to associate myself with another college. They all have the same atmosphere.”

[1924.]

VARYING REACTIONS TO THE SAME OCCURRENCE.

Is barrenness a misfortune? Most people think so. But let us see how the persons chiefly concerned, barren women, react towards their sterility.

Mrs. A. has been married ten years, and has never given birth to a child. She is almost insane upon the subject. Day and night, she can think of nothing else. She runs from physician to physician, squandering her husband's scanty earnings upon treatment which all her honest advisers tell her is useless. Tearfully she continues her pilgrimage. She even scraped together enough money to cross the Atlantic, in order to consult a French doctor with a worldwide reputation for the treatment of such cases. When a doctor told her that even if she became pregnant she would almost certainly lose her life in giving birth to the child, she answered eagerly and what seemed perfect sincerity that she would not mind dying if she could only give birth to a living child. Mrs. A. is certainly an unhappy woman, the very personification of unhappiness and misery.

Mrs. B. also suffers intensely because of her childlessness, but she takes the matter more calmly; it has not demoralized her for every sort of activity as it had Mrs. A. When, after nine years of married life, she became convinced that she could never have a child from her present husband, she divorced him—though she claimed she loved him very much—and married another man.

Mrs. C. has resigned herself to her childlessness, is trying to make the best of things, and is her husband's best pal; to keep herself occupied she started a little business of her own and has become deeply interested in literature and in social work.

Mrs. D. is childless, was told that she would forever remain childless—and she feels jubilant over the fact. She says that if she could she probably would not mind having one child, but as she can't, why, so much the better. No trouble, no worry, no fear of childbirth agonies, no sleepless nights, and she can attend to her work and her pleasures without interruption or hindrance

Mrs. E. represents a still different type. She used preventives persistently from the very beginning, and when she was "caught", she nearly lost her life in her attempts to free herself of the incumbrance. A physician finally had to complete the job. She succeeded, after considerable effort, in finding a surgeon who agreed to perform an operation which made it impossible for her to conceive. When the dangers of the abortion and of the subsequent surgical operation were pointed out to her, she said emphatically that she would rather die than be a mother.

Here we see a woman who is the complete antithesis of Mrs. A. Mrs. A. was willing to die to give birth to a child; Mrs. E. was willing to risk her life not to have a child; and we have numerous gradations between the two cases. We therefore cannot say that childlessness is a catastrophe, without any qualifications. It depends. It depends on the childless. It depends how the childlessness is taken.

[1924.]

JEALOUSY AND ITS ABSENCE.

1. The union was not a harmonious one. For many months, Mr. and Mrs. Z. had ceased to live together as man and wife. After a time, Z. began to amuse himself with women of the town—furtively, at first, and then without concealment. His wife, outraged by the scandal, left him. Z. was pleased at this increase of freedom. But when he discovered later that Mrs. Z. had formed an illicit relationship on her own account, his jealousy was aroused and his anger became intense. He fumed and thundered, and wanted his wife to come back home; but she was adamant in her refusal. Ere long, she went to live openly with her friend. The husband began to drink heavily, and very soon he died. It was currently reported that he died of an overdose of chloral which he took deliberately, not being able to endure the pangs of jealousy.

2. Mr. X. was one of the quietest, peace fullest, gentlest, most unassuming men you ever met. He had been married six years and during the entire period he had never said a

hasty word to his wife. He anticipated all her wishes. He had no illusions on her score—but he loved her. She respected him, but her love for him gradually evaporated, though she tried to conceal the fact.

One day a visitor was announced at his office. The stranger insisted on seeing Mr. X. personally as he had something of extreme importance to communicate. When the man was admitted, he told Mr. X. that he was a private detective, and the important news he had to impart was the accidental discovery that Mrs. X. had been unfaithful. Legal evidence of infidelity would be easy to secure. X. could get a divorce as soon as he pleased. The husband cut the visitor's story short. "Clear out," he said, "and never dare to show your face here again."

X. remained at his desk, engrossed in thought. "What a rascal," he said to himself. "But he told me nothing new. I have known it for over two years."

X. continued to live with Mrs. X., and not once did he show by any sign that he knew or suspected her of infidelity.

Why this difference in the effect of their wives' infidelity on the two men? Was it because Mr. Z. really loved Mrs. Z., while Mr. X. did not love Mrs. X? That explanation will not hold water. Don't you know yet that jealousy has little to do with love? The fact of the matter is that Z. did not love his wife. Before departing this life, he distributed all he possessed in such a manner that Mrs. Z. could not get one dollar. Mr. X., on the other hand, made over half his worldly possessions to his wife—doing so after he had learned of her unfaithfulness. She was his legatee for the bulk of what he retained in his own hands.

My explanation is that X. was a civilized man, whereas Z. was a savage. At present, savages are commoner than civilized men. Some day it may be otherwise.

[1925.]

IX
MISCELLANY

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

No introduction is needed to an olla podrida. You browse at will !

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR WORRY.

There are not many points in medicine, especially in therapeutics, on which there is absolute unanimity. Methods of treatment considered life-saving by some, are emphatically decried as harmful by others. The effects of alcohol are not yet definitely determined, the statements of the teetotallers to the contrary notwithstanding. The same is true of tobacco : it is agreed that the weed is unnecessary, and that on the whole we should be better off without it ; but many physicians believe that in moderation it is not injurious, and may even be useful. There is one point, however, on which all schools, all hygienists, all careful observers, are in agreement. That is : the pernicious influence of worry. It is equally disastrous to mind and body. There is no other factor that has so ruinous an effect on health, that will generate, directly or indirectly, so much disease, will wrinkle our faces and whiten our hair so quickly ; will, in short, put nails in our coffins so effectually. Fortunately, we know now that worry is nothing but a habit of the mind ; a habit that can be positively overcome with a little effort, a little resolution. While I have not much use for the twaddle of the Don't Worry Clubs, still they are doing some good.

I will give you my own recipe. It is infallible ; I know it is, because I have tried it myself. I am naturally of a worrying disposition, but I have overcome the tendency almost entirely. The remedy does not consist in mumbling a formula, such as : " There is nothing to worry about ! There is nothing to worry about ! " This is insincere ; it isn't true. There is a good deal to worry about, but there is a means to overcome worry, and it consists merely in this : think earnestly and seriously, and remember that worrying does not help you out of your difficulties. If you are in a predicament, if you are face to face with trouble, then you need a clear head ; if you are to extricate yourself from a harassing position,

your brain must be free, must be competent to consider all the circumstances of the case. But worry dulls the thinking faculties, paralyzes the will, and often makes you do things which are just the opposite of what you should do. Further, bear in mind that life is exceedingly short, that we live but once; and remember how trifling, how ridiculously small and insignificant, all those things over which you worry now will appear to you when you are on your deathbed. How foolish those things will seem to you! The monks of old used to have the sign "Memento mori" in front of them. I had it in my office for several years, but I don't need it now. I always remember it. Try the method a few times. After a while you will go through the above process of reasoning unconsciously, in a fraction of a second; and you will succeed in conquering that disagreeable little demon, worry, whenever it makes its appearance. You will be a happier and healthier man—or woman—in consequence.

[1904.]

MATERNAL IMPRESSIONS.

Do impressions upon a pregnant woman influence the foetus? Are such impressions a cause of birthmarks, deformities, abnormal character traits, etc? The supporters and the opponents of the belief in the efficacy of maternal impressions have waged war from time immemorial, and we are no nearer the solution of the problem than we were a century ago. The sceptics say that the belief is based on old wives' fables, and that there are no well-authenticated cases to justify the view that deformities (for instance) can be produced in this way. As Cook writes: "Examined by cold logic in the early morning, when the mind is free from 'cobwebs', keeping in view the laws of symmetrical development which cannot be warped by the desires or emotions of a susceptible mother, the belief does not appear to have any foundation in reason or fact."

The argument of the opponents of the maternal-impression theory is in the main as follows: There is no direct vascular connection between mother and foetus; the villi of the foetal

vessels dip down into the placental sinuses supplied with blood from the uterine vessels, and the foetus gets its nourishment by a process of osmosis. Nor is there any nervous connections between mother and foetus. The umbilical cord consists of blood-vessels and connective tissue ; it contains no nerves. How, then, can bodily or mental impressions upon the mother possibly affect the foetus ? Even if there were a direct vascular and nervous connection between mother and embryo, how could this account for a localized influence upon the foetus ? How could it account for the production of a naevus, a club-foot, a harelip, and the like ?

The believers in maternal impressions reply that, whether theoretically possible or impossible, whether susceptible of an explanation or not, the influence of maternal impressions is a fact, to which we must accommodate our theories willy-nilly. They adduce such instances as the following. A man chopping wood cut off his great toe in the presence of his employer's wife, who was pregnant, and the child was born with one great toe missing. Another pregnant woman was horrified by seeing a pitchfork run into the hand of one of her children. Her next child was born with the right hand entirely missing. Another pregnant woman had an ear-ring forcibly torn out through the lobe of her ear ; her child was born with a similar slit in the lobe of the ear. A woman trod on a dead animal and was frightened by seeing its eyes pop out. Her child was born with very prominent eyes. Another woman, in the beginning of her first pregnancy, sat down at a table opposite three sisters, each one of whom had harelip. She was horrified, and had to leave the table. At the normal term she was delivered of a child that had double harelip. To ascribe all such occurrences to coincidence would be absurd, say the believers. The sceptics, however, are not dismayed. In the harelip case, for instance, they argue as follows. Thousands of children are born with harelips when the mothers have never seen a harelip ; by what influence was the harelip produced in such cases ? On the other hand, many cases are on record where pregnant women have seen persons suffering from harelip and have feared lest their children should be similarly affected. Nevertheless the children have been normal.

So the matter stands. One side refuses to admit the possibility of the influence of maternal impressions until a rational scientific explanation of the *modus operandi* can be given; the other side answers that there are more things than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and insists that facts count for more than theories.

[1904.]

OUR SIMIAN PROGENITORS.

I could never understand why the idea that we are descended from an ape—a superior type of ape, mind you—should be so objectionable, or even repulsive, to many excellent people. Suppose our ancestors in the far-far-away past did have hairy tails (and may the ladies pardon us for stating that the tail of our female ancestor was longer than that of the male), what of it? What is there to be ashamed of? On the contrary, if we consider the distance that separates us from our ancestors, if we contemplate the tremendous progress made, we should feel proud of our accomplishments, and what is still better, we should look forward with boundless hope to the future. One hundred thousand years ago, or half a million years ago (we don't know just how long, but it was certainly a good while back!), naked, hairy apes living in the woods like our surviving cousins the gorillas and chimpanzees; and now—Kant, Spinoza, Newton, Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel, Shakespeare, Goethe, Heine, Hugo, Emerson, Lincoln, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Mozart, Beethoven, etc., etc. (not to count Kaiser Wilhelm, Richard Croker, Chauncey Mitchell Depew, and the only Teddy). It is the beginning that is the hardest in all undertakings, and if we have progressed so wonderfully in the past, what will the future bring us? What type of man shall we have in ten or fifty thousand years? Far from abhorring the idea of our descent from monkeys, this idea should cheer us, encourage us, and prevent us from becoming pessimistic. People are mean, ignorant, stupid? Perhaps so, but think of their ancestors. Men have improved, haven't they? Well, they'll improve still more.

[1905.]

THE UNITED STATES IN 1906.

One of the world's greatest writers, a genius, a man who has reached his position by virtue of his inherent powers in spite of all obstacles, a sincere, beautiful, noble and lovely nature, a man who could live the rest of his days in ease and comfort, but prefers to risk his health, his life, his everything, in order to free his countrymen from a murderous tyranny—such is Maxim Gorky. Because he separated from his first wife and married another woman without the sanction of the ignorant Russian Synod, our “society” has ostracized him, has turned away from him as if he had been guilty of the most dishonourable acts. But let a Russian grand duke come over here, let that man be known to be guilty of the most heinous vices and crimes, let him be known to keep a regular hareem in St. Petersburg, let him get drunk every night of his life, let his hands be red with the blood of innocent men, women, and children, let all these facts be common knowledge—and our “society” will fall over itself to do that wretch honour and will make his stay here one gay round of pleasure and festivities; and our President will invite him to the White House.

He who knows something about the Sultan of Turkey or the Shah of Persia knows that only after a very long search in the lowest Bowery dives could we find two persons so low, so debauched, so ignorant, so superstitious, so cowardly, so utterly brute-like in their tastes and mode of living. But, let either of those worthies come to this country—and what a fuss we should make! Not merely the yellow papers, but even the papers that give us “only the news that's fit to print”, would devote their front pages to the chronicling, with the utmost detail, of the exploits of those most depraved specimens of the human race.

You know that the picture is true. Such are the Russian grand dukes, the Sultan, and the Shah; and that is how they would be welcomed in the United States. This being true, the question, “Are we as civilized a nation as we think we are?” is legitimate. The answer to the question I will leave to the good sense of my readers.

[1906.]

SHALL ENGLISH BE "MADE IN GERMANY" ?

This is the title of an editorial in an esteemed contemporary, the "American Journal of Insanity". The writer argues earnestly against the adoption of foreign words into our language. He deplors the tendency to germanize—or gallicize—our medical terminology. He pleads for the purity of Anglo-Saxon. Just two pages later there is an interesting letter from France on *Les Fugues*, and in the footnote the translator states that "no attempt had been made to translate the word 'fugue' because no precise English equivalent exists in a single word". Which goes to show—no, we needn't finish the sentence.

Yes, friends, every language contains some words which express certain meanings, certain shades of thought, better than any other word in any other language does. We should have no hesitation in using such words whenever the occasion seems to demand it; and if the occasion is a frequent one, the best thing to do is to adopt such words into our language, giving them full rights of citizenship. It is my impression that all the talk of the "purity of our language"—be the language English, French, German, or Japanese—has its source in a species of chauvinism, a kind of know-nothingness. It usually emanates from people who have great difficulty in acquiring a foreign language. We cannot imagine a man who has command of two or three foreign languages objecting to the occasional use of a foreign word. Doesn't it add variety, a sort of piquancy? And if it expresses the thought better than an English word, why object?

It is time we understood that language is merely the instrument of thought. And whatever instrument will do the work to the greatest satisfaction, is the instrument we should use, regardless whether it is of domestic make or foreign importation.

[1910.]

OVER-ELABORATION OF STYLE.

Speaking of language, I cannot help saying a word about too correct, too grammatical, too finely-turned sentences. I

don't like them. There is too much artificiality about them. (I am speaking now of ordinary prose, and not of poems or prose-poems, where style means, if not everything, at least very much.) You can recognize that there is no spontaneity in such writing, that the author laboured hard to bring it forth. An article written in such sentences reminds me of a woman tightly laced, painted, powdered, and marcelled. I don't like such women. I like the natural kind better, even if the cheek does show some freckles and a tuft of hair does stick out rebelliously.

A person, it seems to me, should write as he talks. When I sit down to write or to dictate an editorial or article, I do not sit and think and hunt for words, but I write or dictate as if I were talking to a friend. Such writing is always more convincing, always carries the message home more surely, than the painfully laboured productions of our purists.

We know a medical editor who can and does write better, that is to say, more polished, English than any other editor in this country. But for all their being polished and grammatically unimpeachable, his editorials are tiresome, do not carry conviction, and are not read. The polish takes every bit of conviction out of them.

Be natural, remembering that language was made for man and not man for language.

[1910.]

TELEPATHY.

By many good and intellectual people, even people who are used to do their own thinking and who are freethinkers in religion, telepathy is accepted as something scientifically established, something definitely proved and requiring no further argument.

It is nothing of the kind. There is not a scintilla of scientific proof that any person's thoughts can be transmitted to any other person at a distance, or can influence any other person's thoughts or actions. If you examine the "proofs" of the existence of telepathy, you will find them flimsy and unworthy of attention. They will not bear examination.

A wants to call up B on the 'phone. Is very anxious to talk to him. As he is about to call him up, the telephone bell rings and A finds that B has called him up. Wonderful ! Great are the powers of telepathy. A can bring a dozen such instances. Now, what is there surprising in the fact, that, when A and B have business together, B should occasionally call up A when A was on the point of calling up B ? I asked A carefully to note all those instances where he was anxious to call up some person on the 'phone, sent all his thoughts in that direction and there was no response and he finally had to make the first move. After six months' careful notation A had to admit that the instances in which telepathy did not work were at least a hundred to one to the cases in which telepathy seemed to work. And so with every case which you will investigate.

Telepathy is humbug, pure and simple ; the idea that it occurs, is a product of immature or slightly softened brains. The doctrine must not pass unchallenged, for errors should not be left alone in the hope that they will ultimately die a natural death. The hope is vain, for errors are extremely tenacious of life. When frequently repeated by a large number of people, they come to be accepted as truths, even by persons who are used to analytical reasoning.

What is true of telepathy is also true of clairvoyance, "intuition", presentiments, etc., etc. They are the products of infantile minds, the beliefs of people without a solid scientific education, of people who have never grasped the working of cause and effect.

Avoid mysticism : it is worse than the cholera !

[1910.]

LITTLE LANGUAGES.

On my recent visit to Belgium I watched with interest a movement, which is unfortunately gaining strength, but which ought to be discouraged by every progressive thinker, by every one who detests chauvinism, no matter under what form it may make its appearance. I refer to the "Flemish" movement, a movement which has for its purpose the spread of the Flemish language, in order that Flemish may become

the supreme language of the country, replacing French. I wish I had the power to knock this movement—and its narrow-minded promoters—on the head. A man who wishes to replace the beautiful French language with its magnificent literature by a crude, coarse language which has no literature to speak of, is an enemy of progress. This kind of “patriotism” is the worst and most contemptible kind of chauvinism. What I say about the Flemish movement applies with equal force to several such movements which are making their appearance in different countries. For instance, there is the Provençal movement, the Gaelic movement, the Yiddish movement. All such movements are in the line of retrogression, and are very often initiated and engineered by selfish people for selfish purposes. Men who could never win for themselves a place in world literature, attain distinction, or fancy themselves distinguished, in obscure jargons which cannot possibly figure on the world stage. Among savage Hottentots anybody could be a great writer.

All such movements are retrogressive movements, and their promoters are enemies of progress. I am strongly in favour of autonomy for little peoples; but when it comes to languages, I am sure that the fewer there are the better. We have enough great languages with great literatures. It is a crime to encourage the spread of jargons, patois, or corrupt idioms which possess no literature at all. The Yiddish patriots in America, for instance, would render the Jewish race a much greater service if, instead of encouraging the use of the corrupt German jargon called Yiddish, they urged upon Yiddish speakers the study of high German. It could be acquired with very little effort, and, when the effort had been successful, the reward would be the knowledge of a splendid language with a splendid literature.

It is a hard thing to fight selfishness and narrow-mindedness. But I do not despair. I am sure that the time will come when all patois, jargons, and idioms will be dead, when all people will be cultured, and when they will all be able to speak a common language, though five or six languages may survive. To help forward the unification of mankind, we need a diminution, not a multiplication of languages. He who works for the latter is an enemy of mankind.

That is why I say: Down with the Flemish, Gaelic Provençal, Yiddish, Little Russian, and similar foolish movements. I should even like to see the Dutch language disappear and German take its place. The Hollanders would be better off. Although I hate the brutality and despotism of the Russian Government, one of its high-handed proceedings has never aroused my indignation, and that is, its tyrannical determination to make Russian the only language of the Russian Empire. Thereby the magnificent literature of Russia is thrown open to all who live within the Russian borders, and this cannot but contribute to the welfare of mankind.

[1911.]

“EVERYBODY IS ENTITLED TO HIS OPINION.”

The world is full of silly sayings, of false adages, of hoary half-truths, which pass for gospel truths, for self-evident axioms. The statement about everybody being entitled to his opinion belongs to this category. If you mean to say by it, that nobody should be punished or ostracized for his opinions, then of course we agree with you. Everybody should hold any opinion he wishes, and he should be free to express them too. But if you mean to imply that everybody has the same “moral” right to hold opinions on any subject, and that everybody’s opinions are to be treated with equal respect and consideration, then we say decidedly, No! What right has an ignorant man to hold an opinion as to how to build a bridge across the East River or how to construct a tunnel? What right has an ignorant man to have any opinions on chemistry, physics, mathematics, or astronomy? What right has a man who has not given years of study to the subject, to hold any opinion as to how to treat the sick? People have a right to hold opinions on purely abstract problems, which merely require abstract reasoning and contemplation; but uninstructed persons have no right to have opinions on subjects concerning which opinion must be based upon the study of facts, and upon observation and experiment—study which may have to be continued for many years.

Everybody has a right to his opinion on religion, on God,

on immortality, on the purposes of life, on ethical conceptions, on the proper conduct towards his fellow-men, etc. But not everybody has the right to have an opinion about the natural sciences, about medicine, nor even about political economy.

Democracy has done this damage; it has inculcated false ideas, making people believe that everybody is as good as everybody else, and that one man's opinion is as good as another's. This is not true, and the sooner the falsity of it is perceived the better. You must have undergone the proper preparation, must have established the proper foundation, before you have a right to an opinion—on certain subjects at least.

In short, everybody is not entitled to his opinion !

[1911.]

THE FETICH OF NATURE.

“ Nature, so far as we can discern without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and retransforms for ever. She neither weeps nor rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful.”—INGERSOLL.

There was a time when most people believed in a beneficent God who did everything for the benefit and the pleasure of man. Trust Him, they said, and nothing bad can happen to you, nothing can go wrong. There are many people who have given up the belief in a personal beneficent God, but in its place they have substituted the myth, the fetich, of a beneficent nature. And they harp on that string from morning to night, from night to morning. Trust Mother Nature, follow the suggestions of beneficent nature, and everything will be all right, they tell you. Our friends the quacks, the physical culturists, naturopaths, etc., are fervent devotees of “ Nature ”.

Now, as a matter of fact, nature is not beneficent. Nature is neither benign nor malign. It is neither kind nor cruel. It simply doesn't care a rap for you. To nature, the minutest, and in our opinion the most malicious, most malignant germ, is of just as much importance as you are, no matter how large you may loom in your own or in other people's estimation. When streptococci, pneumococci, gonococci, when the bacilli

of tetanus, tuberculosis, diphtheria, or typhoid, invade your organism, it is simply a fight to a finish between you and the germs. Nature is utterly indifferent as to the upshot of the struggle. When the pneumococcus invades your lungs and lights up an attack of pneumonia, then it is a question of the number of cocci and their particular virulence on the one hand, and your vitality and the treatment you receive on the other hand, as to whether you win through. But whether you die or get the better of the pneumococcus, nature is supremely indifferent. In fact, she is unwitting.

Terrible as the thought may seem to us, it must be emphasized that nature, or what some people are pleased to call Nature (with a capital N) as if nature were endowed with personality, looks with equal indifference, or with equal favour if you wish, at the minutest little germ and at Shakespeare, Darwin, Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, etc.

A tiny germ, the tubercle bacillus, has carried off some of the greatest and noblest men and women in the world, and "beneficent" nature did not care a rap. Just break your leg and permit nature to heal it without previously having it set properly by a surgeon. Yes, nature will heal it, she will throw out the callus which will unite the two fragments of bone, but she will heal your leg crooked, for nature is blind and doesn't care. If the surgeon interferes with nature, straightens the limb, splints it, and keeps up extension when he thinks it desirable, you will have a far more useful limb than if you leave the consolidation to the tender mercies of Dame Nature!

Examples could be given without number. But what's the use? I merely wish to emphasize that it is silly for apparently freethinking and intelligent persons to speak of nature as if it were some omniscient, supremely intelligent being, and not a concatenation of blind forces, as apt for destruction as for construction.

Reason is superior to nature in many instances. In many instances, nature must be guided. In many instances, we must resist nature, must fight her tooth and nail, if we want to save ourselves or to save our patients from annihilation.

Remember this, Messrs. Naturopaths and Physical Culturists !

[1911.]

“ UN-AMERICAN.”

This is a phrase dear to a good many dear people. Not only the jingoes and chauvinists, but many otherwise estimable people, when unable to find a valid argument, will reply that they oppose a certain thing or theory, because it is Un-American. To use the word Un-American as an opprobrious term conveys the implication that everything American is unqualifiedly good, noble, and right. Such a conception will be entertained only by the most confirmed chauvinists, and no man claiming to be a rational thinker should be guilty of the absurdity. Never mind whether a thing is American or Un-American. The question should be: Is it right, is it rational, is it sane, is it true?

Aside from the fact, that in my opinion no moral or ethical issue can be American or Un-American, any more than a mathematical problem can be American or Un-American, let us bear in mind that the jingoes, reactionaries, and obscurantists of every nation, always make use of the term Un-National in their opposition to the progressive elements. When the French radicals propose a measure, the royalists and puppies of the Boni Castellane type, cry: Un-French. The same in England. The same in Germany. In China, the proposal of the progressives to cut the queues is violently opposed on the ground that it is Un-Chinese. In Russia, the murderous scoundrels who call themselves the “ Black Hundreds ” and who wantonly maim and kill innocent men, women, and children, oppose every progressive movement, every liberal suggestion, on the ground that it is Un-Russian.

Let us hope that in the future our friends will leave the word “ Un-American ” to the confirmed jingoes. They need it, for they have not the brains to formulate a real argument.

When we advocate the medical supervision of prostitution, may we not hope that those who differ from us will find a better use for their breath than to vilify us as Un-American?

When we say that complete sexual abstinence is injurious, are the arguments we adduce in support of this contention to be countered only by the cry that our assertion is Un-American?

That is no argument at all!

[1911.]

A PLEA FOR A LITTLE INTOLERANCE.

Because I occasionally attack frauds and humbugs in language more vigorous than elegant, I am accused of intolerance.

When, some ten years ago, I attacked the cancer and tuberculosis quacks as harpies who were robbing the people and preying upon ignorance and gullibility, I was accused of intolerance. When I showed the absurdity and inanity of the Christian Science, New Thought, and Absent Treatment movements, I was accused of intolerance. When I exposed numerous patent medicines, showing their fraudulent, worthless, and injurious character, I was accused of intolerance. When I exposed the real *raison d'être* of certain so-called medical journals which were printing paid write-ups of various patent medicines in the guise of original articles, I was accused of intolerance. When I attacked charlatanism or paranoia in literature and art, I was again accused of intolerance.

Well, if intolerance means impatience with anything for which I can find no rational excuse or explanation, and which my reason tells me (my reason may be a very poor one but it is the only criterion I can be guided by) to be the result of either an unquenchable desire for notoriety, or a desire to make money, or an abnormal brain, then I am intolerant—and it would be a very good thing for this world if many more people were intolerant of what they consider fraud, humbug, dishonesty, or insanity. And I will say that the fear of having a definite opinion on certain subjects, of being afraid to declare one's opinion, "because perhaps I am wrong and the other fellow is right", is a sign of a weak mind. We can never be sure whether we are right or wrong (except in purely scientific investigations, capable of experimental demonstration); but if we believe we are right and the other man is wrong we should say so without hesitation. George Bernard Shaw well said that "the way to get at the merits of a case is not to listen to the fool who imagines himself impartial, but to get it argued with reckless bias for and against."

A little intolerance—towards fraud, humbug, and char-

latanism—is a very good thing, and should be cultivated by some of our mushy friends.

[1915.]

THE SMOKING OUTRAGE.

If I were a benevolent despot, the first thing I should forbid would be smoking in confined public places. Should I, in acting thus, go against my libertarian principles? Should I be infringing anybody's rights? Not at all. I should only be protecting the rights of others.

If a man wants to smoke in private or in the street, he may smoke all he wants, he may smoke his lungs and his heart out, and nobody has a right to interfere with him. But when he smokes at a meeting or at a dinner, in a closed room where there is no ventilation, then he infringes upon other people's liberty and interferes with the comfort and the health of others. He vitiates the atmosphere, forcing others to inhale the drug to which he has an addiction, and poisoning them because they have not acquired his tolerance to nicotine. This is distinctly a violation of other people's rights; and preventing anybody from infringing upon other people's rights is not contrary to libertarian principles.

I would also say, in passing, that a man who is such a slave to the cigar or cigarette that he cannot abstain for two or three hours from smoking, shows that he is a weakling, that he is a habitué, just as much as the opium or cocaine victim is, and that he should be ashamed of himself to exhibit his weakness, his narcotic habituation, in public.

[1918.]

MAXIMS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

I believe that cruelty is due, not so much to wickedness, as to stupidity; that the stupidity is due to ignorance; that the ignorance is deliberately fostered by the plutocracy by means of the bureaucracy, the church, and, above all, the newspapers.

The State was created for the individual, not the individual for the State.

At the present date, newspapers are mankind's greatest curse ; freedom's greatest menace ; the greatest obstacle in the path of human happiness, love, and brotherhood.

" My country right or wrong " is a vicious and immoral maxim responsible for much misery and for numerous rascalities and atrocities.

I believe that the experiment in Russia is the most wonderful experiment that the world has ever attempted.

If the revolution in Russia is crushed by Russian reactionaries aided by foreign bayonets, the world will never know whether bolshevism is humanity's greatest step forward and its ultimate salvation, or an unworkable chimera.

I believe that history will sanctify the bolshevist leaders in Russia as the world's greatest idealists inspired by the highest love for humanity. It will record that their recourse to force was a measure of pure self-defence necessitated by Russia's enemies, the Black Hundreds and other reactionaries, who wanted to crush the revolution and bring Tsarism back into that unhappy country.

The extremists in any radical and humanitarian movement sometimes injure it more than the avowed enemies of that movement.

The preaching of violence and the forcible overthrow of the government in a country which has democratic machinery such as universal suffrage, is unwise, injurious, and criminal.

What is right for one country is not necessarily right for another.

I believe that the worst Red Terror the world ever witnessed pales into insignificance when compared with the White Terror, or what I prefer to call the Black Terror, of the same period. This is true of the French Revolution ; it is true of present-day Finland and Russia. . . .

Whether because they are too many or because they come at an inopportune moment or for any other reason, undesired children are one of humanity's greatest curses. They are a source of unhappiness to themselves, to their parents, and to the whole human race.

Rational birth control (by the prevention of conception, not by abortion) is one of the most important measures for the salvation of mankind.

No single measure would so positively and so immediately contribute towards the happiness and the progress of the human race as teaching the people the proper means of preventing conception.

I believe in myself, in my sincerity, in my honesty and truthfulness, in my absolute lack of any conscious bias. I speak the truth as I see it, regardless of consequences.

My guiding motto throughout life has been : The happiness, and the moral, spiritual, and physical welfare of the human race.

We need a radical change ; political, industrial, social, religious, moral. We need a change in the relations of individuals one to another, a change in the relations of one nation to another.

We need more love, more light, more kindness, more intelligence, more understanding, more forgiveness.

[“ A Voice in the Wilderness,” July 1919.]

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING ! . . .

A friend has been telling me that flowers, ferns, and mosses do not speak to me so loudly as they do to him. They don't ! The reason is that the voices of millions of human beings speak so much louder that they make the voices of the flowers inaudible. When the world is filled with the cries, sobs, moans, and groans of suffering and agonized humanity, I have no time or inclination to listen to the whisperings of

flowers and trees and to the babble of brooks. Go into ecstasies over a violet or a morning glory if you will, but do not forget that not all human beings have even enough bread.

The mention of bread turned my mind to "bread and water" and the horror of the subterranean "solitaries" in which fellow mortals lie in agony on the cold, damp floors, shut off from daylight, alone with their terrible thoughts. . . .

Oh, bother the flowers! I have just heard the wail of a baby dying of starvation. . . .

[*"A Voice in the Wilderness,"* August 1919.]

LEADERS AND MASSES.

I wish I could knock on the head and crush to earth—but crush so that it could never rise again—the stupid idea that it is the masses that do things, that the leaders do only what the masses want them to do. In other words, that it is the masses who make history, the leaders being merely figureheads of no significance and no importance. It is hard to kill stupid ideas, but I go on trying.

Is there anybody with a modicum of brains who doubts for one moment that if Wilson had been a strong and honest man, he would really have been able to keep us out of the war? A tremendous shock to us Americans, and one made the most of by the Northcliffe propaganda bureau, was the sinking of the "Lusitania". Nevertheless, we kept out of the war for two years after that event. What happened after the sinking of the "Lusitania" to push us into the war? Nothing whatsoever. The American people did not want the war, as is shown plainly by the fact that as late as November 1916 the fraud Wilson was reelected "because he kept us out of the war". Had he been a strong and honest man, America would never have entered the war, and what a tremendous difference that would have made! What a different, better, and happier world this would have been!

I make the statement with full deliberation, that a man in a position of power, be he king, emperor, or president, has more influence and can do more—for good or evil, though generally it is for evil—than fifty million other men,

be they slaves, subjects, or free sovereign citizens. For those free sovereigns are so bamboozled and hypnotized by the leaders and their hirelings, the newspapers, that, while they think they act of their own free will and accord, they really do the bidding of their masters.

Further, who can doubt for a moment that Europe would have had a different history and a different aspect if the bloody wretch called Napoleon had never been born, or if he had been run over or drowned while still a whelp?

Yet again, who can doubt for a moment that the history of Russia during the past five years would have been an entirely different one if just two men—Lenin and Trotsky—had not been in existence? Even now, after five years of their rule, it is questionable whether things would remain the way they are, if, through some calamity, these men disappeared from the scene.

No, my friends, it is the exceptional individual who counts in this world, and not the undifferentiated mass. The masses have invented the telegraph, the telephone, the X-ray, the wireless, the moving pictures, the airplane, and a thousand other things, haven't they? Have some common sense. Just as the contribution of the masses to astronomy, to physics, to chemistry, to mathematics, to biology, to surgery, etc., etc., have been nil, so it has been nil to philosophy, to political science, to economics. The leader leads and the masses follow. Which doesn't at all mean that many of the leaders are not misleaders, who ought to be hung on sour apple trees. But that is not the point. The point is that all the world's history, in every conceivable branch, has been made by individuals and not by the masses.

[1922.]

THE UNITED STATES IN 1922.

(An answer to a young man of 24, writing from Europe to ask: "Shall I come to America?")

I remember your uncle very well; he was one of my brightest students; I did not have to teach him much; he passed a brilliant examination in a very short time, though

he had been but a recent arrival in this country. Up to the outbreak of the war he used to write me two or three times a year. I am extremely grieved to learn that he also fell a victim to the Moloch of War.

Now to your questions : I do not know Argentina, I do not know Brazil. I therefore can advise you nothing regarding those countries. I do not favour Canada. That country has almost all the defects of the United States without the merits of the later. There remains the United States. Shall you come to the United States of America ? Before I go deeper into the question, I will answer most emphatically : yes !

Now about details. I shall consider the matter from two points of view : the personal and the general, or perhaps I might say, the material and the spiritual. Your principal problem now, as I understand it, is the support of your mother and your young brothers and sisters. I will even say that that is your principal duty. A man's first duty is to his family ; unless indeed the man is such a genius that he can become a leader of humanity and devote his life to it. There are few such men. And if your purpose is to hold your family together and to provide a decent living for them, until perhaps your young brothers and sisters can become independent, then the United States is the only country for you.

America is no longer the land of milk and honey and of unlimited opportunities ; but it is still, compared with all European and Asiatic countries, with Africa or Australia, an economic paradise. It is easier to make a living here than anywhere else in the world. And wages and salaries are still incomparably greater than in any other country that one can think of. Europeans are incredulous when we tell them, for instance, the wages we pay our cooks and domestic servants. I know personally many people, and know of many more, who lived in Europe in the direst misery and penury, poverty so deep that they did not hope ever to be able to extricate themselves from it, and who live here not only in comfort but in luxury ; some who came over penniless, not practically penniless, but absolutely so, are now millionaires. I know people who came over a little while ago and who after a few weeks are earning as much in one month as they were making

in Europe in a year. These are not isolated instances, by any means.

Of course there is here, as elsewhere, a great deal of unemployment, but all these things go by comparison, and, comparatively speaking, America is still and will for many years remain, the most prosperous country in the world. It is still true, and will for many years remain true, that it is easier to fill one's belly and one's purse here than in any other place on this globe.

Yes, for the fairly skilful worker, the bright and plastic young man, America is still a fairly generous, fairly lavish hostess. As your principal goal is to support your family, you can do no better than come here. With the present state of the exchange, you should have no difficulty in supplying their needs amply. Within a few months or a year, you would probably save enough to bring them over.

But. . . .

Well, I have answered your questions. Perhaps I should end without any buts !

I feel, however, that I should not be treating you fairly if I did not show you the reverse of the picture, did not even suggest that there is another side.

I said that America (like most of us here, when I say " America ", I mean " the United States ") is still, comparatively speaking, a lavish hostess. Yes, but she demands her price. If I were given to the making of epigrams I should say that the price is a man's soul—a great part of his soul, at any rate. The price is high !

We are a very intolerant nation, the most intolerant of all nations. We hate, despise, and punish most severely all kinds of nonconformity. If you are a nonconformist, whether it be in religion, in politics, in economics, or in conventional morality, your road will be hard, and your life will be bitter. The punishment for nonconformity is of various kinds : stoning, social ostracism, deprivation of the means of livelihood, sometimes a long term of imprisonment.

Do I make myself clear ? Perhaps I had better go more slowly.

Those who comprise what is termed civilized humanity

may be divided into two classes : persons who accept the existing order ; and persons who want to change that order. I will call them the contents and the malcontents.

The contents make up ninety or ninety-five per cent. of all adult men and women. I do not mean that this overwhelming majority is fully satisfied with things as they are. Still, they accept the existing order as a matter of course, as the best possible in the circumstances. Such persons are hardly ever troubled by a question as to the rightness or wrongness of things in general. If they think about or discuss the matter at all, they say : “ The world is not of my making ; I am not responsible for human blunders and imperfections ; my business is to make the best use I can of the world as I find it ”. The energy and the ability such persons possess are devoted to the improvement of their own position, to making a career for themselves. They have a whole-hearted belief in competition, and their motto is : “ Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost ”.

The malcontents, alas ! a much smaller class, are those who want to change the world. They are keenly aware of the prevailing injustice, ignorance, brutality, and stupidity. It seems to them that they would renounce a plain duty, that they would themselves be the worst of criminals, if they were to accept things as they are without making any attempt to bring about improvement.

Now, my young friend, if you happen to belong to the latter type, if you are one of these chosen people, my advice is : “ Keep away from America ! ”

We do not welcome reformers, that is, real reformers. We do not mind so-called reformers, reformers in small things—men who demand parks and playgrounds for the children and municipal bath-houses—but woe to the man who works and pleads for a far-reaching change. To the unsophisticated it appears strange when they hear it for the first time, but the informed European knows it well by now—ask for instance George Bernard Shaw or Bertrand Russell—that we are the most intolerant nation on the face of the earth. We hate and we will persecute any man who is different. It does not matter wherein the difference lies. His clothes may be different from ours, he may wear his hair and beard differently

from the way we do, he may prefer to go barefoot or to wear sandals instead of shoes, he may be brazen enough to speak in public his native tongue, or he may speak with a foreign accent, or his ideas of sex morality may differ from those generally accepted (on the surface at least) in this country, or he may preach a different religious, political, or economic creed—the last is perhaps the most grievous sin of all. In each and every case he will be molested, persecuted, and punished. The punishment will differ in kind and degree, but avoid punishment altogether—that he will not. For our principal Commandment is: Thou shalt be in every way like the rest of us.

As you are doubtless aware, we have two political parties in this country—the Republican and the Democratic. There is not the slightest difference between the two parties; one is as reactionary and as politically infantile as the other. Their policies and principles—if they can be said to have any—are the same. The difference is only in the name. And yet if you wish to succeed, to reach a position or a career, you must join one of the parties. If you hold aloof, or, what is still worse, if you should join one of the several third parties—the Socialist, the Farmer-Labour, etc., you will be greatly handicapped, if not underhandedly hampered in many ways, or prosecuted.

Our principle is that anybody who is in any way “different” from us deserves little sympathy or consideration. Let him wear exactly the same clothes we do, cut his hair and beard the way we do, go to the church as we do, belong to the party we do, and read the newspaper we do, in short, let him become fully Americanized, and then we may admit him into our midst—especially if he has made money.

But if anybody, particularly a foreigner who has no political pull or protection, falls foul of our laws, then may the Lord have mercy on him. It would have been better for him if he had never been born. I refer particularly to political or economic offences. If you should commit ordinary murder, burglary, or arson, or assault and battery, then your chances for justice or mercy are as good as in any other country; perhaps better; surely better, if you have an influential political boss to interest himself on your behalf. But if the

evil spirit should put it in your mind to engage in what we call "radical" activities, beware!

The war, of course, has worked havoc with our ideas of liberty and fair play, and has produced a marked deterioration in every domain of social and political life. Fear, while it does not justify, explains many things. We had no reason for any fear. At no time were we in the slightest danger of invasion; we had no grievances against the enemy. Nevertheless we punished every attempt at criticizing the war in a manner so brutal as to excite comment both in Great Britain and in France. The punishment of our conscientious objectors was dastardly in the extreme. About one hundred perfectly innocent men are still languishing in jail, under sentence for periods ranging from ten to twenty years. Judgment was passed on them by one of the vilest and meanest of men that ever sat on the bench (one, K. M. Landis; he is now boss of our national game, baseball), for the mere offence of having belonged to a certain industrial organization.

For distributing a leaflet protesting against our murderous interference in Russia, three young men and a young girl were sentenced to twenty years in prison. Recently—four years after the end of the war—a woman of fifty-six was sentenced to ten years in prison—yes, right here in New York—for distributing a "revolutionary" May-Day circular. In every other country in the world the "offence" would have gone entirely unpunished, or the sentence would have been to imprisonment for as many days as our humane judges have meted out in years.

You may think that I am wandering from the subject. I am not. I want you to know beforehand what you may expect, if you happen to be a radical, one of a restless and proselytizing type, one who insists upon proclaiming his radicalism.

To summarize my long letter:

If when you come here, you become quickly Americanized, swim with the stream, join in with the majority, or at least mind your own business and work hard, you will no doubt make a success; there are still, I repeat, more opportunities here than in any other country in the world.

But if you intend to come here and join the rebellious

minority, if you are an active radical—then stay away. We have two very effective counter-arguments: jail and deportation. Our once hospitable shores have become very inhospitable: we no longer welcome new ideas and pioneer thinkers. This land of ours, once the great asylum for the world's oppressed and exiled, has become the greatest oppressor and exiler.

Time will convince you that what I have written is the unvarnished, unalloyed, unadulterated truth.

[1922.]

“GOD IS JUST, AFTER ALL.”

I had been treating a young lady, a pretty, modest young lady, for a very unpleasant disease. We might as well say it, since the word is not so shocking now as it was ten years ago: the disease was—syphilis. The weekly intramuscular injections of mercury, the periodical intravenous injections of neosalvarsan, were anything but pleasant, and altogether she felt deeply depressed. But as she knew and felt that the treatments were essential to her life and health—several obstinate and disfiguring ulcers that refused to heal under haphazard treatment healed up completely in four weeks under the mercury-salvarsan treatment—she came to the office with religious faithfulness. But she was depressed.

One morning she came in a cheerful, buoyant mood. “I am glad to see you so happy, Miss ——; I hope you stay so. But what is the cause?” I asked her.

“I have regained my faith in a just God,” was her answer.

“That's nice,” I said. “But how did it come about? Tell me; maybe it will help bring back my faith.”

Why she had lost her faith in a just God, I knew. She told me that during one of her first visits. She lost her belief in a just God, because the prominent young fellow who took her to Atlantic City under false pretences, and who by making her drunk not only seduced and raped her but infected her with syphilis, went scot-free, was admitted everywhere in society, while she had to undergo the agonies of the disease, the pain, loss of time and heavy expense of the treatment,

and was probably debarred from ever marrying and having a home of her own. Who the young man was, I did not know. I was not interested, and she had not volunteered the information. By the way, it is remarkable how loyal some women are to the men who bring the direst misery on them.

“ Yes, tell me, what restored your faith in a just God ? ”

She took out a newspaper clipping, from the previous morning's paper. It contained a report of three young men joyriding at midnight, in an automobile, which crashed through the barrier of a bridge and fell into the river ; all three were drowned. One of the three young men was the son of a well-known politician, and he, she now told me, was the cause of her trouble. She was convinced that it was God's direct act. God drowned him as a punishment for the crime that he had committed against her. Hence she had regained her faith in a just God.

“ How about the other two young men who were drowned with him ? They didn't do anything to you.”

“ No, but they were with him, and probably were as bad as he,” she answered, after some hesitation.

Perhaps ! I did not consider it necessary to pursue the subject. I was treating her for syphilis, not teaching her philosophy or religion. Besides, I was glad she had regained her faith, for it made her feel better.

[“ Humanity,” 1924.]

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CASE OF JOHN RANKIN.

I.

John Rankin, the writer, spent fourteen months in France fighting to make the world safe for democracy and J.P. Morgan. He was not a swivel-chair hero ; he was in the thick of the bloodiest battles. He was gassed once, he had the thrill of going over the top and he was slightly wounded on three different occasions. He was cited for bravery.

Sometimes it seemed to him that he was in the very nethermost of hells. And yet it is not the memories of actual fights and hardships and deprivations that fill him with horror

and still make life a burden. No. The thing that makes him shudder and fills him with nausea and disgust is the recollection, which he cannot repress, of the rats that several times ran over his face in the trenches. It is those loathsome rodents that made him rebel against the war, and he says he would have deserted if the armistice had not come when it did. Bullets and bayonets, poison gas and shrapnel—that he was not afraid of. But he was terribly afraid of those loathsome, horrible creatures.

Of course he was not really afraid ; not in the literal sense of the word ; they could not hurt him as much as a bullet or shrapnel. But there is a loathing so intense that it becomes the worst sort of fear.

The horror of the touch of a slimy creature may make the person tremble from head to foot, or he may become practically paralyzed.

II.

When John Rankin returned from the war, he was so disillusioned, so disgusted with the trick played upon him, so angry at the lies that induced him to enlist, so nauseated with our hypocrisy and brutality, that he could not refrain from giving expression to his feelings in some poems and pamphlets. He said he had to give vent to his nausea and indignation—or he would burst. He wrote rather recklessly ; wrote venomously and now and then obscenely. That's where he made his mistake. For the plutocratic bloodhounds, who could not very well do anything to him because the war was over and his record during the carnage had been a most excellent one, now saw their chance ; they let the smuthounds loose on him. They got out a warrant, came to his home, and arrested him.

The arrest seemed to produce a terrible effect on him. He collapsed. His friends, who thought he would put up a stiff fight, were disappointed. He put up no fight at all. He wanted no lawyer. He refused to put up any defence. He was sentenced to thirty days in jail. He was let out after serving ten days—some of his friends interfered. He came out much depressed. He refused to discuss the case. He resented any mention of it.

III.

I knew Rankin was anything but a coward, and I was interested in his case from a psychological standpoint. But it was a year after the event before I ventured to approach him on the subject.

"No, I was not frightened, but deeply nauseated. My whole being—body and soul—revolted when I realized that one of those bull-detectives, a creature belonging to the very scum of humanity, a pugnacious ruffian with a cruel face, who in my opinion stands morally on a lower level than any member of the underworld, could lay his hands on me and order me to follow him. The whole business, the atmosphere of the court-room, the stool-pigeon, the detective, the illiterate assistant district attorney who conducted the case, etc., sickened me to the marrow of my bones and I wanted to have it over with." He was silent for a moment. Then suddenly: "I have it now. You remember my war experience. It was not the war—the bullets, the shrapnel and the gas—that I minded so much. It was the rats in the trenches that made me insane, that nearly drove me to suicide. That was exactly my feeling in the case. All the people connected with my case—from the assistant district attorney to the plug-ugly bull with his sadistic grin who came to make the arrest—reminded me of the loathsome rats in the trenches. What has a poet to do with such scum?"

"Do you understand now?"

IV.

Yes, I understood. And when all the people understand, they will not permit the lowest specimens of the human race, vile and ignorant degenerates, to interfere with and lay their hands on poets, dreamers, and idealists whose work they are unable to understand and whose shoes they are unworthy to unloose.

[*"Humanity,"* 1924.]

THE PASSING OF THE "FREEMAN".

If additional proof were needed that we are a nation of morons, the death of the "Freeman" would furnish that

proof. Here we had a paper of whose brilliance, cleverness, splendid English, scintillating wit, thorough-going radicalism, and withal good humour, there wasn't the slightest question. One could agree or disagree with the fundamental opinions of the "Freeman", but nobody could deny that it was stimulating, interesting, that it was worth reading, even though merely for the sake of hearing the other side. And yet among one hundred and ten millions there were not fifty thousand people interested enough to subscribe for or buy that paper. What a disgrace, what a shame, what an indictment of our culture, of our intellectual level! Some generous men and women have contributed their money, their time, their energy, their soul, in order to awaken the people from their apathy and lethargy, but it was all in vain. Our people are satisfied to wallow in the slough of mediocrity, falsehood, and sensationalism.

During the past four years, dozens of magazines have been started by fakirs, frauds, and quacks of all sorts, magazines that corrupt and pervert the people's minds and souls, and they have all been successful. But a magazine like the "Freeman" must give up. The group that were behind the "Freeman" can well be proud of their four years' magnificent work. The shame of failure is not theirs; the shame is ours.

["Humanity," 1924.]

THEN AND NOW.

Yes, we have no horse cars today. We have trolleys instead. And in addition to the elevated railroads, we have subterranean catacombs, which take you from uptown to the Battery in fifteen minutes. And most houses have electricity instead of gas or kerosene lamps. And a great many houses have steam heat. And we have a great many more elevator apartments than we had twenty-five years ago. And phonographs have become as common as bathtubs. And automobiles are so numerous that a person has to take his life in his hands in crossing a busy street. And quite a number of people claim to spend an enjoyable hour or two in the evening "listening in" to various reports, speeches, and concerts. Now and then I can even hear the buzz of an airplane

But has the quality of human life improved in the very slightest degree?—No!

Has anything been added to the sum total of human happiness?—No!

Is there less hatred among nations and individuals?—No!

Is there less distrust in human relations?—No! There is more!

Has competition in trade become more honourable?—No!

Has the struggle for existence become less intense?—No!

Are international relations characterized by more frankness, more honesty, more decency?—No!

Is there less crime?—No! There is more!

Has human life become more sacred?—No! It is much less so!

Has the number of suicides become less?—No! It has grown larger!

Are we stirred more deeply and ready to respond more quickly when we hear of human suffering and agony, of the suffering of individuals and the agony of nations?—No!

Is there more indignation towards the profiteer, the man who enriches himself on the profits screwed out of human need and misery?—No!

Is there greater hatred and detestation of militarism, imperialism, and humanity's greatest scourge, war?—No!

Is there more peace and contentment in the minds and souls of the men and women of the world?—No! There is less.

What a terrible indictment of society and of this, the best of all possible worlds, that all the above questions must be answered in the negative.

[“Humanity,” 1924.]

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

We may take it for granted that all trades and professions have some sort of utility, some reason for existence, otherwise they could not exist or survive for any great length of time. But all will agree that there are different grades of usefulness: the utility of some, as, for instance, the profession of judge or policeman, is questioned by audacious spirits; while as to the importance of others, universal agreement prevails. For

instance, I have never heard anybody question the utility and the necessity of letter carriers. The same may be said about the country doctor, bless him. You may hear some very bitter comments about the city doctor, about his high fees, about his hurried and careless examinations, about his luxurious living ; I have yet to hear any criticism of the country doctor. Nor do I know of any professional man who earns his bread with a greater profusion of the sweat of his brow than does the humble practitioner of the healing art who has selected his lot in the country.

Let me tell you it requires courage and brain and sinews to be a country practitioner. It is the same the world over : the type is identical in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, or Sweden. I spent yesterday afternoon with a doctor who lives in a community of about two thousand inhabitants, in central France. He attends of course to the farmers and peasants for miles around. The first call was to a farmer several miles distant who fell down the cellar stairs and was thought to have broken his leg ; it was not a fracture ; it was a dislocation of the hip, which the doctor, after a little trouble, reduced very nicely, and without any anaesthetic ; no city surgeon could have done a better job. The fee that he received for it would not have sufficed you for a good glass of ice-cream soda. Again a drive of several miles ; this time it was a farm-hand laid up with acute rheumatism ; and then there was a case of pulmonary congestion ; and so on, and so on ; and it was late when the doctor, somewhat chilled under the constant cold drizzle, returned to his modest home, to his frugal but well-earned dinner. Everywhere it was, besides the relief of physical pain, a cheery smile, a new hope, inspiration and encouragement. A fine type he is. Have you seen Burr McIntosh play the laird in *Trilby* ? Well, this doctor is an exact picture of the laird. He works as hard as any proletarian, and has about as much as any proletarian. Just enough to live on while he works.

We may not envy the country practitioner—I confess frankly that I neither could nor would want to lead his life—yet we cannot but respect him deeply and think of him affectionately

[1925.]

X

APHORISMS AND FRAGMENTS

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

Refer back to the introduction to the foregoing section.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

I wish you a Happy New Year! May the three great blessings, Health, Honourable Success, and Peace of Mind, be yours in the fullest measure.

Health. Strange as it may seem, members of no other profession or trade are so much in need of being reminded of the importance of health as are the members of the medical and pharmaceutical professions. The doctor who attends to the bodies of other people, too frequently neglects his own, forgetting that he too is mortal. And who leads a more unhygienic life than the druggist? Who sees so little of the sky, breathes so little of nature's fresh air, and spends so much of his life in a back room, in an atmosphere permeated with the smell of iodoform, phenol, and asafetida, as the druggist? People forget that health is the very foundation of life; that without it life is not worth living, the other two factors of happiness being impossible without it. Of course we know that great men can accomplish much in spite of poor health; Darwin and Spencer, though practically invalids, nevertheless revolutionized the world of thought. But this applies to geniuses only, and not to ordinary people, like you and me.

Honourable Success. It must be honourable, because if not honourable it is not true success; and, besides, with dishonourable success, the third factor of happiness, peace of mind, is impossible.

Peace of Mind. This is an absolute essential to happiness. You may have health, you may have riches, you may have an enviable social position; but if a little devil is sitting in the corner of your brain (or is it the heart?) and gnawing away silently and ceaselessly, then your life will be a life of misery and wretchedness. Once more, therefore, I wish you Health, Success, and Peace of Mind.

[1904.]

A CREED.

I believe in absolute freedom of the spoken and written word.

I believe that the great authorities have frequently been the greatest obstacles to progress, and have frequently hindered the advance of medicine.

I believe that unpopular beliefs are just as likely to be right as popular ones, and often more so. I do not believe that a universally accepted belief must be right—or wrong. It may be either.

I believe that he who dreams things is just as important as he who does things. Very often one can do things only because some one else has dreamed them before.

I believe that the majority is often . . . right.

I believe that cliques, machines, and rings are the enemies of mankind, of civilization, of progress, of individuality. They should be curbed, restrained, or (best) destroyed.

I believe that organizations are necessary and useful as long as they do not attempt to suppress individual liberty and expression, and do not degenerate into cliques.

I plead for moderation, for discrimination, for sanity, for honesty, for fair play to everybody! The extremist is not only a nuisance, he is an injury to the cause which he espouses; by his over-zealousness, he creates needless enmity, and repels the moderate, fair, and broad-minded elements.

And lastly, I believe with Ingersoll, that happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest.

[1906.]

THE CRITERION OF MORALITY.

Whatever tends to bring about happiness is moral; whatever tends to bring about unhappiness is immoral. We can never go wrong, if we apply this standard to every action as to the ethical propriety of which we are in doubt. Of course, some acts bring about both happiness and unhappiness; that is, they may bring about both pain and pleasure to the

same person ; or they may cause happiness to some persons, and unhappiness to others. In such cases, we must consider the relative amount of the two conditions. If we cause pain and suffering to a person in order to save him from greater pain and suffering, the act is moral. If we cause pain and suffering to one person in order to save thousands from torture and agony, the act is not only highly moral, but becomes superlatively noble.

[1906.]

ANOTHER CREED.

I believe I have something to say, and I mean to say it.

I believe that the world is getting better every day.

I believe in the essential goodness of human nature.

I believe that most of the meanness and wickedness in this world is due to ignorance and poverty, or rather fear of poverty.

I believe that religious dogma and religious prejudice have caused more misery, suffering, and hatred, and have hindered human progress more, than any other single factor.

I believe that the greatest enemy of mankind is he who stirs up religious strife and racial prejudice.

I believe in the greatest amount of liberty compatible with respect for the rights of other ; in other words, everybody may do as he pleases, provided that he does not thereby infringe the equal rights of others.

I believe it is our duty to strive towards the highest physical and mental development.

I believe it is our duty to work for the welfare—physical, moral, and mental—of our fellow-men, so that this world may be just a little bit better when we leave it than it was when we entered it.

I believe that work—not drudgery—is an absolute essential to happiness, and the work must be both physical and mental.

I believe that competition is merely a stage in evolution, and that the final stage will be a cooperative commonwealth.

I believe that, with all its shortcomings, this is the finest and greatest country on the face of the earth.

I believe that “regular” medicine was once extremely

crude, intolerant, and narrow-minded, but that this is no longer the case.

I believe that there is no need for various "schools" of medicine. Regular medicine now is broad enough and liberal enough to embrace all schools and systems, and to utilize the best there is in all.

I believe that in therapeutics, one honest man's opinion is as good as another's.

I believe that drugs are secondary in importance to air, sunshine, water, and diet ; but that, when intelligently used in suitable cases, drugs positively aid in restoring health, and often prove true life-savers.

I believe that a great percentage of disease is due to improper living, to social and economic causes ; and that, as we advance, there will be less disease, so that the work of the physician will be chiefly of a preventive character.

[1906.]

TALENT.

Yes, talent is a great thing. But let us not bow to talent for its own sake. Everything turns upon what use the talent is put to. It is an excellent saying, that "talent is like an empty bottle". You can fill a bottle with health-giving liquids or with death-bringing poisons. In like manner, talent can be used for the elevation of mankind, it can be used to make this world a better place to live in ; or it can hire itself out to aid fraud, robbery, tyranny, and all other kinds of wrongdoing.

[1906.]

AUTHORITY.

Every physician should study the history of medicine. It will do him lots of good. Besides the intrinsic interest of the subject, it will teach him not to bow to, not to be bound by, authorities. For he will be struck by the amazing fact, that there was not a beneficent discovery, there was not a

life-saving measure, there was not an inspiring and broadening thought, that was not ridiculed, condemned, or even cursed by "authorities", by the smug and respectable professors and bigwigs. Medicine would now be much further advanced than it is but for "authority" !

The first lesson the recent—or old—graduate needs to learn is to snap the chains of authority, and to accustom himself to reason and to think for himself.

I had to unlearn lots of things when I left college.

[1907.]

SOME GRATUITOUS ADVICE.

Do not believe all that the medical tin gods say. Investigate for yourself.

Do not fear to disagree with authorities.

Do not create idols to yourself—out of mud.

Do not take a shapeless clump of clay for the Venus of Milo, nor mistake a cheap chromo for the Sistine Madonna.

Do not invest a commonplace humdrum piece of flesh with a halo of sanctity and poesy.

Do not expect to make a chunk of ice glow with the warmth of feeling and emotion. It is not in the nature of ice.

And also remember one thing: No hero is a hero to his valet—not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet.

Truths are truths to those only who can understand them. Newton's *Principia* are but waste paper to a Hottentot.

[1909.]

RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Take all the past regrets which hang round your neck and drag you down to the ground, make a bundle of them, and throw them overboard.

Many a person is paralyzed and incapacitated for work by the spectre of past regrets. Drive the spectre away. You can do it if you want to. Begin anew. Every day in the year can be made the beginning of a New Year.

Within limits, we can be what we want to be, and feel the way we want to feel.

[1909.]

FEAR AS A HINDRANCE TO PROGRESS.

I believe that one of the greatest among the hindrances to progress is the fear that people have of expressing their thoughts in a plain, unvarnished manner. That fear may be the fear of offending an employer or superior, a friend, an enemy, an advertiser, a subscriber, a relative. In fact, the fear may even have a laudable motive behind it ; but it is injurious to the cause of progress, to the cause of truth, all the same.

[1910.]

THE GOSPEL OF HAPPINESS.

If we had a century more to live and had no other work to do, we should devote every minute of it to preaching the gospel of joy and happiness. That is the apostolic work that the world most needs to-day. Life is so short, and so full of (partly unavoidable) woe and disappointment, that to take away the few joys nature has vouchsafed us is nothing short of criminal.

The ascetic, dried up in body and soul, is an enemy of mankind.

[1911.]

CHAINS.

He was unhappy.

For he was a slave, and knew that he was a slave.

His chains were many.

Since early childhood he had been fettered hand and foot by the triple chains of Religion, Superstition, and Tradition.

To these had been added the chains of Respect for Parents, Custom, and Public Opinion.

Bound in these chains, he could not live a free life.

His home and his native town became irksome to him.

But the heaviest among the chains that bound him was the chain of Matrimony. It cramped his individuality.

He yearned for Freedom. He wanted to roam the world a Free Man, untrammelled, unfettered, and unrestrained.

And, being possessed of a great mind and of a strong will, he struggled for Freedom.

He began to break the chains. It was a slow and laborious process, for the chains were strong and heavy. But after years of unceasing toil, his efforts were crowned with success.

One by one he cast off the chains of Religion, of Superstition, of Tradition, of Custom, of Public Opinion, of Home, of Country, of Family, and of Married Life.

He stood forth a Free Man.

He roamed the world in perfect freedom, untrammelled, unfettered, and unrestrained.

He had secured, at last, what for so many years he had yearned for and worked for.

He was a Free Man.

And he was unhappy.

More unhappy than ever.

[1911.]

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing—sometimes. Nevertheless the corrective of a little knowledge is not less knowledge, but more knowledge.

[1911.]

HE STOOD ON THE PEAK.

He stood on the topmost peak of the mountain.

And he looked down.

He looked East and West.

He looked North and South.

But whithersoever he looked, the people seemed to him so small, so small.

Despair seized him.

His heart ached.

And he wept.

"How can I descend to the valley and work with people who are so small?" he wailed.

And a veiled form bent over him and whispered to him:

"They are not small.

"They only seem small to you because you are on a high mountain.

"When they look at you, you seem small to them.

"Go down, and you will learn that the dwellers in the valley are of your size."

"But why must I go down? Why can they not all ascend?"

"Because," replied the veiled figure, "they cannot all climb. And besides there would not be room for all on the narrow mountain peak."

The veiled figure disappeared.

The watcher descended into the valley.

He worked there side by side with his fellows.

But his heart ached, for he saw that his fellow-beings not only seemed small, but were small.

[1911.]

NUMBER OF INSANE AND FEEBLE-MINDED.

According to the latest figures, there are 250,000 insane people in the United States to-day, and in round numbers as many feeble-minded. In other words, out of every two hundred persons in the United States, one is either insane or feeble-minded. This does not include the Christian Scientists, the theosophists, the cubists, the futurists, the editor of "Life", the antivivisectionists, the chiropractors, the fools in general, and people of infantile mentality who are constitutionally devoid of any logical reasoning power, but nevertheless pass for normal. If we included all these, the figures would be 199 out of every 200!

[1914.]

THE ORIGINATOR AND THE POPULARIZER.

Original ideas are necessary, will always be necessary. But even more necessary than the origination of new ideas is the popularization of those we already have. What use is it to originate new ideas on religion, morality, conduct, sociology, economics, etc., if the millions—ninety or ninety-five per cent. of all mankind—are still guided by the beliefs and ideas which prevailed in the fifteenth or sixteenth century? We get a new idea; it is discussed and appropriated by a small, numerically insignificant, circle of intellectuals; the masses are untouched.

What we need badly now is to do something which will make some of the great ideas of free thought, true libertarianism, and humanitarianism, penetrate into and permeate the masses.

The popularizer of ideas is just now more important than the originator.

[1914.]

SLAVES—ALL OF US.

Is there a man or a woman who is not a slave—a slave to somebody or to something? Let any one declare that he or she is absolutely free—and I will prove, without any difficulty, that the boast is untrue. There is no such thing as an absolutely free man or woman; we are all slaves of some sort—the difference is only one of degree. Yes, slaves, slaves, all of us.

[1915.]

THE WEEKLY STIMULUS.

I once had a patient; he was an Englishman, and a mechanic by trade. He was of a rather reticent, retiring disposition; but I made the observation that on one particular day of the week he would be friendlier, jollier, and more communicative than usual. He would even indulge in jokes on that day. I tried to analyse the psychology of the thing, why he was always in a much better mood on that one day of

the week than on all other days. Finally, not being able to solve the riddle, I asked him outright for an explanation. The explanation was a very simple one—on that day of the week he usually received a comic paper from London called “Ally Sloper’s Half Holiday”. He said that that was practically his only recreation, it brought home and youth back to him, and the paper gave him a stimulation which he could obtain in no other way.

[1916.]

SPLINTERS OF THOUGHT.

1. My country right or wrong.
2. My family right or wrong.
3. Myself right or wrong.

There is nothing to choose between these slogans !

“Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar.” Scratch any civilized patriot and you will find a primitive savage.

An idea may have a greater influence on a man’s health than an inflammation.

A repressed wish may be of more importance to an individual than a broken leg.

Not until we take psychology seriously shall we understand the reason for many events. Economic determinism plays a great role ; but psychology is just as important, if not more so.

[1916.]

GUARDING THE MORALS OF THE FOETUS.

Yes, evidently God guards the morals of embryos while they are still in their mother’s womb.

He who knows something about multiple pregnancies knows that a twin pregnancy may result from the fertilization of two ova (which is the most common case), or from the impregnation of an ovum containing two germinal vesicles.

He also knows that double-ovum twins may be of the same sex or of different sexes, while single-ovum twins are always of the same sex. He knows further that double-ovum twins have their own placentas, chorions, and amnions, each child being enveloped in its own membranes, and separated as by a wall from the other child; whereas single-ovum twins, though possessing as a rule two amnions, possess only one chorion, and are not so separated from each other as are the children from a double-ovum pregnancy, which may be of different sexes.

Now Viardel, who lived in the 17th century, knew these facts, though somewhat vaguely. He knew that when the children were of the same sex they usually did not have a separate set of membranes, but that when they were of different sexes they always had a partition wall between them. And his explanation was that God thus took care to guard the sexual morals of the infants while they were still in their mother's womb.

Isn't the explanation delicious?

[1916.]

RETREAT.

More and more am I convinced that anybody who is anybody or somebody, who possesses an individuality, must have now and then—say once a year—a few days or a few weeks entirely and absolutely to himself; he must be alone, so that he may commune with nature, with himself and his conscience; he must be in a position to consider leisurely and undisturbed the work he has been doing, to make a summary of his activities, to examine his debits and credits, to find himself if he has been lost or if he is in danger of losing himself. He has to have leisure and aloneness in order to give to himself an account of himself. He cannot do all these things if he continues in the hustle and routine of his usual work. Not only is the leisure lacking, but it is impossible to seize the proper objective point of view. Yes, in order to do the best work for people, you must run away from people—now and then.

The ancient saints and ascetics were not wrong in running away to the wilderness ; only they overdid it ; they mistook the means for the end. But the idea is a good one. Everybody who is doing creative work, work which he imagines to be for the good of humanity, should now and then shake off his routine work and duties, remove himself from the pettiness of the life and people around him, and betake himself to a place where, if he wants, he can be absolutely alone ; where he can sit all alone on the shore listening for hours to the voice of the wild waves without being called to dinner ; where he can lie on the ground for hours and hours gazing at the millions of diamonds in the sky without anybody calling him in to go to bed.

While you listen to the waves or gaze at the stars, the mind works smoothly and swiftly, and you reach, perhaps, some valuable conclusions.

[1917.]

TWO VITAL IDEAS.

If, like most of us, you have been brought up on false teachings, or if you have done no thinking at all, you may not at the first glance appreciate the vital truth of what I am going to say ; but I am convinced, and I have been for many years, that there is no hope for humanity until it becomes imbued with these two basic ideas :

First, that the State exists for the individual, and not the individual for the State ; in fact, that there is no such thing as the State, aside from the individuals composing it ; that the State justifies itself only in so far as it contributes to the welfare and happiness of its component members ; if it does not contribute towards their happiness, it is useless and superfluous ; and if it is the direct cause of their unhappiness, it is worse than useless—it is injurious.

Secondly, that the rights and opinions of the minority, however small, are just as sacred and just as inviolable as the rights and opinions of the majority, however great. Might does not make right—not even the might of the majority.

[1918.]

RULES TO FOLLOW IF YOU WISH TO BE HAPPY.

Do not go against the current. Few can do it, and it is always much easier to go with than against it.

Do not think an original thought. Think only what the majority thinks. If an original thought happens to strike your mind, bury it there. Don't let it get out, that is, don't give it expression either by spoken or written word. The safest thing is not to think at all.

Always try to be on the winning side. Don't bother with right or wrong. The majority is always right, the minority always wrong. Remember, however, that mere numbers do not always make a majority. A powerfully entrenched minority is often equivalent to a majority.

Try, try, and try again—if you try very hard you may eventually succeed—to become callous to human suffering and indifferent to the wrongs and injustices that you see about you. If your conscience pricks you now and then, you can soothe it with the incontrovertible truth that you did not make the world and are not responsible for what is going on in it. Do not permit social and humanitarian problems to monopolize your mind. Don't study, don't read too much. Try to lead more of an animal existence. Humanity will muddle through somehow without your help or hindrance.

If you follow the above simple rules, you will be a much happier man or woman. If not exactly happy—for happiness is the lot of very few in this vale of tears—you will certainly be much more comfortable, and what are ideals when weighed against comforts?

[1918.]

A LABORATORY OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

I recently had to visit a modern hospital—a very modern institution indeed. A fine aseptic operating room, a splendid pathological laboratory, chemical laboratory, bacteriological laboratory, X-ray laboratory, etc., etc., only for one sort of laboratory I looked in vain; a laboratory for the manufacture of the milk of human kindness, of consideration for

the feelings of the patients. That kind of laboratory was absent there, as it is absent from all other hospitals. And as long as this absence continues, a visit to a hospital will continue to have a depressing effect on sensitive people. It always has on me.

[1919.]

HOSPITALS AND JAILS.

The depression produced on me by a visit to a hospital is only less in degree than that produced by a visit to a law-court, a jail, or a lunatic asylum. May we hope that there will be a time when there will be no hospitals, no law-courts, no jails, and no lunatic asylums? Yes, we may hope so. At least, I hope so. I am convinced of it. You say it is a dream? Maybe. But if it is a dream, please leave me my dream. Let me hug my dream, and you are welcome to hug your reality. I prefer my foolishness to your superior wisdom.

[1919.]

A SOLUTION FOR EVERY PROBLEM.

I have a satisfactory solution for every problem confronting the human race—with the exception of three. Those three are—unrequited love, jealousy, and death. For these three calamities I have as yet no fully satisfactory remedies. But in a state of society such as I have in view, and such as will surely come to prevail sooner or later, even the pangs of unrequited love and jealousy will be greatly mitigated and assuaged, and death will not have the same sting—neither for the dying nor for those who lose their dear ones.

[1919.]

THE RIGHT TO EXCLUDE IMMIGRANTS.

One of my deep-thinking and fine-feeling friends who knows my views on immigration asked me: "But have we

not the right to exclude from our country anybody we want to? ” And I answered him: No, damn you, we have no such right. Our only right is might. No country has a right to exclude genuine immigrants. The earth belongs to everybody. A country has a right to quarantine itself against disease. It has a right to exclude the contagious, the insane, and the habitual criminal. But that is all. Beyond that everybody has—that is, should have—the inalienable right to emigrate from and immigrate into any country he pleases. The earth, I repeat, is for everybody. I know you won’t agree with me, but then you are a century or two behind me.

[1922.]

PHYSICAL BRAVERY.

“He is as brave as a lion.” Questionable praise! A man of mean intelligence or a moral skunk may be very brave. Physical courage or cowardice is often a matter of the state of the endocrine glands and of the condition of the heart and arteries; and it is common in the lowest criminal types, in men who stand on the lowest rung morally and mentally. This is a fact. The recent war, equally with all previous wars, has thoroughly and abundantly demonstrated it. The activities of our gangsters, murderers, burglars, and hold-up men corroborate it daily. And what is more, all those vile anti-social creatures may even live up to a certain code of honour of their own.

No, physical courage, per se, means nothing. It all depends what you are brave about.

[1922.]

LOVE CONTROL.

Every day I become more and more convinced that the love instinct is the real cause of most human misery; much more important than the bread question. At least among the people we know and come in contact with. Bread is the foundation, but after you have the foundation the real

misery begins. I see it daily, and "daily" is not a figure of speech. He who could contribute something to solve the "love" question—he who could succeed in perhaps destroying romantic love altogether (don't stare!), he who could uproot jealousy, would be one of humanity's greatest benefactors. Perhaps the greatest. I consider a cure for love and jealousy more important than a cure for cancer, tuberculosis, or pneumonia.

Birth control seemed fantastic and impossible not so very long ago. We have it now.

Why not love control? Will it always be impossible for people to control their love emotion, moderating it on the one hand when necessary, and intensifying it on the other when the circumstances demand? I do not think so. Everything is possible to the brave and untrammelled human mind. I hope to devote a great part of my time and energy to the subject of Love Control.

I am not blind to the fact that in comparison with love control, birth control is child's play. To regulate offspring, a few simple mechanical or chemical agents are sufficient. To control the love emotion requires much more subtlety, much more knowledge. Only by the aid of the latest advances in psychology, physiology, pathology, and chemistry, can we hope to accomplish anything.

[1924.]

REVOLUTION.

To the innermost depths of my soul, to the very marrow of my bones, I am sickened by the contemplation of our social system, with its shootings and bludgeonings, its policemen and soldiers, its detectives, stool-pigeons, and jailers, its profiteers and venal editors, its stock-exchanges and sweat-shops and tenement houses, its brutality and heartlessness and unemployment and cut-throat competition, its disease and darkness and overbreeding and superstition and misery everywhere. But the remedy? I can see only one remedy; education and reform. A painfully slow remedy; but have

you a swifter and surer one? Revolution? That is but a shibboleth, a slogan. You would have to show me: first, how you would bring about a revolution in this country; secondly, that the revolution would be pretty sure to be successful; and thirdly, that, if it were successful, conditions would be greatly improved.

It you could prove that a revolution could be brought about in this country, and that it would be successful—then—then I would prove to you that a revolution, that is a bloody revolution, would be needless.

[1922.]

HE IS NO QUITTER!

With what contempt the unthinking mob refers to a man who is a quitter, and with what boastfulness a man says of himself: I am no quitter! My dear asinine fellow-men, it all depends what you are clutching at and hanging on to, and what you are quitting. If you have engaged in a cause or in a fight which you discover to be wrong, then it is criminal stupidity to hold on; honour, decency, and duty demand that you let go, that you become a quitter. Bear this in mind. And don't boast of not being a quitter, unless you are sure and can prove that the cause you represent is a pro-social, humanitarian cause. The damndest scoundrel may be a non-quitter, the finest noblest type may often be a quitter. You see, it all depends on the cause.

[1922.]

IF YOU BELIEVE!

If you believe that war is the vilest, cursedest, most damnable thing on earth, working incalculable and irreparable injury to humanity, destroying what is best and bringing to the surface everything that is worst in mankind;

If you believe that only the vicious, cruel, and bloodthirsty

elements of a nation assert that war is a biological necessity, making the race noble and strong, whilst peace is feminizing and enervating ;

If you believe that " My country right or wrong " is a vicious doctrine, responsible for incalculable misery ;

If you believe that human beings should not be forced to bear more children than their economic condition and physical and mental health permits, but should be free to decide how many children they will have and when they will have them—in other words if you believe in birth control ;

If you believe that men and women should be given sane and honest sex instruction, and should not be forced to be ignorant of things that are of the most vital importance to their health and happiness ;

If you believe that it is better to prevent disease than to try to cure it, and that this prophylaxis applies to venereal disease as well as to other infectious diseases ;

If you believe that the voluntary sex relations of two adults are their own affair and nobody else's ;

If you believe that poverty is a crime—on the part of society ;

If you believe that the human body is too delicate an organism to permit ignoramuses and incompetent quacks to tinker with it ;

If you believe that everybody has a right to do whatever he pleases provided that in doing so he does not infringe the equal rights of others ;

If you believe genuinely in free speech and a free press ;

If you believe in charity towards people's foibles and weaknesses, but in unswerving, aggressive opposition to cruelty, dishonesty, and deliberate fraud ;

If you believe in tolerance, kindness, and forgiveness ;

If you believe in the reality of universal brotherhood, and are convinced that all humanity will in time to come constitute one family ;

If you believe these things, then we want you to subscribe to the " Critic and Guide " which for twenty years has untiringly and unremittingly devoted itself to the propagation of the above principles.

If you do not believe in the above principles, or at least in the greater part of them, then we do not want you on our subscription list. You will not enjoy the " Critic and Guide ", and we shall not enjoy you.

[1923.]

XI

TRAVEL NOTES

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

Most years, one or two of the summer or autumn numbers of the "Critic and Guide" have been filled with the Editor's picturesque descriptions of his summer holidays—now in Europe, now in the Sandwich Islands, now in the West Indies, again in Europe, or (as in 1923) far afield in his American homeland. The account of this last journey has been chosen to round off the present volume of *A Doctor's Views on Life* : that and the author's "Testament", his final summary of his most essential outlooks.

A HOMELAND JOURNEY IN 1923.

INTRODUCTION.

For the benefit of new subscribers and readers, the following statement appears necessary. Ever since the foundation of the "Critic and Guide" I have been in the habit of devoting one entire issue, or a part of an issue, to a description of my annual vacation. My readers have come to look forward to those trip-issues. I do not know whether all my readers take a personal interest in my goings and doings, but I know that the greater number of them, many thousands, do. And the more personal I make the report, the better they seem to like it. They have told me so more than once. I have therefore gotten into the habit of making these descriptions very personal indeed—as if I were writing to a close friend. This will explain the why of certain personal, perhaps intimate, details which are not usually found in descriptions of voyages. I have always liked personal writing, for with Lord Beaconsfield I believe that "it is the personal which interests mankind and wins their hearts". Also, of course, I write according to my mood at a given moment. And in describing places I am not guided by guide-books or official statements—I give my personal reactions exclusively.

Yes, and the entire issue deals with but one person—me, myself. Where it deals with other people, it is only in their relation to myself.

If, after these prefatory remarks, you care to read what follows, you are welcome. If you are not interested, why, put the issue away, and wait for the next one, or the one after next.

Regard this issue, if you wish, in the nature of a personal letter to a dear friend.—And one of the reasons

for the detailed writing is that I may be able, when I get old, to live over again my various trips and adventures. I know some people will read every line and will be sorry when they reach the end. With Sophocles "I know that I please the souls I ought to please"; the others do not matter.

Some of the writing is in the present tense, some in the past. This is explained by the circumstances under which the writing was done. Sometimes I could write up the incidents of the trip while they were happening, or at least in the evening of the day when they occurred; at other times I was not in a position to use pen or pencil and paper for several days; when I did get the opportunity to write up such parts of the trip I naturally used the past tense.

And "here" or "in this place" does not mean New York. It means the place where I happened to be stopping at the time I was writing

ITINERARY.

New York—Chicago—Ogden—Butte—Great Falls—Geraldine—The Buttes of Montana—Stanford—Lewistown—Martinsdale—Gordon Butte—Livingston—Gardiner—Yellowstone Park—Pocatello—Salt Lake City—Fish Lake—Hanksville—Henry Mountains—Hanksville—Caineville—Fruita—Torrey—Loa—Richfield—Salt Lake City—Saltair—Truckee—Lake Tahoe—San Francisco—Berkeley (University of California)—Palo Alto (Stanford University)—Los Angeles—Mt. Lowe—Pasadena—Long Beach—San Pedro—Redondo—Venice—Ocean Park—Santa Monica—Island of Catalina (Avalon)—Santa Barbara—Glendale—Hollywood—Montebello—Fullerton—Anaheim—Santa Ana—San Juan Capistrano—Oceanside—Delmar—La Jolla—San Diego—Point Loma—Coronado—Tent City—Tia Juana (U.S.)—Tia Juana (Mexico)—Chula Vista—National City—San Bernardino—Rim of the World—Big Bear Lake—Redlands—Glendale—Burbank—San Fernando—Mt. Wilson—Colorado Springs—Manitou—Pike's Peak—Cripple Creek—Denver—Dodge City—Emporia—Chicago—New York.

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- Roughing It With a Vengeance.
- Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River.
- On Horseback in Search of a Camp Site.
- Camp Henry.
- My Rocinante Has An Argument with Me.
- Getting Out of Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River.
- I Meet an Admirer.
- Back to Civilization.
- A Bathe in the Lake You Can't Drown in.
- A Gem in the Mountains.
- The Rough Part of the Trip is Over.
- Can a Man Improve Physically in Spite of Himself?
- Can People of Fifty Who Have Never Lived Become Alive?
- The City of the Golden Gate.
- A Day That Made Me Feel a Youth Again.
- The City of the Angels.
- Upton Sinclair.
- My First Experience in Flying.
- Hollywood and a Day with the Screen Stars.
- Visiting Mme. Tingley.
- Tia Juana, U.S. (Dry), and Tia Juana, Mexico (Very Wet).
- Big Bear Lake.
- My First Prize Fight.
- With the Stars of the Heaven Above.
- With the Fishes in the Deep Sea Below.
- California Gets Into Your Blood.
- Homeward Bound.
- Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, Cripple Creek, Denver.
- The American Hospital and Gland Transplantation.
- The Pleasantest Part of My Trip.
- Our Men.
- Our Women.
- Our Hotels.
- Our United States.

On my trip, I am glad to say, I met many strangers who had been readers of the "Critic and Guide" for many years and who were thoroughly familiar with my books and other activities. Acquaintanceship or friendship was of course quickly established. One of the best of my newly-made friends, Edward Adams Cantrell, wrote a poem which he presented me for publication in the "Critic and Guide",

and I believe that this is as appropriate a place for it as any other. So here we will print it.

To Dr. Robinson for the "Critic and Guide".

IF I MUST GO DOWN AT LAST.

BY EDWARD ADAMS CANTRELL.

If I must go down at last to the narrow bed of earth,
And my warm flesh be one with the senseless worm and the clod,
And Time and the torrent of years be for me as before my birth—
Still, I will not lament nor trouble the ear of God.

If the work of my hands be naught—if at last it be utterly vain—
If it turn to dust over night or pass from the earth in a day—
Still, I will turn to the task before me, though from it I get no gain—
Though the wage for the work be the working while the dawdlers
draw the pay.

If the fire of my heart must burn low to the last faint flicker of light,
And naught remain but the ashes of loves long past—
Then will I fan the flame while the flame burns bright—
Then will I sit at the feast while the feast may last.

NOTE THE DANGER SIGNALS AND RUN.

If people could only notice in time, and properly interpret the danger signals; if they only knew when to quit, or, knowing, were in a position to quit—how many cases of nervous breakdown, how many cases of neurosis would be avoided!

I despise money as much as any human being can despise it. Nobody is more convinced than I am of its utter inadequacy, alone, to give us happiness. Of course a certain minimum is indispensable, because without it, one of man's most precious requisites, independence, is impossible. But above a certain minimum, money is as often a cause of unhappiness as it is of contentment. One valuable purpose, however, money can serve: when you are at the end of your tether, when you feel you simply *can't* keep on with your routine work, when you feel that you must get away or burst or blow your brains out, you can close up shop and run away,

run wherever fancy flits or wherever a party of friends happens to go. And of the few things I have to be grateful for, I am profoundly grateful for this: that a quarter of a century of intensely hard work—in the practice of medicine and in the Editorial and Author's chair—has put me in a position where I can at any time, either at the dictate of necessity or the beckoning of fantasy, close up shop—everything, house, practice, editorial sanctum—and run away to the end of the earth.

The only trouble is the earth is so small. It is a shame that we have to live on such a tiny picayune planet—only 25,000 miles in circumference. I wish we lived on a planet ten times the size of ours; then it would take some time to reach the end, and a trip around the world would mean *some* vacation.

WHY I WENT ROUGHING IT.

A spirit with any honour is not willing to live except in its own way; a spirit with any wisdom is not over eager to live at all.—SANTAYANA.

During the months of March, April, and May, I was nearer a complete nervous breakdown than I ever was in my life. Life was becoming utterly unbearable. It is not feasible nor necessary to go into full details here; though this issue is truthfully autobiographical, I am not writing now my complete autobiography and some things must be left out. A hint or two will have to suffice. The general foundation for my misery was laid by the war. I do not know how others suffered from the war, and I cannot speak for them. But I can speak for myself, and I know that I suffered intensely, both from the war and from the war's aftermath; perhaps even more from the aftermath than from the war itself. The disgust and disillusionment certainly were more profound, for the peace was viler than the war. And it is now nine years since the holocaust commenced. For nine years I have been in a semi-hysterical condition. My nerves were always on edge, and while the term is not scientific, it is expressive; they were worn to a frazzle. Life became—or seemed—unbearable. Everything appeared so futile, useless.

The game did not seem to be worth the candle, and I did not care whether school kept or not.

Few people knew what I was going through—nobody in fact except two or three intimate friends. My patients certainly did not suspect that there was anything the matter with me. I attended to them as usual; one does not carry one's heart on one's sleeve for strangers; but every day meant torture, and every night—sleepless nights they were—meant double torture. To continue to stay in New York and attend to routine work was out of the question.

Original work I could do none. It was the longest idle period that I ever had in my life. With the exception of two days in which I prepared the entire June issue of the "Critic and Guide" and the Editorials of the May-June issue of the "Journal of Sexology," I wrote practically nothing during March, April, and May.

I felt that I must get away.

Where? Again to Europe? No. The present condition of Europe is not such as to be conducive to the soothing of any sensitive, humane person—and particularly of nerves that are ragged-edged. To see what the wretched Poincarés are doing, how they are dragging all Europe into the abyss, is in itself sufficient to bring about a nervous breakdown. Misery that you know in the abstract is never quite so harrowing as misery that you behold with your physical eyes. No, Europe was out of the question. Oh, to run away—but whither?

I have many acquaintances, and a number of what are called friends, but real friends, outside of my family and relatives, I have but four in this wide, wide world. Perhaps nobody has more than three or four real selfless friends. Yes, only four friends, but good ones. And I suddenly recollected that one of these friends, Dr. E., with whom I had kept up an uninterrupted weekly correspondence for over ten years, had written me several weeks previously that he was going to spend the summer on a geologic expedition arranged by the Carnegie Institution, that he would roam and search for certain specimens among the mountains of Montana, the Henry Mountains in Utah, Mount Lassen in California, etc., etc. It would be in the nature of pioneering work, he would have

but one assistant—a young chap by the name P.—conditions would be rather primitive, the work might prove very arduous, and the whole trip would be rather strenuous. At times one would have to eat and sleep just where the fates would decide. Flapjacks and bacon—of one's own preparation—would constitute the sole diet for days or weeks at a time. Many places would be accessible only by steep climbing, or on horseback or donkeyback. The trip would last between four and five months.

When I recollected what my friend wrote to me about his contemplated trip, I looked up his letters, re-read them and wired him immediately that I wanted to come along if I could. He was not very enthusiastic, not because he did not want my company, but because he was afraid I could not stand such a rough trip. He knew both my psychic and my physical condition. It was not to be a trip of pleasure, rest, and comfort, but a trip of hard work, steep climbing, uncertainties, unforeseen difficulties, all sorts of weather, coarse and monotonous diet, sleeping in tents or under the blue heavens, etc., etc. I answered him that that was just what I wanted; that if it were to be a trip of comfort, leisure, Pullmans, and luxurious hotels I would not care to go along. That my psychic condition was such that I *wanted* physical hardships and discomforts. He agreed with me that my psychic condition was no hindrance to but rather an indication for just such a trip, but he was still doubtful about my physical condition. He knew how, when I travelled, I always insisted upon the utmost comfort—a whole section in a Pullman, always room with bath in hotels, etc.—and here he said we might not be able to have a bath in a month—and the food and the beds would be of the most primitive character; particularly was he afraid of the mountain climbing, and of crossing the infernally hot desert in July. Yes, it is true, my physical condition gave me also some anxiety.

I must stop here and say a few words about my physical condition, for it plays an important role both in the trip and in the description of the trip, and what is much more important, it teaches a significant lesson.

MY PHYSICAL CONDITION.

For a number of years I have not been really well. I was not exactly sick, but not exactly well, either. I did my work, could work very intensely, accomplish perhaps as much as two ordinary men, but it was not spontaneous; I had to whip myself to do it. I could eat but I could just as well do without eating. I could sleep (not very much) but I could just as well go without sleeping. There was not that joy in life which a healthy man is supposed to experience from the mere fact of living. Not only was there no *joie de vivre*—no, never—but quite frequently there was a distinct *tedium vitae*. What the real physical trouble was, if any, I could not determine, nor could anybody else. My heart was supposed to be the main etiologic factor. For my heart did give me a good deal of trouble one time—or at least I thought it did. I could not run up three flights of stairs without puffing; and now and then I would have a distinctly uncomfortable feeling around the cardiac region. Good old Dr. Jacobi, the Nestor of American Medicine, examined my heart periodically; he said—there was some fatty infiltration—nothing else. No murmur of any kind. Several cardiograms taken at different times seemed to show a somewhat dilated aorta and a slightly enlarged left ventricle. One doctor said I had a mild myocarditis. My pulse was very capricious; usually rapid, it would sometimes shoot up as high as 120 per minute.

My blood pressure was also quite capricious. One time it went up as high as 200, once it went down as low as 110; but these changes I found later were due to emotional disturbances, and so they did not bother me. As to the heart, all the heart specialists said that the condition was not serious, but that I had to be “careful”.

As to the proposed mountain-climbing and rock-breaking trip, one said it would be very risky and advised against it; another said it would be all right, *provided* I was reasonable and careful and did not overdo things. I listened to the advice of my medical friends and made up my mind to take the trip *regardless of consequences*. If I had known absolutely that the trip would prove fatal I would have

taken it. Because the way I felt I did not care to go on. Either all alive or all dead.

I might state here that one reason why I was so anxious to go with this friend was because I hoped, in his proximity, to *imbibe* some of his Quaker peace of mind, some of his philosophic calm, some of his unruffledness under all circumstances and in all situations. Just as fussiness, hysteria and irritability are communicable, infectious, so are calmness, placidity, and serenity. And I knew nobody among all my friends and acquaintances who possessed these qualities in greater degree than did my friend E. Yes, this was a very potent reason with me why I wanted to take that trip.

There were two other reasons why I wanted to go roughing it—the rougher the better—but as the trip is not over yet—has just commenced—and I do not yet know what the answer will be, I shall delay stating the reasons until later. No, that isn't right. It does not seem fair to keep the reader in suspense until he reaches the end, so I will give the two additional reasons right here. One reason is this: I not only wanted to and hoped to improve physically and psychically, but I wanted to find out by personal experience *if a person who feels wretched psychically can improve physically*. We have been hearing so very much about the influence of the mind on the body, and nothing is further from my thoughts than to attempt to deny it. But I have always been sceptical as to certain phases of this influence. For instance I have always believed that no matter how worried and unhappy a person might feel, if he should exercise his arms properly, his arm muscles would increase in size and get stronger regardless of his feelings. And I wanted to get certainty on that point, pro or con, by personal experience.

The other reason: Many patients of fifty and over—say between forty-five and sixty, who had neglected themselves, had never taken any exercise, apply to me for advice if it would be useful for them, if it would not be unsafe, to start taking exercise, to commence a physical improvement regime. I would advise them the best I knew, taking into consideration the factors in each case. I wanted to be able to answer these questions more authoritatively, I wanted *to know* from personal experience. Still another reason: I wanted at least *to see*

America, to penetrate into its interior, into the very heart of our country. I have long had a suspicion that New York and Mount Morris Park West were not the whole of the United States of America, but I never had the opportunity—or the desire?—to go deeply into the interior of the country, to see the people of the West in their homes and their haunts; here was the opportunity and I was eager to take it.

I wrote to my friend that further remonstrances on his part were useless, that my decision to take the trip was irrevocable. That I would come back, as the Roman mothers would admonish their sons, *with the shield or on the shield*; that I would come back either well or in a coffin. My friend wrote that it would be impossible to send me back in a coffin, as there were no coffins in the Henry Mountains, and he did not believe he was a skilful enough carpenter to improvise one; so if I died they would have to bury me right there in the mountains. Which was all right for me.

In brief, after having pointed out the difficulties and possible discomforts of the trip, as was his friendly duty to do, and after seeing me determined to go, he did everything possible to make the trip as little uncomfortable as possible. He sent a list of things to get, and I went to Abercrombie and Fitch's and got them. (I might say here in parentheses that most of the things could be purchased right here in Montana—or in any other place in the West—for about half the price.)

I got first of all a pair of high boots, the best made, the so-called Russel Engineer's boots. Good boots are the most important item, when climbing among jagged rocks. Without proper boots one might as well stay home. They say the French lost the War of 1870–1 because the rascally contractors furnished the army shoes with soles made of paper instead of leather. A soldier must have first of all good boots—so must a mountain climber. Then I got several pairs of khaki suits, flannel shirts, a rough-rider hat, a poncho, a dozen pairs of special socks, a heavy leather coat, a heavy woollen sweater, some red bandana handkerchiefs, a jack-knife, a compass, a camera, an army trunk, a duffel-bag, etc., etc. Also some medical and surgical emergency supplies. (So far we have had no use for them, but it gives you a comfort-

able feeling to know that you are prepared for an emergency.) Yes, I was also advised to take some whisky along in case of colds or gastro-intestinal disturbances. So I prescribed for myself a pint of the best obtainable whisky. And it shows what drinkers we—my companions and I—are; that after three months the cork has not even been removed. [The bottle was brought back to New York in the same virgin condition in which I took it. I shall have to give it to somebody who cares more for *spiritus frumenti* than I do.]

My friend cautioned me not to take too much baggage along, as we might have difficulty in transporting it across the mountains, and as books are unfortunately heavy—why does not somebody invent a weightless paper?—I had to be abstemious. Of the latest novels I took two: *Men like Gods*, by Wells, and *Impromptu* by Elliot H. Paul (author of that fine book *Indelible* which I reviewed in the “Critic and Guide” about a year ago). I also packed in the following, some to read for the first time, some to re-read, because they can be read eternally: *The Iliad* (Lord Derby’s translation). Plato’s *Republic* (Spens’ translation). *Tristram Shandy* (one of the few genuinely humorous books in English literature). *Moby Dick*, by Melville. *Utilitarianism*, *Liberty*, and *Representative Government*, by John Stuart Mill. *The Psychology of Misconduct, Vice, and Crime*, by Dr. B. Hollander. *The Joys of the Road* (a little anthology in praise of walking). *The Appreciation of Poetry*, by my good friends, Eden and Cedar Paul. *Logic and Mysticism*, by Bertrand Russell. *Lectures and Essays*, by W. K. Clifford. One French book (guess what—*Mon Oncle et Mon Curé*!). Three Italian books—a text-book, a dictionary, and a collection of fairy tales (fairy tales still constitute my favourite reading matter, which shows that I have not fully grown up yet and never shall)—and a dozen small paper-covered booklets for the pocket.

Thus I tried to provide for leisure hours, for evenings when mountain climbing is not feasible.

WHY I WASN'T FEELING WELL.

It is the mind that makes the man.—OVID.

Why wasn't I feeling well? How is it that I, a physician, not entirely devoid of the knowledge of hygiene and not altogether without common sense, who knows how to advise others pretty well, could not or did not keep himself fit? The reason is a very simple one, though *the reason for the reasons* are not so simple. The reason is: *I did not care.*

I always knew but always ignored Spencer's dictum that man's first duty is to be a splendid animal. Why? Several reasons. I saw so many splendid animals which were *nothing but* splendid animals, I saw so many muscular athletes with the brains of kittens, that, by reaction, I rather scorned the body. Perhaps the early, severely religious, ascetic bringing up which bade you to scorn the flesh and cultivate only the soul had something to do with it. Also I knew that the world's greatest and best men were physical weaklings. And I cared only for the spirit, for the mind. I sincerely believed that "on earth there is nothing great but man, in man there is nothing great but mind". And with Pope I claimed that

I must be measured by my soul,
The mind is the standard of the Man.

I lived altogether a spiritual life. Anything that took away time from cultural activities—studying, reading, writing, proofreading, etc.—I considered a sin, the sin of wasting time. Dancing was silly, athletics unnecessary, horseback riding a fad, and so forth. I spent on my breakfast just five minutes, on my luncheon about as much, and on dinner not more than ten to fifteen minutes. And even then, I often read during the meals (if not objected to). I did not wear any laced shoes or even Oxfords because I did not want to waste the time necessary for lacing and unlacing. I had Congress shoes with gaiters made to order; those I could pull on and off literally in two seconds. (And to think that now I wear boots in which I have sixty-four holes to lace!) The same with neckties. I would not wear a four-in-hand, only a hook-on tie, because I did not want to waste the time. And this in spite of the

fact that the hook-on ties generally look cheap and ugly. And so with every other article of apparel. I judged of an article of clothing by its looseness and the rapidity with which it could be put on and off.

And of course I never roughed it. I never owned a khaki or outing suit or a pair of high boots. I had a number of vacations, but they were not conducive to the hardening of the body. You cross the Atlantic ; pacing the deck is about the only exercise you can indulge in. They feed you excessively, and out of sheer dullness and ennui you eat more or more often than is good for you. And the result is that at the end of the trip you would weigh three to five pounds more than when you started. And in Europe it will be first-class hotels and restaurants, railroad travelling, automobile driving, museums, picture galleries, and theatres—all very nice, but nothing conducive to the hardening of the body or the strengthening of the spirit—not even the resting of the spirit ; though of course some sort of rest it was. For this reason I was so anxious to take this roughing-it trip ; and, as I said, I wanted it “ the rougher the better ”. I don’t like half-measures, if I can help it ; though I have always believed that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Only during the past year, when I saw plainly that it wouldn’t do, and particularly during the months of April and May, when I wanted to get hardened for the trip which was already under contemplation, did I begin to “ attend ” to myself. I started to visit a high-class modern gymnasium, or rather Health Institute, where they give you individual attention, subject you to exercises, Scotch douches, massage, etc. The unanimous verdict of the instructors and masseurs was : splendid physique, but not made the best use of. Well, hereafter it shall be made the best use of. Every possible sort of exercise, every kind of hardening process and as much in “ God’s outdoors ” as possible. A little less attention to the brain, and a good deal more to the body ; fewer books and more brooks ; less soul-stuff, and more sole-leather ; less dreaming and more doing ; less thinking and more living. [Shall I live up to it ?]

MY PSYCHIC CONDITION.

And on June 1st, 1923—No, before I start with a systematic and more or less chronological description of my trip, I want to say a few words more—the few words may occupy several pages—about my psychic condition.

I know that what I am going to say will appear strange, very strange to many, perhaps to most of my readers. All will think it too personal, too intimate, something that should be kept hidden within the chamber of one's heart. We have not yet reached that stage in civilization when frankness and truthfulness are considered desirable virtues (they are so considered in theory, but certainly not in practice). But is it not about time we tore off the mantle that conceals our inner feelings—and our wounds—and showed them openly to the world? How much better off the world would be if there were more frank writing, more open truth-telling! At first it would cause considerable embarrassment, but after a while, and on the whole, the result would be beneficent. So I believe. I may be mistaken.

A SUCCESSFUL AND HAPPY MAN.

Most people who know me personally and the many thousands who know of me by hearsay and through my writings consider me a very successful and happy man. I am neither. Let us take each term separately. Successful is a relative term. What may mean success to one may spell complete failure to another. I know a real estate man who makes thirty thousand dollars a year, a physician who makes fifty thousand and a lawyer who makes one hundred thousand dollars a year. They consider themselves and are considered by the world at large wonderfully successful men. I consider them utter failures, and I should not like to be in their places. Not for anything in the world. In order to consider myself successful I should have been either a smaller man than I am or a much bigger one. I have always said that. Nature has played me a mean trick. Small men consider their picayune achievements great successes and are content. I am not small enough for that. Big people do really accomplish something and have a right to be content. But I am not

big enough for that. And so I do not consider myself successful and am not content.

I repeat, "successful" is a relative term. I have made more of a success of both my professions—of pharmacy when I practiced it, and of medicine now—than any of my fellow graduates in the Colleges of Pharmacy and Medicine. But that does not mean anything. More than nothing may not be very much. I know hundreds of people who *think* that they would be supremely happy—and perhaps they would—if they had reached the position in life that I have; but that does not mean anything to me. The food that may satisfy a pigmy may be altogether inadequate for a giant.

I suppose I should, as a friend of mine said I ought to, derive some sort of satisfaction from the fact that my books and magazines are read in Hoboken and in Hongkong; in Chicago and in China; in New London, Conn., and in London, England; in Amsterdam, New York, and in Amsterdam, Holland; (yes, and His Majesty, the Prince of Siam, is a life subscriber to both my magazines and has purchased all my books; some princes are enlightened, more so than some presidents), *but I don't*, and, that is all there is to it. It is not enough for me. It is not what I started out after. I had bigger ambitions. As a boy I had higher strivings and I thought wonderful thoughts. I hoped to be the founder of a new religion, I dreamed of being able to bring about Utopia on earth. "A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." I hitched my wagon to a star, and I have not reached that star. The rope broke!

My friend says that I am unappreciative, that I am not grateful enough to the fates or whatever gods may be for what they have granted me, and that they will punish me for my ungratefulness. Let them. They cannot punish me any more than they have. My feeling of futility, of non-accomplishment, of failure, is sufficient punishment.

WHY I SHOULD BE SATISFIED AND GRATEFUL.

My friend, who knows the details of my life almost as well as I do, says I ought to derive satisfaction, a good deal of satisfaction, from the following facts:

(1) Having started with absolutely nothing, literally without a dollar to your name, and without any help or support, you worked your way through two New York colleges, supporting not only yourself during the time but others as well. (2) Out of 341 Dr. Robinsons in the United States, when "Dr. Robinson" is mentioned without any initials or other qualifications, it is you, the Editor of the "Critic and Guide", who is referred to. (3) In a certain branch of medicine, you are considered, both theoretically and practically, the greatest authority in the United States; in its practical applications probably the greatest authority in the world. (4) Patients are sent to you by physicians from every State in the Union and from many European countries. (5) Your books have been published in many editions, are in constant undiminished demand and are considered the most satisfactory of their kind. (6) No man, living or dead, has accomplished as much as you have for the birth-control movement in the United States, both in its theoretical and practical aspects. Your book on the subject is certainly the most satisfactory of any in any language and is now in its twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth edition. (7) Again, he continues, in sexology in general, you have done more than any single individual in the United States to spread sane knowledge, and healthy, humane ideas, which have done incalculable good to thousands and thousands of men and women. You may not know it, but everywhere in the United States, there are boys and girls, men and women, who call you blessed and who wish you life eternal. If nothing else, your work in birth control and sexology have already rendered your name immortal. Nobody but an ignoramus could write the history of birth control or of rational sexology in the United States without putting your name in the very forefront. (8) Few physicians have such a knowledge of and such an interest in general literature as you have. That is something to be grateful for. (9) Few physicians have travelled as extensively as you have. Few have visited Europe as frequently as you have—practically every year—then you took a long trip to Hawaii, a cruise to the West Indies, and now this glorious, or if not glorious, certainly unique trip. (10) True, you have always worked very hard. But your work has not been altogether without reward. How

many people work just as hard for twenty-five or thirty years, and at the end are about where they were in the beginning? While you, though you cannot give up work altogether, can afford to take things easier, you are comfortably situated, and whenever you wish you can give up work altogether for several months, and run away, as you say, to the end of the earth. And, besides, what would you have done without work? You are much more restless, much more unhappy when you are idle than when you are working. So don't complain about your hard work.

But here come the two most important points, which I have kept for the last.

(11) You are the freest man that I know. As you are in the habit of saying, there is no absolutely free man; everybody is, in a certain measure, a slave to somebody or something. But within these limitations, you are the freest man that I have met. You have no "boss", employer, or overseer of any sort, you depend upon no man or group of men for your living as we scientists and professors so often do; and not only do you at all times say what you want to say, but if you think it is right to do a certain thing you go ahead and do it, and if you think it is wrong to do a certain thing you just abstain from doing it, regardless of consequences, regardless of public opinion, regardless of the estimable Mrs. Grundy, regardless of what your enemies and even of what your friends may say or think. This freedom of action, it is true, does get you in trouble now and then, but as freedom is your ideal, you ought to derive satisfaction from the knowledge that you are about as free a man as one can expect to be in the first half of the twentieth century. (12) You are one of the very, very few men that I know or have heard of who have preserved their youthful spirit in its full strength, undimmed and undiminished. I have followed you closely for over fifteen years, and your youthful enthusiasms are absolutely undampened, you are as eagerly on the lookout for a new idea or a new worth-while movement as you ever were. You have not aged one year in this respect. On the contrary you seem more active, more alert, more interested in everything that is going on on this sorry planet. How many people become practically dead when they begin to approach

fifty? And should you not be grateful to the gods for having endowed you with an ever youthful spirit and courageous mind?

Take again this very trip, but from another angle. It is not the money cost and the money sacrifice that I am thinking of—but how many doctors of your circle and standing would have *decided* upon such a trip, strenuous and arduous and full of discomforts and possible dangers, a trip fit only for an adventurous youngster, or an inured, hardened mountain climber? The very fact that you decided upon it shows the non-diminishing venturesomeness of your spirit—for which, I repeat, you ought to be deeply grateful—and which you are not.

I have enumerated your assets. I know your liabilities. I am aware of your troubles. But they are certainly not sufficient to overbalance or even counterbalance your assets. When put in the scales against the latter, the assets scale proves much the heavier.

No, you have no reason or right to feel dissatisfied and angry at your fate.

Thus argues my good and overgenerous friend. He is persuasive and perhaps he is right. Perhaps the above facts should give me a certain amount of satisfaction. But they don't. They don't, and that's all there is to it. You can't tell a person he should feel satisfied or happy when he isn't. Perhaps I am unreasonable. But can I help it? I can no more help being unreasonable than I can help feeling discontented.

Of all the facts mentioned by my friend the only two that do give me some sort of satisfaction occasionally are number 6 and number 12. With my work in the birth-control movement I am pleased; nobody knows as well as I do what I have done for it and what I am doing. For the perennial youthfulness and aliveness of my spirit I am also grateful. Though, coming to think of it, I don't know. I would undoubtedly be better off and probably happier if I ceased to be interested in new ideas and in new movements, if my spirit became older and duller, and if I settled down to lead a quiet, humdrum, somewhat vegetative existence, as most of my professional colleagues are doing. But no! *Eppur si muove*, and

I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

I would not, if I could, exchange my turbulent spirit for a peacefully hibernating one, but that does not mean that I am satisfied. Far from it. *I* myself would not make the exchange, but if I had had no choice in the matter, I certainly should have been happier.

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

I admit that I have no right to complain on that score. I have had a mouthpiece for the greater part of my adult life, I have not had to remain dumb and die with all the music in me—but here is the crux: too often has my music remained unheard, too often has my voice been a voice in the wilderness.

Shall I tell you when I should be satisfied? Look at William R. Hearst or at that highgrade moron, Henry Ford (who may yet be our next President). I believe I have a better brain and am morally worth infinitely more than either of them. And see the influence they wield! Well, if I should be able to wield the same influence for good that they wield for evil, I should be satisfied. As I shall never have such an influence, I shall never be satisfied, and shall never consider myself a successful man.

There you have it.

As long as I have to ask myself

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

I shall remain discontented. True, I have not lost the visionary gleam, the dream is still here, but the glory, the fulfilment, is not there. And as long as that is the case . . .

AS TO HAPPINESS.

As to happiness, that is an entirely different matter. Happiness does not depend upon success, upon wealth, upon external circumstances.

Happiness comes truly from within. Happiness is unquestionably a matter of that aggregate of vague character-

istics that we designate as temperament. I knew a retired old French teacher who told me : *Je suis parfaitement heureux*, and he was always so jolly (his name was Mr. Jolly) and contented that one could well believe him that he was perfectly happy. I knew a bank clerk who was getting thirty-five dollars a week and he looked to be and he claimed to be perfectly happy. He seemed to care for nothing more, not even for an increase in salary ; when it came he was glad to get it, but he was just as happy before he got it. I knew a cowboy or cattleman, who owned a few cows and three or four horses, who was perfectly happy. Always jolly, always singing, enjoying the pure air and a gallop on his horse, and he claimed that he was perfectly happy and wanted nothing and needed nothing. To me his life was but slightly different from that of his cows or horses—well perhaps just because. Animals are certainly happier, if the term happy may be applied to non-reasoning creatures, than we are. I knew a coloured fellow who like his brother in the song was happy just because he was living ; good cheer and happiness were just oozing from him. But I would not be in his position.

No, I am not a happy man and I don't believe that I have had a truly happy day in my life. There may have been happy moments, happy hours perhaps, but I question it. Always there has been some fly in the ointment. In fact, if you don't mind my saying it, in order to be happy at the present time, one must be somewhat of a moron or a good deal of a fool (there is quite a difference between the two), or one must be supremely selfish. I do not believe that a thinking and a feeling man can, in the present stage of our civilization, be happy. Particularly since the war. Now, please don't get impatient and don't tell me that I am harping too much on the war. One cannot help it, because the war *has* influenced our outlook, our view-point. And the war is *still going on*. It is not the horrors and agonies of the war that I am now referring to ; it is not the terrible material destruction, nor even the more terrible international hatreds that it has caused, that I have in mind now. All these things are terrible enough ; but there is a still greater horror : the knowledge that humanity stands so low mentally that *even now* half a dozen men could plunge the world into war ; the

knowledge that the war that is still dripping blood and death has taught mankind nothing and that its wretched misleaders are already preparing for another war ; the knowledge that such narrow, ignorant mediocrities as Poincaré and Mussolini hold the fates of literally millions and millions of people in their hands. That's where the horror lies, where the disgust overwhelms you. And with such facts before your eyes, who can be happy ? Happy ! All you can ask is not to be unhappy, not to suffer agonies, to be able to be more or less calm, more or less dully indifferent—but to be happy ! Leave that to the children, and to those adults who always remain children.

As to that type that claims : “ I have not created the world and I am not responsible for its miseries ” ; or the one, less cynical, that says : “ Why should I bother with what is going on, I cannot change things ”—I have never, thank the Lord, belonged to either of them. We are in this world, and as long as we are in it, it is our duty to do something to diminish its horrors and agonies. As to not being able to do anything, that doesn't matter. As long as there is misery in this world, we must not shut our eyes and ears to it. We *must know what is going on*. If everybody pleaded non-responsibility or inability to improve things, there never would be any progress. If we cannot *help*, we can at least *help suffer*, or I should say suffer with them. Sympathy is something.

No, I am neither a successful nor a happy man. And you know the reasons.

THE TRIP.

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp is a little stronger,
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.

Where there is more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there is more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

Though we knew that we should make only a part of the trip by rail, it was thought best to buy a round-trip ticket—New York—San Francisco—Los Angeles—New York ; and on June 1st in the year of our Lord 1923 and in the year of our Independence 148, at 7 p.m., daylight-saving time, we found ourself in our section of the Manhattan Limited, at the Pennsylvania Station, New York, and promptly at 7.5, as stated in the time table, the train pulled out. I can never keep up long with “we” so I will go back to “I”. I took out some books and magazines, made myself comfortable, and began to feel cheerful and buoyant. The beginning of a new adventure always stimulates you. Time passed rapidly and before I noticed it, it was half past eleven. The conductor called out Harrisburg, ten minutes’ stop. I went out, stretched my limbs, and when I came back, I instantly felt glum and weary. It is remarkable, the suddenness with which one’s spirits can change. I was not a bit sleepy, but as it was near midnight, and our coloured brother of the Pullman had in the meantime made my bed, I went, allegedly, to sleep, but in reality to lie awake or to enjoy a few nightmares.

In the morning while shaving, I heard a cheerful, “Hello, doctor” ; it was E and his companion P, whose car had been attached to ours in the early morning hours, at Pittsburg. After breakfast we had a talk. E is convinced that the trip will do me good. I am hopeful too.

How drearily uniform and conventional the people’s reading matter is ! Only on one seat—and I have passed a dozen cars back and forth—do I see the “New Republic”, the “Nation”, the “Freeman” and the “Survey”, *and that seat is mine.*

Have read for several hours Wells’ *Men Like Gods*. A splendid book. Has raised my spirits.

We arrived in Chicago at 3 p.m. (June 2nd.) After arranging for the transfer of our baggage to the Los Angeles Limited we went out for a walk. The business section of Chicago is about as inspiring as is the business section of New York, but E walked me, and he walks briskly, for two solid hours. I afterwards discovered that there was a method in his madness. He wanted to make me physically tired, so that I would sleep better. It did not work, however ; in

insomnia, physical tiredness works when there is nothing gnawing at your vitals. Peace of mind and emotional satisfaction are the greatest and only harmless hypnotics.

We left Chicago on the Los Angeles Limited at 8 p.m., June 2nd, and arrived at Ogden, Utah, at 1 p.m., June 4th. We had to wait there an hour and a half for the train which was to take us to Butte, Montana, so we went to see the town, went to the Post Office, where we found some mail waiting for us, which was very welcome indeed, and we came back just in time. We left at 2.30 ; at 4 p.m. I saw the heaviest downpour of hail that I have ever seen. At 8.30 p.m. we passed Pocatello, Idaho (this reads almost like *The Golden Honeymoon*, by Ring W. Lardner ; read the delightful little story, if you haven't). We got to Butte at 5.30 a.m., June 5th. Our train for Great Falls was due only at 8, so I took a long brisk walk through this town, of which I had heard for so many years. Butte is certainly not a beaut, but it is a lively hustling town, which fact could be noticed even in the early morning hours. One peculiar thing I noticed, which I did not notice in any other town that I passed through. Many of the barber shops in the poorer sections had a sign out : Lady Barbers. My explanation is that many of the miners who for weeks and months see no female are anxious to feel a feminine hand on their rough unshaven faces, even if it is the hand of a lady barber, and the " Lady Barber " acts as a drawing card for trade. No, the sex element cannot be entirely eliminated, but if you have a better explanation why Butte, Montana, should have a specialty of " lady barbers ", let us have it.

OUR STAY IN MONTANA.

We left Butte at 8.30 a.m., and arrived at Great Falls, Montana, at 3 (June 5th). A very pleasant town indeed. We stopped at the Hotel Rainbow—pleasant hotel, nice people. We stayed in Great Falls three days. On the second day we bought ourselves a car, which henceforward was to carry us wherever we wanted to go. No more trains and time tables for us. The car was to take us to places where no car ever went before. While in Great Falls, P took the car to give

"her" a try-out (why do the uncultured use the feminine pronoun so much more often than we do?), and he is certainly a dare-devil, the way he took hills and went down dales. We also went to see whatever was worth seeing around Great Falls. We saw the Great Falls of the Missouri River, discovered by Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition, June 13, 1805. They are nice falls, about 90 feet high, but as I once remarked, to one who saw Niagara, all other falls appear like pigmies, like toy cascades. Then we saw the Rainbow Falls, the Giant Springs of the Missouri, etc., and in the early morning of June 8th we left for Geraldine, which was to be our headquarters while we dissected the bowels or broke the bones of the buttes of Montana.

We stayed in Geraldine ten days—from June the 8th to the 18th—and we can describe the ten days together. We stopped at the Geraldine Hotel—the best hotel in the place, because the only one. The landlord of the hotel was a lady—the husband is a permanent invalid and has been away in a sanatorium for the last three years. The lady, Mrs. T., was very kind, and with the primitive accommodations on hand she did everything she could to make us comfortable. The official census says that Geraldine has a population of 354 souls, but there is a suspicion that the population is less, because times have been very bad in Montana—they have had a drought for six years—and those who can move away. We soon knew everybody and everybody us. I was taught how to play billiards, the sheriff of the county taught me to play pool, and one evening I treated the whole crowd at what was formerly a bar and what is now a soft drink place. Our meals we took at the best restaurant in the place, "The Banner"; it was the best because, like the hotel, it was the only one. The food was primitive, monotonous and poorly cooked, but one could get along.

As to the work—soon after breakfast we would leave for the mountains; sometimes we would return for lunch and sometimes we would work all day. If the climb was not too steep, I would go up as far as E and P. If it was, I would sit at a lower level or in the machine—would sit and day-dream, or read or write. Towards six we would return to our "hotel", wash up, go for our modest repast, then E would

classify and label his stones, write some memoranda about them, and pack them in sacks or boxes ready for shipment to Washington. And I would generally walk about, by myself, with the star-studded sky for sole companion. Our food in those ten days was very monotonous and quite scanty, and yet we did a large amount of work on it. But to this subject I shall devote elsewhere a separate paragraph or chapter.

While driving to and from Geraldine I saw for the first time the humble inhabitants of the prairie: jackrabbits, prairie dogs (a stupid name, they should be called prairie rats because they are rodents and look like rats), gophers, badgers, numerous meadow larks, also an occasional eagle, and only once did I see antelopes. There were a few pretty snakes, but they were harmless.

On the fourth day of our visit to Geraldine another member joined our party, and from that time—June 11th—our party consisted of four (later on of five). That member was some fun, quite some company, a good bit of trouble when we had to stop at respectable hotels, for they objected to his admittance, and to me personally he was a great nuisance. Because henceforth he shared with me the back seat of the car, and sometimes he was too affectionate, crowded me too much, insisted on showing his affection with his tongue and nails, and I would always carry on me a great quantity of his hair. The fourth member of our party was a splendid shepherd collie, who came up to see us the first evening we arrived at the Geraldine Hotel and refused to leave us. He preferred us to his owner, and as he was an intelligent, active, full-of-life dog with wistful eyes, E bought him off the owner, who was glad to get the five dollars which he asked for him. A dollar looks big in the small places in Montana. I imagine in New York you could not get such a collie for less than one hundred dollars, even if for that sum. We discussed the name. I said Geraldine, but he was a male dog; I suggested Gerald, but P had a "friend" by that name whom he hated; I suggested Jerry—no, that was too bookish. So we compromised on the neutral Brownie, and Brownie he has remained up to this day.

THE DEMPSEY-GIBBONS FIGHT.

There is nothing specially to like in Montana. These mountains are not impressive, the scenery is not pretty, the country is poor, but I like the Montanans. Frank, friendly, lovable people. There is no question but that the people of the Middle West are friendlier, more approachable, more hospitable than are we of the effete East.

One thing somewhat spoiled my stay in Montana. On the fourth of July two ruffians were to fight each other at Shelby, to see who would knock out the other, and this formed an endless topic of conversation among the people, who in their life of monotony are anxious for something to talk about ; and the few poor papers that they have there devoted their front pages to the forthcoming fight as if it were a thing of world importance. All this bored me *ad nauseam*. But it not only bored me ; it pained and disgusted me, as every prizefight does. Not from tenderness towards the contestants—I should shed few tears if all the world's toughs and ruffians engaged in a contest and *all* were left cold on the ground—but a prizefight is one of the indexes of our stage of civilization. People who will not contribute a dollar towards a really worthy cause, will pay thirty-five (that's what they paid at Shelby) to a hundred dollars to see one tough knock out another, will spend their last cent to satisfy their sadistic lust instinct. It is not the fight *per se* that disturbs me, it is what it stands for, what it symbolizes, that breaks my heart. Half a million dollars, they say, that fight cost. And in Europe thousands and thousands of children are dying of starvation, of tuberculosis due to undernourishment, of misery and exposure. Yes, a nice world we are living in.

I happen to know that the " Critic and Guide " has some readers who enjoy and pay good money to see a prizefight. I do not wish to offend them, but I cannot help saying that a prizefight is a stupidly brutal thing. It is not only an index of the brutality of the race, but it contributes towards its further brutalization. And I see that Mussolini who has determined to brutalize all Italy has introduced bullfights into that unhappy country. Poor Italy.

By the way, who won the fight—Dempsey or Gibbons? I have not seen the papers.

But to go back to Montana.

On Sunday morning, June the 17th, we were to leave Geraldine for Lewistown, for we had done the buttes of Montana, had done all that E intended to do. But Montana, that has had six years of drought, so that the State became poor and the farms pitiful-looking objects, got a spell of rain, which, at last, promised a bumper crop. And glad we were, together with the people. I always bring good luck wherever I come; maybe my presence brought about the rain. But whatever the cause, rains in the West make muddy, unsafe, and sometimes unpassable roads, so that we had to wait until the rain would make up its mind to stop. E, who plays the piano beautifully, played for about two hours, and his playing quite unstrung me. It does not require very much to unstring me.

In the afternoon I put on my poncho and went out for a long walk. I did not care how naughty the elements were. There are certain moods, you know, in which the more raging the elements, the calmer the soul becomes.

WE ARE HEADING TOWARDS YELLOWSTONE.

On Monday, June 18th, accompanied by deep regret on the part of our landlady, we pulled out from Geraldine. Our immediate objective point was Lewistown, but the roads being poor and the rain coming down rather steadily we stopped at a little place called Stanford. The only place on our trip so far that I did not like, because the people hanging around the hotel looked like typical toughs, and, besides, it was raining, the sky was black and the place looked awfully dreary. And perhaps my endocrines were out of order. Whatever the cause, I did not like Stanford, and I was glad when we pulled out early the following morning. On the way to Stanford we met a large flock of sheep driven by a happy-go-lucky young shepherd. We greeted each other. He

stopped, came up to the car: "Carlson is my name." We told him ours and entered into conversation about the roads, the condition of the country, etc. Why do I relate this little, insignificant incident? Because it shows the real sense of equality that exists in this country, particularly in the West. In Europe if gentlemen driving in a car meet a shepherd, he does not come up to them, give his name and enter into conversation. He respectfully—or awesomely or scowlingly—tips his hat, if he wears any, and passes on. No, here in the West, they really feel themselves equal.

Another time, I was climbing down one of the buttes, to reach our car. E and P wanted to remain longer on top, so I went down by myself. And with the remarkable sense of direction and location that I possess I found myself on the other side of the mountain. And of course there was no car there. I started to go around the mountain towards the car, and went in the wrong direction, and found myself amidst unknown fields. A young farmer finally made his appearance. He saw that I was not there out of my own free will. He came up. "Tanner is my name," he said, extending his hand. I told him mine. "Have a drink?" I suppose I looked warm and parched. He took me to his cottage, gave me a drink of cold water, and asking from what direction I came, showed me where the car must be, and there it was. Yes, they are friendly people in the West, at once tell you their names and of course expect you to tell them yours. And conversation is at once entered into. And how tall and straight they are!

We left Stanford at 9.45, on the 19th, and arrived at Lewistown at 2.15, having stopped at the village of Mocassin for a few minutes for lunch. Lewistown is a pleasant little town. A few minutes after our registration at the hotel a reporter from the "Democrat-News"—a pleasant chap—came to interview us on the object of our visit, and the following day the names E, P, and my own appeared in a rather extensive notice, dealing with our trip. The only paper so far that was farsighted and enterprising enough to send a clever reporter to interview us. In the evening I went to the library—they have a Carnegie library there—read the weeklies (glory to God, they had both the "New Republic" and the

“ Nation ” there, but not the “ Freeman ” ; also the “ Atlantic Monthly ”) and borrowed two books. And I want to stop here for a minute to send my blessing to the spirit of Andrew Carnegie. I am not drawing up any accounts of his social and anti-social activities, I am using no “ grudging scales ” on his alleged good and alleged evil deeds, but this I do know : we should all be grateful to him for his libraries. Many a man and woman calls him blest because of them, and he deserves to be blest. Many a time in many a little town on this very trip, and on other trips, when feeling lonely, bleak and dreary, I would make for the Carnegie or other public library, and spending an hour or two in its quiet atmosphere, glancing through the weeklies and monthlies, and taking a book or two to the hotel, would restore my equilibrium. And be sure of that : the people you see in a library are always the better people of the town.

Blessed be the memory of Andrew Carnegie for his humanitarianism in establishing thousands of libraries throughout the country. They are the only source of mental pabulum to millions of people. Gratitude, by the way, also to the memory of Mrs. Russell Sage. Also to the living presence of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the pro-social work they are doing with a part of their money. They could do still more ? True. But how many who can do things do nothing at all ? So let us not weigh on too critical scales.

We left Lewistown at 9.30 (June 22nd), and after a very hard day's drive over bad roads we arrived at 5.30 at the little village of Martinsdale, where we decided to pass the night.

Soon after leaving Lewistown we passed a little village which I marked in my memo book as Homer. And I thought : what classical names they sometimes give to their dilapidated, dozen-inhabitant villages. But on looking on the map I could find no such name. There was a village named Moore. I then asked E and P what the name of the village was that we had just passed, and they said : Moore. Now, why did I write Homer when the name of the village was Moore ? No Freudian could discover the reason. I alone know it, and I need no Freudian to explain to me the association. The name Homer Moore does possess a distinct significance

for me and calls forth distinct memories. Hence the mistake in writing the first name instead of the second.

The roads were extremely muddy ; the torrential rains had washed away the bridge, and the temporary bridge which the natives had put up was also disappearing. So we had to stop and help the natives (that is, P did) to fix that bridge. After a while we succeeded in getting our car across. It was our first real taste of what country roads may be like in the West after a few days of earnest rain.

How little things sometimes please us. One time when we stopped to *water* the car—driving in the mountainous regions we found out that a car needed water just as urgently as and more frequently than horses do—E went up the mountainside and soon appeared with a little bunch of flowers. “Here is a bouquet for the professor.” And those few little starved mountain flowers pleased me more than a ten-dollar bouquet purchased from a New York florist.

We left Martinsdale, a cosmopolis of 200 inhabitants, at 7 a.m. (June 23rd). We left it chilled, but without regret. The temperature was 45° F. (that’s when New York was sizzling and the people were suffocating).

After driving about five miles we stopped the car, and started to walk to Gordon Butte, in which E was specially interested. After walking about two miles, we came to a rapid and rather deep creek ; there was a slippery log across it, or rather two pieces of log, one leaning on the other. Brownie and P got across all right, E had some difficulty, but when it came to my crossing something happened ; that is something slipped ; I don’t know whether it was the log or I that slipped, but I was in the creek. I got out, however, soaked only to about the waist ; some things in the pockets got wet, but otherwise I was not any the worse for the experience. Kept on walking and climbing and in an hour or two I was quite or almost dry ; on our return trip I got across all right. Experience, you see.

We arrived at Ringling (124 inhabitants), had some lunch there and proceeded further, and after six hours more over the most horrible roads that I hope ever to see or drive over, we arrived at Livingston. The travelling was so hard that when we got into Livingston we found that the work on the

brakes had been too wearing and we needed new brakes. Livingston is really a nice little town, and with the ranges of mountains, some of them snow-streaked, in the distance, reminds you of some small Swiss town. Its stores with souvenirs, albums, pictures of Yellowstone, mountain and camp outfits, etc., strengthen the illusion. And the hotel (The Park Hotel) was also very nice and the cuisine was excellent. Sunday (the 24th) was raining the greater part of the day, which gladdened my heart. It gave me a chance to rest my body from the billion jolts and bumps it had received, but which I really did not mind, considering them in the nature of osteopathic adjustments and chiropractic manipulations, and I spent almost the entire day in my room reading and writing.

The machine needed an overhauling after the hard tasks it had performed, and it was therefore 2.30 (Monday, June 25th) before we left Livingston for Yellowstone. We arrived at Gardiner, the northern entrance of Yellowstone, at 5.30. I confess that, in spite of the fact that I had seen enough scenery in various parts of the world, my heart beat a little faster and thumped a bit more loudly when we entered the far-famed Park, of which I had heard so much and which I had wanted to see for so long. As we entered the Park a Ranger approached us, asked if we had any firearms; we delivered them to him, he sealed them and returned them to us; no shooting is permitted in our national parks (they were unsealed by another Ranger when we left the Park). We then got our permit for the car (fee \$7.50) and also a tag for Brownie. Dogs are permitted in the Park, but they must be tagged and leashed.

Half an hour later we were at the Mammoth Springs, and we stayed overnight at the Mammoth Camp. I spent the evening and the following morning walking about the various Springs and Terraces, and at 9 a.m. we left for the Old Faithful. We stopped on the way for about two hours, climbing and taking specimens from the Obsidian Cliff, a glassy rock about two miles in extent, and after stopping and viewing many wonderfully beautiful things—the Prismatic Lake, Morning Glory Spring, the Great Geyser, etc., of which more anon, we arrived at Old Faithful, the constant, never disappointing

geyser. We spent the night at Old Faithful Camp, and in the morning we pulled out for the Grand Canyon. We passed the beautiful Kepler Cascades and stopped at the magnificent full-of-fish Yellowstone Lake for lunch. We went further, stopped off to see the Mud Volcano, the Dragon's Mouth, numerous boiling springs and mud puddles, and at last we arrived at the climax of Yellowstone, one of Nature's greatest masterpieces—The Grand Canyon. The inexpressibly gorgeous beauty and grandeur of the thing made E weep. Yes, it made him actually cry, and E is not given easily to crying. And I am glad that we went that way and not the other way round. For while there are many wonders in Yellowstone, to see the other things after seeing the Grand Canyon would have come as an anti-climax.

We spent the entire afternoon, until late in the evening, going from point to point and watching the scenery. We spent the night at Grand Canyon Camp, where after dinner they had community singing in the open air, and a very interesting vaudeville performance around a brightly burning log camp fire, and after that there was fresh popcorn for everybody and dancing. (This took place in every camp ; but more about it later, in a separate paragraph or chapter.)

The three days spent in Yellowstone were (so far) the most interesting days of our trip, and I am glad I had a chance to see the Park. For I did not go primarily or even secondarily to see scenery, and I would have taken the trip if Yellowstone had not been in our itinerary. So it was doubly welcome. We could not have seen all we did see in three days, if we had not been in our own machine ; this is the ideal way ; you can stay as long at one point and as little at another as you want to ; and you cover much more ground, and much more satisfactorily than by taking the standard tour. But if you have not your machine, it will pay you best to take the standard tour advertised by the Camp Transportation Company. They charge forty-five dollars per person for a four and a half day trip (children one half) and this includes all the sightseeing as well as lodging in a tent or cabin and three meals a day.

I was rather sorry to leave Yellowstone, but all good things come to an end—unfortunately they come to an end much sooner than do the evil things—and on Thursday, June 28th,

at 8 a.m.—no, before proceeding with the further recital of the trip, I must stop, and say a few more words about Yellowstone, as well as about our National Parks in general, and also something about the camps and camping.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

If somebody said to me : I have the time and the means to go and see just *one* of Nature's wonder spots ; where should I go ? I would answer unhesitatingly : Yellowstone Park. Now, Yellowstone does not hit you as strongly between the eyes as does, for instance, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, or Niagara Falls, or Kilauea. But they are just *one thing* ; after you have seen them you have seen them, though you may stay contemplating them in awe and wonder for hours. But Yellowstone is an aggregation of wonders, and you can spend days and days in merely examining its scenic grandeur and natural marvels. You must bear in mind first of all that Yellowstone Park occupies an area of more than *three thousand square miles*—a larger area than that of some European countries.

I was thinking of an appropriate expression to characterize the Park, when the epithet applied to it by its present Superintendent came to my mind : the World's Greatest Museum of Natural History. Yes, that's just what Yellowstone Park is—the world's greatest museum of natural history. It has a canyon which, not in size, but in gorgeous beauty, rivals if it does not excel *the* Grand Canyon of Arizona. It has numerous waterfalls which while not equalling Niagara—nothing does that—are of indescribable beauty and grandeur, and you can sit and watch them for hours and hours ; it has more boiling hot springs and gushing geysers than *all the rest of the world combined*, and the numerous "terraces", resulting from the evaporation of the hot springs, its numerous lakes, its mud volcano, etc., etc., will keep you enchanted and entranced for days and days. And then its altitude—a average of 8,000 feet—with its cool bracing air, makes Yellowstone Park the ideal place to spend the summer in. I do not know whether weak tenderfeet would enjoy its rather too cool atmosphere, but it is great for the robust—or for those who wish to

become robust and do not mind a bit of discomfort in the beginning.

To describe Yellowstone Park in detail would require a pretty good sized book—certainly more than one issue of the “Critic and Guide”. All I can do is merely to *mention* the things that appealed to me most.

Liberty Cap, a unique looking column 38 feet high and 20 feet in diameter at its base, is an extinct hot spring cone, and does have the appearance at the top of the well-known French liberty cap. Hymen Terrace, the next of the most beautiful of all the terraces, Cleopatra Terrace, Jupiter Terrace, Cupid's Cave, Devil's Kitchen (the interior of an extinct hot spring), Angel Terrace (the most beautiful of all). The colouring of the various terraces, the various shades of brown, red, green, and yellow are really beautiful. Silver Gate, Golden Gate, Electric Peak (the highest mountain in Yellowstone, 11,150 feet high), Obsidian Cliff (to which I referred above), Frying Pan (a basin 15 feet across filled with constantly boiling little hot springs), Congress Pool (an immense boiling spring), Opal Spring, the Iris Pool, the Emerald Pool, the Minute Man Geyser, Elk Park (a beautiful valley, but I saw no elks in it), Chocolate Spring, Beryl Spring (a very large, very hot, boiling spring), Gibbon Falls, Mammoth Paint Pots (an enormous cauldron with constantly boiling whitish mud in it), Great Fountain Geyser, Turquoise Spring, Prismatic Lake, Morning Glory Spring, Punch Bowl Spring, Old Faithful Geyser, Kepler Cascade, Isa Lake (remarkable from the fact that its waters flow to both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, it being situated on the summit of the Continental Divide, which in Yellowstone Park has an altitude of 8,240 feet), the Yellowstone Lake (one of the largest in the world—140 square miles—at such an altitude—7,740 feet), the Natural Bridge, Mud Volcano, The Dragon's Mouth Spring, The Grand Canyon—Artist Point, Inspiration Point, the Upper Falls, the Lower Falls. These are the sights that appealed to me most. Of some of these wonders I cannot resist the temptation to say a few words more.

Prismatic Lake is not the largest, but in my opinion the most beautiful spring in the Park, and probably in the entire world. I could not tear myself away from watching its

constantly changing prismatic colours. Its central portion is of a deep blue colour, but towards the edges it becomes green, then yellow, then orange; and the hot water— 145° F. !—is constantly flowing and bubbling. It is a charming sight.

The Morning Glory Spring well deserves its name. It does have the delicate and symmetrical appearance of a morning glory.

Old Faithful Geyser. Everybody who visits Yellowstone Park is sure to pay a visit to Old Faithful. It is one of the geysers that never disappoint, and it has well earned its name. Some geysers are capricious; some spout at irregular intervals. Not Old Faithful. He is always dependable. Every seventy minutes (with rarely a variation of five minutes), day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out, this geyser gushes forth its stream, to the delight and amazement of crowds of people—also when nobody is present to watch him. The column of water which this hot geyser throws up is about 2 feet in diameter, and 125 to 150 feet in height; this height is maintained for about two and a half to three minutes. It is a pretty sight, particularly at sunset or sunrise (I saw it during both) or when a searchlight is thrown upon it during the evening. There is always a crowd of people near it, many vainly trying to snap it with their cameras.

Yes, Old Faithful is worth a visit. Of course there are some people to whom nothing is surprising, nothing is wonderful. They have seen “everything”, or they lack imagination. Like the Irishman who was looking at Niagara Falls. A bystander was expressing his admiration of the majestic spectacle and commented with awe upon the volume of water that was constantly, uninterruptedly coming down. The Irishman didn’t see anything wonderful in it at all. “Faith, if all that water were running up, instead of down, that would be wonderful.” Perhaps he would have admired the Old Faithful Geyser, for here the water does come up.

The Kepler Cascades are decidedly worth seeing, though I am sorry to say they are only 150 feet in height.

The Mud Volcano is not just a fanciful name as so many names of natural wonders are, but is just what its name says: it is a volcano which instead of ashes and lava spits boiling

clay-coloured mud. Its funnel-shaped crater is about 30 feet deep. It is worth seeing.

The Dragon's Mouth Spring has not exactly the shape of a dragon's mouth, but is a pretty hot spring. It is right near the Mud Volcano.

The Grand Canyon, I will say once more, is a thing of wondrous beauty and is alone worth a trip to Yellowstone. Either at Artist Point or at Inspiration Point one could sit for hours and watch the incomparable panorama. As stated before, E was so touched by the sudden unfolding of the scene before him that tears came into his eyes, while I could not tear myself away from the Upper Falls of the Canyon, whose deafening roar and turbulence seemed to harmonize with the state of my soul at that moment. *And then I went down to the very brink of the Lower Falls.* If a month before anybody had told me that I would accomplish a feat like that without dying of it on the spot I would have been very incredulous. It is not the going down—it is always easier going down than going up—though that was hard enough, it was the going up. I should have known, and of course I did know, that I would have to come up, but the reckless obstinacy which has been with me all through the trip did not permit me to stop; and so I went down to the very last step; the stairway is 500 feet high, and has by actual count—I counted every step going up—502 stairs. And I had walked about 200 stairs that day; altogether I walked about 700 stairs down and 700 stairs up within an hour or so. Of course I was panting when I came up, and my pulse was about 100, but everything soon became normal, and I did not even have the nightmares which I used to have on climbing stairs or mountains and which I feared I would surely have that night. Of course the elevation of Yellowstone—seven to eight thousand feet average—might have made the climbing easier. As you know, I always feel better in a high altitude.

And that will do—will have to do—for Yellowstone proper.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS.

My readers will be ready witnesses to the fact that I have never hesitated to criticize and to censure our government

whenever I thought it deserved criticism and censure. But credit to whom credit is due, has always been my motto—and I can only speak in the highest terms of commendation of the manner in which our nineteen national parks are managed. No silly rules, signs “forbidden”, no autocratic high-handedness, no bureaucratic red-tape. Everything is as simple as can be. All the rules and regulations governing the parks are just for the protection of the parks and for the equal protection and comfort of all visitors. You are simply asked to respect the equal rights of others and to preserve intact “in the interest of posterity” the natural beauties of the various wonder spots. And when the government says in its announcements: “This is your park”, it means just what it says. The parks are just as much mine or yours as they are the President’s or John D. Rockefeller’s. You can go in there on foot, on horseback, on a bicycle, on a motor-cycle, with a horse and wagon or in an automobile; you can stay there in a luxurious hotel, or in a modest camp; or you can put up a tent of your own and stay there as long as you want—one night or the whole summer. And quite free. And you can visit the various natural wonders in the automobile buses provided by the Transportation Companies, or on foot, or in your own machine—no pressure or even persuasion is used of any kind.

And the Rangers whom you meet in the Park or who are found in the Ranger Stations located at various convenient points of the Park are always ready with courteous and intelligent information. The Rangers who have charge of order in the Park do not try to play the role of petty officials; they are there to be of assistance, and they are. And by the way, the lakes and rivers of Yellowstone Park abound in fish, and with certain sensible regulations you can fish all you want, but no hunting is permitted of any kind—and rightly so—and for this reason they seal your firearms—as they did ours—when you come in. Nor must you break rocks, unless you have special permission. All this is right and sensible. And the spirit of the people in the parks—most of them in khaki, both the men and women in knickerbockers or in similar outing costumes—is cheerful and friendly. The spirit of people on a vacation usually is, as I said in discussing the subject elsewhere.

Our National Parks are real oases on the map of the country, and I like to believe that the time is not so very distant, when the whole world will be one National Park, in which all men, women and children will be cheerful, hopeful, buoyant travellers, and when everything will be conducted exclusively or primarily for service and not for profit.

THE CAMPS IN OUR NATIONAL PARKS.

I stated before that the three days we spent at Yellowstone Park we stopped at three different camps: Mammoth, Old Faithful and Grand Canyon. The camps in our National Parks constitute a phenomenon of rather recent development and deserve more than a passing mention.

If there is anything that has a touch of Utopia in it, that gives one an inkling of life in the future, it is The Camps in our National Parks. The spirit is one of friendliness and comradeship. The waitresses at the tables are mostly college girls, and many of the young men around the camps are college students. This custom is becoming more and more widespread. It gives the boys and girls a chance to spend their summers in healthy surroundings, in the open air, and they also make enough to pay their tuition fee the following year. And it is very much more pleasant for the guests. At least it is so for me. I would certainly rather have a refined, tastefully dressed, pleasantly smiling young lady serving my meals than a waitress of the Childs restaurant type. But it is the evening that make the camps so pleasant. All the guests, several hundred of them, participate in the singing, led by one of the young ladies who waited on you during the day; then there is a performance, which can compare favourably with many professional vaudeville performances. The performance is conducted by the daytime waitresses and waiters and is participated in by them and by some of the guests. Then there is general dancing, participated in by anybody who can dance. Then in some camps, as for instance the Grand Canyon Camp, there is a huge roaring open air log fire, the singing and the performance are in the open air, and there seems to be a genuine feeling of enjoyment. When it is all over, the people scatter, walk about in twos or in groups

among the trees and rocks, and then, healthily tired, with hopes for another pleasant day tomorrow, they retire to their tents ; and I don't think there are many of them who have to wait long before sleep closes their eyes.

And one point : everything is strictly respectable and on a high plane. Though the costumes are naturally unconventional, though you have sometimes considerable difficulty in deciding whether the individual before you belongs to the male sex or to the more deadly species—bobbed hair, knickers, and high boots, to take away some of the feminine characteristics—nevertheless you will never notice any liberties, any looseness in behaviour, nor have I noticed any trace of rowdyism or shadow of rough-house tactics. The behaviour is such as I like to see : not stiff and formal and snobbish on the one hand, nor fresh and rowdyish on the other ; just frank and friendly.

Camp life as it is seen in our National Parks is an *inkling* of Utopia, of life in the future.

For the benefit of some of my readers I might state that the rates in the camps in Yellowstone Park, and as far as I know in all other National Parks, are \$4.50 per day, per person ; one dollar and a half for the lodging and one dollar each for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. The meals are served in a large dining room, at tables holding eight or ten people. Not very cheap, in comparison with the rates in Swiss hotels, yet I suppose, taking circumstances into consideration, the rates are reasonable. The rates in the hotels located in the Park are from seven dollars to twelve dollars per day. But, of course, if you have your own tent and outfit, you needn't stop at either a camp or hotel.

One more word. The tents or cabins are very primitive ; in the morning they are quite cold, and at 6 a.m. a young man comes in (in the ladies' cabins it is a young woman, I suppose) and makes a wood fire in a little iron stove. A big handful of sawdust saturated with kerosene is thrown in and the wood soon burns brightly. The camps are all right when you want to rough it ; but if you want real comfort, I should advise you to stop at one of the hotels—and very fine hotels they are—and not at a camp.

Yes, the National Parks with their camps and camping grounds are a great thing for the people. And by the way,

why should not each State have its State Park ? There isn't a State in the Union that has not some forest land which could be set aside as a People's Park and camping ground.

CAMPING GROUNDS IN GENERAL.

I was extremely pleased to note, not only in the parks but in many Western towns, not only a permission but an invitation and an urging to camp. In many places, parts of the city are reserved for camping purposes. "Good Camping Grounds ! Good Water. Welcome. Come Again." All you have to have is a horse and wagon or a tin lizzie and you can take your whole family on a camping holiday at a trifling cost. The kiddies certainly enjoy it, it is a great relief for the mother, who is freed from her household drudgery for a time, and it does not do the lord and master of the family any harm either.

The camping custom should become more popular in the East ; it would be a great blessing for everybody. Let those who read these lines and have the influence, do what they can to make camping as popular in the East as it is in the West.

WE CONTINUE OUR TRIP.

On Thursday, June 28th, at 8 a.m., we left the aggregation of wonder and beauty called Yellowstone Park. It was "real" cold, particularly when driving in an open car. I had seen the headings of some papers and they said that in New York and Chicago the heat was terrific, that people were sleeping in the streets, on the beaches, and all who could were running away. I told E that feeling as chilly as I did—I had to wear a flannel shirt, coat, and sweater—it was hard to sympathize with the people who suffered from heat. "You will sympathize with them tomorrow, or perhaps before the day is over," answered E, and I did. The roads were bad, there were wash-outs and detours, and once we took the wrong road ; but after about 200 miles we reached Pocatello, Idaho, at 7.30, where we stayed over night. Of these 200 miles, seventy were nightmarish ; they were no roads at all ; we had to make them ourselves. As we began to descend to lower altitudes,

the heat was becoming more unpleasant, the sun was broiling, and when we arrived at Pocatello, I was thoroughly sun- and wind-burned. It may be fun to be badly sunburnt, but it was not at all pleasant. And on the way there were so many gophers that E could not restrain himself from trying his marksmanship skill. So he shot, and after several failures finally succeeded in killing a gopher. And when Brownie jumped down and got him I felt sick at my stomach. All sports I'll take up, except one—hunting and slaughtering. And I must say, I didn't admire E for shooting the poor gopher. There must be a cruel streak somewhere. Of course, the excuse is, gophers are injurious to the farmers—but one gopher more or less, what does it matter?

At 8 a.m. (June 29th) we left Pocatello for Salt Lake City. We stopped at Logan for lunch. We arrived in Salt Lake City at 5. And I tell you I was glad to see a large, civilized city once more. And much as we may sneer at the large hotels, I was glad to stop at a hotel (Hotel Utah) which is as nice and as comfortable and has as good a cuisine as any in New York. Roughing it is all right, if you know it is but temporary and you can change the roughing to a decent mode of living any time you have a mind to!

Everywhere on the way there were flags and bunting—President Harding and his party either had just been or were expected in a few hours or the following day. He seemed to be quite popular.

THE CITY OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST.

The first impression the City of the Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ makes on you is a very pleasant one. The streets are broad, remarkably clean, with plenty of buoyant active life in them. And the impression grows on closer acquaintance. Evidently the city *was planned*; not just “grewed up” like Topsy, and so many of our cities. At frequent intervals there are fountains with pure ice-cold drinking water, and water is constantly flowing in the gutters, so that rubbish, pieces of paper, the peelings of fruit, etc., do not accumulate but are instantly carried away. The city

has numerous beautiful parks ; altogether not a bad city to live in.

The Mormon temple is an imposing building and so is the tabernacle. The tabernacle has one of the most famous organs in the world, and every day, except Sunday, there is an organ recital, between noon and one. I went to hear it. It was magnificent. I have heard many organ recitals. The only other two organs that can, in my humble opinion, compare with it are the organs in Lucerne, Switzerland, and in Portland, Maine.

In the afternoon, took a ride around the town in one of the sight-seeing buses. We may smile at the rubberneck buses—we usually do in our own cities—but they are quite a convenience for strangers who have but a short time at their disposal. In an hour and a half we saw all that was worth while seeing. One must not fail to see the Utah Capitol. It occupies a beautiful commanding position, so that you have a fine view of the whole city, and is itself a very fine structure. It contains something which every capitol should contain, namely a museum of the resources of the State. Very well gotten up ; both interesting and instructive. Among other things I saw a unique “ piece ” of coal—a square lump of shining black anthracite weighing over 14 tons or 28,000 pounds ! Mined in one piece. The chauffeur, or guide, was full of jokes—in commenting upon the sugar-beet industry of the State, he claimed that Utah produced the largest sugar-beets in the world ; they were so large that one summer evening there were found seven policemen sleeping on one beat. And so he kept on sprinkling jokes as we went along. We passed through Liberty Park. “ This is the finest park in the city ; contains one or more specimens of every tree that grows in the State, except fruit trees ; though quite often we find peaches, once in a while a lemon, and dates are often made there.” “ These tall trees are poplars ; they are very popular, especially at night.” As we passed the fire department : “ Why are firemen like old maids ? Always ready but seldom called.” This joke fell flat, for unfortunately among the passengers were many old maids, as is *always* the case. I need not explain why among travellers you will always find such a large proportion of old maids. He had an inexhaustible

supply of jokes. He was a Mormon, but he had only one wife, and was glad enough to be able to support her. He claimed that polygamy was never practised by more than about three per cent. of the Mormons. First, the man always had to get the permission of his first wife, and second, he had to prove to the Church authorities that he was well able to support in comfort more than one wife. Of course I saw Brigham Young's simple grave (nothing but a grass-covered plot—no stone of any kind—just like Thorwaldsen's in Copenhagen), and the guide told us with pride that 258 descendants of Brigham Young participated in the World War. Brigham Young was certainly a remarkable personality, from many points of view, and he deserves the attentive study of sexologists, psychologists, and sociologists.

I have found Salt Lake a pleasant and interesting city and I shall revisit it at the first possible opportunity.

[I did, sooner than I thought I should.]

ROUGHING IT—WITH A VENGEANCE.

On Sunday, July 1st, at 9 a.m., we left Salt Lake City for Hanksville and the Henry Mountains. Our intention was to stop over night at Loa. We travelled all day, over roads that were fair, but not any too good, and when it got dark we found that the too self-confident P had lost his way. We inquired at a solitary ranch, and after following or allegedly following the directions we found our way "loster" still. In spite of the fact that we had not eaten a thing since breakfast I was as glad as is a child (of course I did not let E or P see it) when an accident happens or when there is some excitement. I just wanted to see what would happen if we had to wander about in the car all night. Unfortunately, I mean fortunately, we finally struck a sign "11 miles to Fish Lake", and we took that road. We got there at 10 p.m.—thirteen hours in a bumpy car is pretty good.

I was glad we made that mistake. Because Fish Lake is situated at an elevation of 9,000 feet and is quite pretty and is worth while seeing. And it has lots of fish. Many people from the surrounding country go to spend there their week ends. We got into a modest inn, and in about half an hour

we had a good substantial dinner. Fourteen hours without food, driving about in the open air at a high elevation, does give you a bit of appetite.

That evening while finding our way we passed something which emitted a very disagreeable odour ; for the first time I had the not unalloyed pleasure of experiencing the smell of the animal of which I heard so much but which I had never seen before—namely the common skunk. Well, we passed it and it was over soon. As I remarked in speaking of my visiting the lepers (in my description of my West Indies trip last year) that I would rather be associated with physical than moral lepers, so I would rather have to do with real animal skunks than with moral skunks, though the latter may look externally like thorough gentlemen and fine ladies. Still, if I should have my choice, I should prefer to meet neither.

I was up very early in the morning—5 a.m.—and took a walk around the lake. At 6.30 we had our breakfast and at 7 we were off.

July 2nd. This has been one of the most interesting if not exactly the most pleasant days of the trip *so far*. We left as just said Fish Lake at 7 a.m., our goal being the long-talked-of and by me rather dreaded Hanksville. We reached Loa and Torrey without any difficulty. At Torrey, which is the last place on the road to Hanksville where gasoline can be obtained, we secured after a good deal of trouble an iron-drum (originally used for castor oil), filled it with fifteen gallons of gasoline, and started. We got into the canyon country, and soon a scene of such gorgeousness and majesty and magnificence presented itself to our view, that we stood—or rather sat—over-awed. I have seen *the* Grand Canyon (of Arizona). I have seen the Grand Canyon in Yellowstone. They are grand beyond the power of words to describe or brush to depict. But I was in some respects more impressed by the scene, or rather thousands of scenes, before me. To travel for miles and miles with gorgeously coloured ranges of rock on each side of you—the impression produced on you, your reaction to it, beggar all description. No wonder that primitive nations in the face of such wonders of grandeur and beauty thought of mythical gods and looked for miraculous explana-

tions. It looks as if god-like giants or titans, in fun or in anger, had torn up the earth, thrown up the rocks to the heavens and then let them fall back pell-mell, in disorder—here and there according to some sort of symmetrical plan, here and there in the most capricious chaotic jumble.

I was wondering why nothing has been written and why so little is known about this wonderful canyon country between Torrey and Hanksville. If the Government adopted this region as a National Park, advertised it, improved the roads, people would be flocking to it. Because, I repeat, there are few regions in the world to surpass this in extent and grandeur. But the roads—that explains it, or a good deal of it. The roads were bad. It was all the time up and down, and letter-S curves, and in a number of places a swerve of a few inches might have meant the end of our machine and of the Editor and his trip; and in some places it bumped you so, that for a moment you did think there was not a bone in your body left in its original integrity. Yet it was all bearable until we reached Notum. A few miles after the last named place the trouble began.

Of course there was a fine dry sand and mud all along the road. The sand penetrated every pore of your skin, every orifice of your body and covered your khaki as well as your underwear and socks with a fine grey coating. Mixed with the perspiration called forth by the broiling sun it made a fine layer of mud. When arrived at our destination we all were of the same complexion. As E said, looking up at me: "Doctor, you might be able to pass for a white man down here, but you would have some difficulty in convincing the people down your way." And one's mouth felt—well it did not feel very well.

Even Brownie felt disgusted. He gave up all attempts to improve his condition, because he saw they were useless, closed his eyes, put his muzzle between his paws and tried to sleep, submitting himself to any fate. A wise dog. If you cannot conquer fate, try to submit to it gracefully. An advice that I have given thousands of people, without being able to profit by it myself. And the advice is proper, sensible advice. But it depends upon the way a man is built. Personally I would resist and kick against fate to the very last

moment, if I thought that fate was unjust, even if I knew that the resistance and kicking were utterly futile.

But to return to the sand. A few miles before Hanksville, I discovered, for the first time in my experience, what sand can do to a machine even if the machine is in first-class condition and the chauffeur an A-1 expert. The machine refused to move. The wheels turned and turned, but the machine was stuck fast. We had to get out and push ; it was not an easy job, but it was accomplished. This happened three times. One time, however, no efforts at mere pushing on our part were of any avail. We had to take out our burlap sacks (provided for just such an eventuality), go and chop down twigs and branches and build up a road ; after strenuous efforts lasting over an hour we succeeded in making her go. But about three miles from Hanksville " she " got stuck for fair, nothing we did made any impression on " her ".

So there was nothing left to be done but to hike it to some farm to get a horse. And so E and I hiked. The nearest farmhouse was about two miles away (E says it was only a mile and a half ; to me it seemed ten). There we secured a horse, and in about half an hour the car passed the farm, where I was waiting.

While I was waiting the young woman of the farm told me their troubles. They had had one hundred and twelve chickens ; now they have only fifty left ; the rest had been killed by a chicken hawk ; and if he—her husband—don't kill that d—— hawk, they won't have any chickens left. The man was always watching with his rifle, but never got a chance at him. And while I was sitting there the fifty chickens were reduced to forty-nine. That same d—— hawk pounced down like an arrow on a poor chicken, and in an instant it was in mortal agony. He did not carry it away, however, but left it on the ground, the man starting to aim his rifle. But in an instant, the hawk was in the blue heavens ; before the man could even take aim. How different the enemies of the agriculturist, the farmer, are from those of the industrialist, the city workman !

I might say that the man looked sad and apathetic, and to my great surprise he was reading Robert Blatchford's *God and my Neighbour*. Whether the book came into his hands by

accident I don't know. I myself was too tired to enter into any conversation. He asked me where I came from, and I told him. "And I was never out of Utah," he said rather wistfully and resignedly, as if to imply "and I never expect to get out of here". Well, perhaps he is just as well off here as he would be elsewhere. And yet . . .

The man, a tall, alert, active fellow who pulled our car out, went along on horseback quite some distance with us, to be on hand in case we got stuck again, and at last we arrived at Hanksville. When we asked the man what he wanted for his services—we thought he would probably ask five dollars—he said: fifty cents. We gave him two dollars and he was very grateful, which shows that there are still some good primitive people, even in the U.S.A.

HANKSVILLE BY THE DIRTY DEVIL RIVER.

Yes, we arrived at Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River, the nearest human habitation to the Henry Mountains. Though why there should be a Hanksville, or why, there being a Hanksville, anybody could or should want to live in it, is one of those mysteries which I am never able to solve. Of course it is easy to say: locality does not make happiness, and one can be happy or miserable anywhere; and yet, as I started to say before, to be thrown on a desert patch of land, to be limited to seeing the same dozen or two humdrum, uninteresting people all the time, to be practically cut off from the rest of the world, to have no books, nor ever to be in any theatre, in short, just to work, work in order to eke out a very miserable existence—well, perhaps there are some philosophers to find beauty, satisfaction or compensation in such life—I am not one of them. I see but unrelieved tragedy; and I can see little difference between the life of the lady of the farm who has been working since five this morning and that of her cow and horse; on the whole the latter are the happier, or—if happy be an improper term to use about animals—more contented.

Yes, we arrived in Hanksville, and I was all in. For the first time during the trip, I felt all in. The combination of broiling sun for twelve hours, bumpy and dangerous roads,

clouds of all-penetrating finely powdered mud and sand, lack of lunch—we went from 7 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. without anything—the effort needed for pushing the car five different times and the two miles' walk in the burning sand to the farm, all this was a bit too much for me. I felt tired : I felt my pulse and it was 120 per minute, and it is almost the same (110) to-day, July 3rd.

In this metropolis of 50 inhabitants there is of course no hotel. But we got a farmhouse to accommodate us. After an hour and a half our dinner was ready : canned salmon, canned peaches, questionable coffee, but the bread was excellent ; it was freshly baked, and it tasted fine. After the dinner, which we enjoyed as much as any dinner at the Ritz or Astor could be enjoyed, the question of sleep came up. The house is but a log cabin, and there were no accommodations for three additional people. But God's outdoors is large and soon we levelled the hay and were making our " beds " in the open, on a haystack. It was my very first experience in sleeping with the sky for my roof, and that part I enjoyed thoroughly. Every first experience of a kind is so much more enjoyable for being the first. No, I'll not say *every* first experience. I remember the first and only time I was lifted and thrown in the air by a bull's horns ; I was five then ; I remember the first time I fell into a creek ; I enjoyed neither experience. And I don't think I should enjoy sleeping in a solitary cell in Sing Sing or in Leavenworth even the very first time. What I should have said is that every first pleasant experience is so much more enjoyable for the fact of being the first.

I could not fall asleep for a long time, because the myriads of stars above my head were twinkling and winking at me and talking to me, but finally the crickets with their unceasing monotone put me to sleep.

What were the stars telling me ? It would take too long to tell it, because stars talk very rapidly, and can say a good deal in a few words. But one bright, benignly-smiling star was repeating : My dear, dear William J.—if you only knew, really *knew* . . . then you would *know* how insignificant and ephemeral your troubles are. . . .

But here I fell asleep.

I woke a dozen times—am not yet used to the numerous, open-air country noises, and the crickets were chirping and the stars were twinkling, and the sky with its myriad diamonds was gloriously beautiful ; woke and fell asleep again. But finally, the riotous music of the birds, and the tongue-licking of Brownie said it was time to start another day.

And so I started it. Washed face with water drawn from cistern, had breakfast, then decided to shave (had not shaved for four days on account of severe sunburn of face), then asked for some sort of little table at which I could write. The lady discovered she could spare a small kitchen table, and so I am sitting now in front of the log cabin and writing. Unfortunately the cabin has no porch, no protecting eaves, and the sun is as hot as hell. Yes, it is, and I make no apology for using the word. And the ground not being level, the table wobbles a bit ; but that does not matter. The table is the important thing. I have never yet stopped at a peasant's hut, poor as that might be, where they could not procure or manufacture some sort of table for me, which then, with everything on it, became for the length of my stay my inviolable and undisturbable domain. Hotel guests and boarders usually like to make sure of a comfortable bed ; wherever I am making a stay of any extent, I make sure of a comfortable table—or of some sort of table.

And so I am sitting and writing—and the sun is as hot as blazes—E is sitting in the machine, arranging some memoranda, and P, the handiest man with tools that I have ever seen, is fashioning a wagon for the farmer's children. And they are happy and jubilant. One of the things a father should be handy with is tools. Nothing makes children love and respect their parents so much as seeing them make strong, beautiful and useful things for them ; and then teaching them to make the things themselves. Going into a store and buying is not the same thing. The most expensive car will not be appreciated so much as a homely thing put together from boards and wheels, but made at home, before the child's eyes. I wish I had been handy with tools. Unfortunately I was too busy with spiritual and cultural things. I see very clearly now the necessity of manual labour, of manual skill. Yes, one can *get along* without it. One can get along without many things.

But *it isn't good* to get along without it. A man is not complete without some technical knowledge and some manual skill.

July 3rd, 2 p.m. It is still as hot as hell. I can do nothing except perspire, and at intervals, write. And I am pleased to see that the natives suffer just as much from the heat as I do. I am glad we are not going out to the mountains today. The guide who was to come with the horses and pack-mules has not shown up. Suppose the heat was too much for him. The farm hands are overcome and are taking a siesta. So I certainly have a right to feel uncomfortable.

July 4th. Tall, stalwart six-footers on horses, in blue overalls and enormous hats, began to come in last evening to attend the celebration of the glorious Fourth. The celebration consisted of a programme in the morning and some races and broncho-busting in the afternoon. I was curious to see how the backwoods people celebrate. The hall was filled with men and women who came from considerable distances from the ranches. The Fourth of July comes but once a year. Of course the men were in their shirts or overalls.

The programme you can imagine: singing of the National Anthem, reading of the Declaration of Independence by a young lady who stumbled only over the more difficult words, and then a grey-headed old gent without coat or collar (very sensible, it was too hot, and besides they never wear collars, which is always sensible) made an "oration." "Just think what we owe to our ancestors; if they had not put up a fight we would not be free; we might still be subject to Great Britain as Canada is; and it is but for their courage and sacrifice that we are now free, free, free." The little imp that always skips about in my mind began to ask: free, free to do what? To work eighteen hours a day, to ride over backbreaking roads, to inhale dried mud and to drink the vile water from the Dirty Devil River? And then that little imp went even further. Suppose we had still been tied to Great Britain as Canada is—are the Canadians really less free and otherwise worse off than the Hanksvillians? But such questions were bordering on disloyalty, so I wrung the little imp's neck and he became silent. And then I lost the thread of the oration, because my attention was distracted by something that I saw before me. On the bench right in front of me there were six cowboys

in overalls, and five of them had large orange labels on their back, with some lettering in black. I wondered what it could be—maybe the insignia of some lodge or society. I looked closer, and the legend on the labels was as follows: “Levi Strauss & Co., Copper-riveted Clothing of Quality. Every Garment Guaranteed.” And “copper-riveted” was not merely a manner of speech to indicate the strength of the garments, but the pockets, etc., were actually fastened with copper rivets; and I afterwards found that the brand of clothes is highly favoured by the cowboys. But I could not help smiling. Those cowboys probably never saw and never will see a member of the chosen race, and yet they all wore clothes manufactured by a Jewish firm. Quite a distance from the East Side of New York or Chicago or San Francisco to Hanksville, yet it reaches. A wonderful thing trade is. How much better than war to penetrate a nation, to win a people; yet our insane militarists will not see it.

The broncho-busting in the afternoon did not amount to much, but one poor fellow, a nice fellow too, got a broken ankle from it. I treated him and he was duly grateful. And how Spartan they are in bearing pain. I verily believe that if they had to have a leg sawed off without anesthesia, they would consider it a matter of pride and honour not to emit a groan. They are built differently from our super-civilized intellectuals of both sexes. Whether they really feel less pain than we do, or they can stand more, or are able to suppress their feelings better, I don't know. It is one of those questions which are very difficult to answer.

July 5th. It is insufferably, paralyzingly hot, and the wind that blows now and then makes matters worse because it chokes you with the dirty dust that it raises. It is not honest dust or sand, but *dirty* dust. It makes you—at least it makes me—sick. And I haven't a thing to read, because on going to the mountains on horseback you have to reduce your baggage to the lowest possible minimum. I'll hunt, maybe I'll find something.

I have hunted and found on a shelf, *The Book of Mormon*, translated by Joseph Smith, Jr., and a school history of the United States. And I spent the afternoon reading those two instructive and interesting books.

Our guide hasn't shown up yet.

July 6th. Thank the fates. It is cooler today, and not so windy, so I am not compelled to swallow so much dust. But we are in Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River still.

Impossible, unfortunately, to hide the fact that I am a doctor in spite of my attempt, and I believe successful one, to look like a frontiersman or like a farmhand. Perhaps it is due to the fact that E and P address me as Doctor. Yesterday morning I was asked by a rancher to come and see his wife who was very sick, had so much pain that she could not lie down. Of course I could not refuse. You can refuse when there is another doctor available ; but how can you, in a place where the people never laid eyes on a physician ? I went. I found the woman very ill. Naturally I got ready to prescribe something. The husband said it would be no use. " Why ? " Because it would take *ten days* to get any medicine from the nearest drugstore. Fortunately I had something helpful in my grip.

This incident reminded me of the opposition which some good people, especially of the pharmaceutical but also of the medical profession, show towards dispensing by physicians. The dispensing doctor is still looked down upon. Such people ought to visit some of the remoter sections of our country. In some parts—and in quite a few—for a doctor to visit a patient without a well-stocked medicine case is sheer mockery. It is absurd to come and examine a patient and not be able to help him except by writing a formula on a piece of paper which it may take from one to ten days to put up, and by that time the patient may be comfortably dead. It is as if a surgeon were called in a hurry to operate on a case of appendicitis and brought no instruments along. " I will send for some ; they will be here in a few days, and then I will operate." Morality may not be a matter of geography, but customs certainly are. And what may not be justifiable in a metropolis may be perfectly admissible and even obligatory in a remote inaccessible section of the country. And dispensing by physicians of their own medicines is such an obligation in the various Hanksvilles of the United States.

July 7th. Last night while we were sleeping on the haystack, it began to rain. Nothing to be done ! Just covered

ourselves up with the blankets and let it rain. Got wet, but not any the worse for it. No cold or sore throat today. Last night went to see the patient with the injured ankle. Found him asleep in a "covered wagon". Getting along all right.

Late in the afternoon, yesterday, the guide showed up. A bright young chap, with red hair. His name is Faun Chaffing, but we decided to call him Dick for short. I wonder if his father or whoever named him had any idea of the meaning of the word Faun. The eight horses and mules he brought with him look strong and sturdy and well broken in. Practically the entire day today has been devoted to getting supplies and provisions for the camp, for man and beast. And I regret to say that in this case the beast requires more than the man; first, because there are eight horses and only four men; and, secondly, a horse does eat more than a man, and as there is very little grass on the mountains where we are going to establish a camp, we have to take considerable oats along, and oats are heavy.

Tomorrow morning, very early, we are leaving. And I am glad we are. Such villages or dumps or holes may be all right for novels, also for some people who love to think they love "nature" and primitive conditions, but to me they are horrid. The best way to find out the truth about them is to ask the inhabitants—*particularly the women*. It is bad enough for the men, but still they have certain pleasures and diversions which are not permitted to the women. Then they often go with their wagons to the neighbouring villages and towns to buy and sell—the women always stay at home. The woman of the ranch where we are stopping told us that in the three years she has been on the ranch she left it but once—two years ago. "You don't see nobody. Always the same people. Not even a movie. *You might as well be dead.*" I was startled when Mrs. M. said the last words, for the *identical* words were said to me fifteen years ago—in 1908—in a little Swiss village, Brienz, by the lady of the house in which we stopped then. "In the summer," she said, "it is not so bad, there are visitors, new people all the time and you are always busy; but in the winter we are cut off from the world, and you don't see a living soul. *You might as well be dead.*"

Yes, for birds of passage, for people who spend there a week

or two, it may be charming and romantic ; but to people who have to live there forever and see the same brook or lake, the same mountains, the same landscape, and the same faces year in and year out it is neither charming nor romantic. Living people need change and variety. Only people without imagination, without strivings, or to use the commonplace expression, without ambitions, are satisfied to die in the place in which they happen to have been born, no matter how dreary, cheerless, monotonous, in short, *inexcusable* it may happen to be. For Hanksville there is no excuse. The Lord should be asked for an explanation.

A TRIP ON HORSEBACK IN SEARCH OF A CAMP SITE.

July 8th has been the unique day of the trip so far—I should not have exchanged the experience “for anything”. We got up at 5 a.m., the guide had previously attended to the horses and saddled them, and put the heavy packs—our baggage and supplies—on the packhorses and mules, and at 5.30, without having partaken of any breakfast, we were off. The god of the weather was in a decent mood, that is, the air was cool and bracing, it was not windy, and so we did not have to breakfast on dried mud, and the horses went with a will. It was a pretty sight. I liked myself on my Rocinante, and I liked E on his mule, and I liked the sturdy packhorses, which patiently and uncomplainingly walked ahead. I wish we had taken a picture of it. So far I had only seen such caravans in pictures or in the movies—but here I saw it in reality, and I was one of the members of the cavalcade.

The desert stretched in all directions—with the Henry Mountains in the distance. As we went higher and higher, the view over the canyon country, with its constantly changing colours, looked very beautiful indeed. It was a delightful ride—the first horseback ride of this character I had ever taken. I expressed my delight to the guide. He agreed, though not as readily and enthusiastically as I thought he would. “Yes, but I am afraid it won’t be so delightful after a while,” he added. And it wasn’t, unless you want to call life-and-death thrills delightful. Some do. Soon the ascent became very steep, the declivities almost perpendicular, and the horses

had to make their way painfully and with extreme caution. If I had been told that I should ever ascend such cliffs or descend into such ravines on horseback, I should have believed that the teller was out of his mind. Only in moving pictures—I am including here some rides on the mountains of the days following—did I see such daredevil horseback riding, and even then I had a suspicion that the pictures were somewhat exaggerated. But no, they are real.

It will remain a matter of eternal regret with me that we did not have with us a moving picture camera to immortalize for our friends the horseback rides of July 8th and of the few days following. I fear that I shall never repeat the exploit, and for two reasons. Such geologic expeditions are not an everyday occurrence, and it is not likely that I shall ever join another one of this character; nor do I believe that I shall ever again possess the same recklessness, the same devil-may-care feeling, that I have had on this trip.

But I have learned to respect the dependability and the surefootedness of the trained horses and mules. At first, when making a trail on what seemed an almost perpendicular mountain, when the horse had to dig in each foot to gain a foothold, and when it seemed each second that he was going to stumble and fall and roll down, down, down, my heart did go pit-pat. I removed my glasses, so that in case we fell the broken glass would not injure my eyeballs, closed my eyes, and delivered myself to the fates—or to Providence, if you prefer. But I very soon learned that a horse is just as little anxious to fall and break his neck as you are to break yours, and you may generally trust him. Several times when I would want him to go a certain way, he would refuse, and go a different way, and each time his judgment was more correct than mine. Only twice did he refuse absolutely to take a certain jump—both times it was a steep wet bank over a brook and I had to get off and lead him a slightly different way. Yes, those animals have a lot of common sense, and if you give them some leeway and do not demand the impossible of them, they will usually take you where you want to go.

And speaking of the mountain horses in general, it would not be fair to pass my own horse without a special word of praise. He had the heaviest weight to carry, yet he did so

uncomplainingly, and not only did he walk with extreme caution in dangerous places where caution was necessary, but when he took me from the camp to Hanksville, he trotted and galloped with me to beat Navajo, the Indian pony. He was the biggest horse because I was the biggest man, and we understood each other perfectly. He did not even object when I changed his common name Pinto to Pegasus, and afterwards—seeing that I was not in a poetical mood, but out on a Don Quixotic venture, from Pegasus to Rocinante. He said it was all right, I could call him anything I wanted to. It was not exactly every day that he had such a distinguished rider on his back. He usually carried oil prospectors, hunters for gold or valuable minerals; this was the first time that he carried a physician, editor, author, and all-around non-conformist crank, all in one person, and in a God-forsaken, useless-to-man-or-beast desert where he, i.e. I, had no gold-durned business to be.

Yes, Rocinante and I became quite familiar, and while riding him or leading him we would have long conversations. Only today, when I rode him under the broiling sun—110 in the shade and no shade—for five solid hours, he suddenly addressed me. And rather in a tone of familiarity, which he acquired in the camp. He spoke very interestingly; never knew there were such clever horses.

But as he spoke rather at length, and as it would be anticipating too much, I will give our conversation a little later. It is quite interesting, I assure you, but everything in order. Where was I? Yes, we were riding up to the Henry Mountains, looking for some feasible location for a camp. At about eleven it began to rain; my poncho happened to be packed away, so we just had to let it rain. It is remarkable how quickly you get used to things. Perhaps it is because you are dressed in khaki, and in this dry country things dry up quickly. But you really don't mind—or only a very tiny bit—getting soaked to the bones. Sometimes you enjoy it; it is the only way you have of getting a bath. So we let it rain and got good and wet. At about twelve, the rain having stopped, we dismounted and got ready for breakfast-lunch. Bear in mind that we left without breakfast and had been riding over six hours. We made a fire, cooked some coffee, opened some

canned stuff, and, though it was not served as well as at the Astor, we enjoyed it nevertheless. We barely got through, when it began to rain in real earnest, so we had just to sit—we discovered one stump and some stones—and wait.

While waiting we had occasion to see a peculiar phenomenon ; it is common in the mountains, but it was new to me. We sat down near a little trickling creek—just two narrow bands of muddy water. Suddenly there was a rush of water from the mountains and almost in less time than it takes me to write this, this little creek was converted into a rushing roaring torrent ; and it kept on swelling and swelling ; it could hardly have carried down a chip of wood before, now it was carrying a big log, and a few minutes later something much bigger still—namely a dead cow ! She kept on turning over and over as the roaring torrent was carrying her down. You get respect for mountain streams after a heavy rain when you see a phenomenon like this.

But eventually the rain stopped, it was 3.15 then, we mounted our horses and proceeded—and in two hours we found what we were looking for. There was a creek with potable water (I would not have considered it potable, and I doubt that our sanitarians would ; but mud seems to be a normal constituent of water in this part of the world, and the rest of the party pronounced it O.K.), a fairly level piece of ground, some place for the horses, so we decided to camp here, temporarily at least. And so Crazy Camp was established at the north-west base of Mount Allen of the Henry Mountains. And the first thing E said when we dismounted from our horses was : “ Professor, you can tell them in New York that they can’t kill you. You are all right.”

CAMP HENRY.

The ground was wet, but that could not be helped ; it could not be wiped dry ; so the blankets, first the horse blankets, then our own, were spread out on the ground. We had no tent. We expected to get one in Hanksville, but none was to be had. We needed some sort of protection from the rain, in case it should pour in the night time, even if the protection be more fictitious and metaphorical than real, so we

strung a rope between two trees, and from that rope we suspended by the means of wooden pegs whittled right then and there two pieces of tarpaulin ; the lower edge of the tarpaulin was raised, and by the means of iron wire attached to a log, so that we had some sort of slanting roof. It was not much, but the human creature likes to feel that it has some sort of roof over its head. Two days later, however, we sent the boys to obtain a tent, which they did eventually, and that gave us some protection in the night time. It was not meant for use in the daytime ; it was just large enough for four people to crawl in under and lie down. We also chopped down some dwarfed cedar trees, cut down the boughs, and spread them on the ground in the tent, so that we had something to separate us from the wet earth.

To come back. After having fixed the " roof " (it took about two hours), we set about to prepare dinner or supper—call it what you will. E put some stones together to form a hearth, and with pieces of bark and small branches started a fire which soon blazed quite cheerfully—the only cheerful thing in that dreary camp. Dick made some dough, which he soon baked into some sort of pancake which he called a " whimmick " (this is the spelling according to his pronunciation). You know Childs' sinkers, well, this was a large sinker, which I named a supersinker. He prepared four such supersinkers—one for each. I might as well say right here, that while these supersinkers, prepared from flour, baking powder and lard, seemed to consist of just raw dough, they tasted well, and seemed to agree perfectly with our stomachs. A little bacon was fried, a can of pork and beans was opened, coffee was prepared—and we had a luxurious feast. And this with slight variations constituted every one of our two or three meals a day : a supersinker, a cup of coffee, a small piece of bacon, and either beans or some sort of inferior jam. Rather monotonous, but I dare say one can exist and even get fat on such a diet. Once Dick killed a rabbit, which he fried and which the party, with the exception of myself, enjoyed hugely as the daintiest tit-bit. I could not touch it, because I witnessed the murder of the poor rabbit. We were riding—Dick and I—when he noticed the rabbit. He alighted from his horse, loaded the revolver, stole up close to the unsuspecting

rabbit and fired. The rabbit fell—he was shot through the shoulder—and Dick got him and cut his throat with his jack-knife. And all this disgusted me so, that I could not eat or touch the carcass of the poor creature. There is a difference between knowing in the abstract that a certain thing is done and being witness to the whole procedure. I am not, as you know, a vegetarian, yet I assure you that I would not touch a piece of animal flesh for the rest of my life, if I had to kill the animal, be it a pigeon, a chicken, or a rabbit. I have no objection to catching fish, nor would I have any objection to shooting wild animals that are a menace to human life. Of course I may be mistaken, but there must be a brutal streak in him who enjoys trapping, shooting, or otherwise destroying animals that do him no harm. However, enough of this.

I am sitting now in Hanksville and writing. The lady of the ranch has been kind enough to provide me with a small table, and I am quite comfortable. In front of my window there is a ditch filled with running liquid mud. To call it muddy water would be distinctly incorrect and too complimentary; muddy water means water with some mud in it; but this is mud with some water in it. And yet I see farmhands and cowboys come up to that ditch, take some of that liquid mud and “wash” their hands and face with it; then take a bandana handkerchief or some towel that has been used by half a dozen other people and looks as black as the mud in the ditch and wipe themselves with it. And the miracle is that they do look cleaner after this process of washing than they did before. Strange, strange. And yet they are nice people, though in a large, particularly an Eastern city, they would be considered quite impossible.

MY ROCINANTE SPEAKS.

My brave Rocinante is neighing; probably all he wants is some oats, but that reminds me that I have not yet told you the contents of the conversation to which I referred in a previous page.

The road was brutally hard, I gave him the reins and we were walking leisurely. I was thinking, oh, thinking of lots

of things. Perhaps, the heat had put me in a sort of semi-doze. Suddenly I heard a voice, heard it very distinctly. "How much longer?" was what the voice said; at least that was what I heard. I was startled, and looked around. "No use looking around," the voice continued, "that's I, your Rocinante, talking. How much longer?"

"How much longer what?"

"You ought to know what I mean. How much longer are you going to go on roughing it? How much longer are you to be uncomfortable in that so-called camp?"

"Why do you call it a so-called camp?"

"Because that's no camp even for half-way decent people. I have been in many camps, where the people lived as close to Nature as you do, where less freight was piled on the backs of my poor brothers, the pack-mules, and where the people nevertheless had decent comforts and didn't sleep and live like pigs."

"Now, Rocinante, first, don't get impertinent; and second, I assure you that I don't mind it."

"Of course, having made up your mind to stick it out, your defence mechanism will assert that you don't mind it. But you really do mind it. But this is not the principal point. The principal point is: What for? *Cui bono?* [I was certainly surprised to hear a horse use a Latin phrase.] Why continue the experiment? You have proven it, proven it absolutely, both to yourself and to others, that you are as capable of roughing it as the most hardened rougher. You have shown an endurance quite remarkable for a man not used to it. You have shown that you can stay on a horse as long as anybody, and that you have no timidity in making dangerous ascents and descents; you have shown that you can be bumped in an auto by a reckless driver over most horrible roads, get soaked in the daytime and in the night time, be broiled by a merciless sun, that you can quench your thirst with muddy water, swallow bushels of sand, go without food, sleep on a haystack or on wet, ill-smelling horse blankets, etc., etc., quite as well as if not better than your companions. And you have lost thirty pounds in weight and four inches from your waist (which you will probably regain when you get back to civilization). So why continue? I know that like

Jurgen you are willing to try everything once ; but having tried and having found that you can do anything you want to do, I ask again, why continue ? ”

“ But E and P are continuing.”

Rocinante looked up, and it seemed to me that there was some contemptuous pity in his fine horse eyes.

“ I am surprised at you. With them it is an entirely different proposition. It is their oats—I mean their bread and butter. It is their vocation and vacation. I don’t know—being a horse I am not expected to know—whether the work they are doing is of any importance, or mere child’s play and a waste of time, but they get paid for every day they work or play. They requested to be sent to do a certain job, and they certainly have to show some material results, that is they have to send to Washington a certain number of rocks each day or week, whether those rocks are of any value to anybody or not. But why should you climb steep hills, and sit under the broiling sun or break rocks ? If you were put on the rockpile as a political prisoner, you would consider yourself quite abused.”

I was getting tired of Rocinante’s talk and told him to shut up.

“ No, I won’t shut up. I am going to have my say. If you don’t let me talk, I shall refuse to make another step, and then how and when will you reach Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River ? So, please, keep still, until I am through. We have become friends, and I am speaking in your interest. I shall be sorry to lose you, because I like you better than any of my previous riders, but we horses, unlike you humans, are unselfish, and we are often willing to sacrifice our leisure, our strength, even our very life for the benefit of our masters. Now, just consider, I do not say you should cut your vacation short even one day. But instead of being in this disagreeable desert, where you have no chance to take a bath, either hot or cold, once a month, where you have to drink filthy water and sleep on musty blankets, in a stuffy tent, you could be—oh, I don’t know as many places as you do, but you could be at the seashore or in the highest mountains ; you could have fresh air, high altitude and all sanitary comforts in addition. You could be for instance in the Canadian Rockies, or you

could be in Ostende, in Trouville ; in Scheveningen, in Interlaken, on the Bürgenstock, in the Tyrol, in Chamounix with its magnificent Mont Blanc, in Zermatt with its unapproachable and unequalled Matterhorn, you could be in some of the delightful bathing places of England or Scotland, or last but not least you could spend the balance of your vacation in the Black Forest. Or how about Lake Tahoe or Coronado Beach ? And you, who are so particular about names, how can you stand a place with a name like Hanksville ? And, by the way, in any of those places you could ride real horseback, because there they have miles and miles of level roads, and not such atrocious trails as here, on which to ride a horse is a moral, and should be made a legal, crime. Don't you think there is some horse sense in what I am saying ? ”

“ There is horse sense in everything you say, Rocinante.”

“ By the way, what did E mean when, as you got into the saddle, he shook hands with you and said : ‘ Rocinante to the road again ’ ? What did he mean ? ”

“ That, my good and brave Rocinante, is another story, which if you are interested, you will read farther on. But you are a good and clever horse. So long. I shall see you later.”

“ So long. Au revoir. Or perhaps, adieu. Think of what I told you.”

A LITTLE PARTY FROM NEW YORK.

Once in a while God is good even to the Hanksvillites, and once in a great, great while He sends them a little diversion.

Last night there came here a little party—the Hon. David D. Rust, Mayor of Kanab, Utah, and his son, with two young chaps, who happened to be from New York, one a Harvard, the other a Cornell student, one of them the son of the Chamberlain (Treasurer) of the City of New York, Mr Berolzheimer. Mr. Rust, who is thoroughly familiar with the country, decided to arrange a dance, so he sent out word to that effect. And at night we had a dance in the Assembly Hall, the same place where the Fourth of July celebration took place. The girls were quite flustered, they certainly never had such dancing partners before. At first there was only one dim lamp, that

struggled but failed to overcome the darkness in the Hall, and the people danced more by touch than by sight ; but soon two more lamps were brought in, and you could distinguish the faces of the partners. I was introduced to all the young ladies, whose names I immediately forgot, with the exception of one, that of Miss Hanks, the granddaughter of the man responsible for Hanksville. The farmhands and cowboys, who were at first a bit backward, soon overcame their shyness, came in and joined the dance and " a good time was had by all ". The college boys danced well—our college students do not permit their studies to interfere with their pleasures, which is quite right, and said they enjoyed themselves as well as at any of the fashionable dances in New York. Today they are going farther. They are doing the desert and mountainous country on horseback, and then they are going down the dangerous Colorado River in collapsible canvas boats. The trip is not without thrills and dangers, but they take such or similar trips every year, and they come back, so they claim, wonderfully improved. There must be something to it, and while it is of course best to start such yearly vacations when you are young, it is almost never too late, if there is no serious organic defect, and if the physique is not altogether shattered.

Yes, it is true, not everybody can afford such trips, for they are quite expensive, nay, very expensive ; only the rich can afford them. But where there is a will there is a way, and cheaper but beneficial vacations could be taken by a much greater number of people than are taking them now. The trouble is : ignorance and inertia. People are afraid to leave their " brickbuilt dens ".

I was sorry when the party left. It was pleasant to see some civilized people from New York.

I trust I will not be misconstrued as speaking or thinking derogatorily of the people of Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River or similar places. My objection is to Hanksville, the place, not its inhabitants. They are doing their best to be kind and accommodating. Mrs M., my landlady, is constantly apologizing for the water, for the lack of a bathtub or of bathing facilities, for the uncomfortable condition of the bed (I have given up the haystack and am now sleeping inside), for the poor quality of the food, etc., etc. No, the people are all

right, only I am sorry for their judgment in having selected Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River to be born in or to live in. Coming to think of it, with the vast majority it was not a matter of judgment and selection: it was the unhappy accident of birth. And there are people here who have it on their conscience having brought eight and ten human beings to spend their lives in Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River. God forgive them.

GETTING OUT OF HANKSVILLE.

Having had enough of the camp and anxious to see more places than my companions intended to visit, I bade them adieu, got up on my Rocinante, and in five hours and a half was in Hanksville.

But hard as it was to get to Hanksville by the Dirty Devil River, it was still harder to get out of it. For on the way there E and P were with me and we had our machine, now I had to make my way alone and without the machine, which remained in storage in Hanksville (and by the way to finish with the machine I will say that at the end of the trip it was presented to P. As to Brownie, he was given a present to E's mother).

The guide accompanied me on horseback from the camp to Hanksville; then on the following day I hired a lumber wagon and a team of horses, and drove in it to Caineville. The roads were atrocious (that's where we got stuck five times in our machine), but on bad sandy or muddy roads horses are more dependable than autos. I drove the eighteen or twenty miles (nobody knows the distance exactly) in three and a half hours, and here is the fun of the thing: "You sure can drive," remarked the driver who was sitting by my side as I manipulated safely the lumbering wagon through a particularly bad piece of ground and a dangerous curve. And I never drove a team of horses before. After all, common sense is the most important ingredient.

When we arrived in Caineville, a village of about two houses and a few hovels, I stopped at the most decent looking house—it had a little garden and a porch—knocked at the door and asked if they could accommodate me for the night. The man

consulted his wife, they said, yes, and in a few minutes I felt quite at home. They were very nice people, Mr. and Mrs. Holt were, and they made me quite comfortable. He, or rather she, proved to be the postmaster—or must I say postmistress—of the place. I am still not a very good mixer, I am still unable to become a “brother” to a roughneck cowboy in five minutes as E can, but I have made considerable progress in this direction. We became quite friendly, particularly after a “roughneck miner and prospector” as he calls himself, whom I had seen and to whom I had rendered a small service in Hanksville, came in and recognized me. He turned out to be an uncle of Mrs. Holt. After a very plain but substantial supper, I went to bed—my bed was made on the porch—and I had the first good night’s rest I had had for a long time.

Soon after breakfast—a few minutes after seven—the mail wagon which was to take me to Torrey—for from now on to Richfield I was to go not on a common wagon, but on wagons which had the magic letters—even though they were painted on amateurishly—“U.S. mail” on them. Otherwise there was no difference.

I MEET AN ADMIRER—THE FIRST OF MANY.

The maildriver—to whom I was introduced by Mr. Holt—Dr. Robinson of New York—had a week’s growth of beard on his face, and wore an exceedingly battered hat, but in spite of that I noticed that he had the eyes of an intellectual man. It proved that not only did he drive the mail wagon (in the summer ; in the winter he hired a man to do it) between Caine-ville and Torrey, but he was District Attorney for the County of Wayne, and he was also the principal of the school at Torrey. To us, denizens of large cities, this may seem funny. But it is quite a common thing in the small places. Not one of the positions mentioned pays enough, on account of the scarcity and the poverty of the population, to support a man, and so he must have two or three positions ; and some men hold four or five offices, public, semi-public, and private. Thus Professor H., principal of the high school, is also an agent for various insurance companies, raises stock, etc.

The name of my sympathetic and intelligent mail carrier and county attorney was Ellis E. Robison, and the ten hours that it took us to drive—again I did the driving—from Caineville to Torrey passed very pleasantly, quite contrary to the sympathetic warnings that I had a terribly hard day before me. Yes, with the exception of about an hour, during which it rained vigorously—neither I nor the open wagon had any protection—I hardly noticed how the day passed. And why? For this reason: After a little while, the mail-man hesitatingly said: “There is a Dr. Robinson in New York who has written a good deal on medical and” . . . ; here he stopped. “Sexual subjects?” I completed his sentence (how the word “sexual” sticks in people’s throats). “Yes. I have read a good many of his writings. Do you happen to know him?” “Yes, I know him fairly well. I am—he.” He was startled. But he soon recovered from his pleasant surprise, and we kept up a conversation all during the trip, except when it was pouring. He proved to be a liberal, eager-for-knowledge, forward-looking man, and with such people I can become intimate in five minutes. No, I shall never be a good mixer with roughnecks—whether they be hoboes or millionaires—with whom I have nothing in common. Why should I try to “mix” with people with whom I am not miscible, above whom I may be a thousand miles intellectually and morally? But give me a man who shows some familiarity with the ideas which I stand and fight for, who shows some curiosity, some eagerness for information, and you will find me his best friend in a jiffy.

Before we knew it we arrived in Fruita, to which I must devote two or three lines. We passed Bad Lands, the magnificent Capitol Gorge (or Wash or Canyon); it was all desert land, but there are oases in the desert, and Fruita is such a little oasis. On the way to Hanksville I called E’s attention to Fruita; I told him that there must be some fruit in the place and we ought to stop there and get some. But E said it was probably like Bear Valley, where there is not a single bear, and so we rushed by it. E was mistaken; there is fine fruit in Fruita and it supplies the neighbouring ranches and villages. I sat down under a tree, shared, as urgently requested, the mail-man’s modest lunch, and oh, gee, didn’t I enjoy it!

For I could eat no breakfast—I do not like early breakfasts, and prefer to go without any rather than have mine at six or seven—and here it was nearly one, and I had been driving for several hours in the cool mountain air. When I was finishing my lunch and washing it down with a little water from the tiny brook, the proprietor of the ranch appeared and insisted I should taste his apricots. He selected a tree with particularly ripe ones—the apricots hung in big bunches, almost like bananas—put up a ladder and asked me to go up and help myself. I did. They tasted delicious. And they *were* delicious, and not merely tasted delicious because I had not tasted fresh fruit for so long. He made me take some with me. I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Clarence Mulford, the owner of those apricots, for his courtesy and hospitality.

At about 5 p.m.—I had driven all the forty miles—we arrived at Torrey, the home of Mr. Robison, and he urged me to spend the night in his home, if I did not mind the humble surroundings. Of course I did not mind, and I passed a very pleasant evening in his tiny cottage with his wife and two children. It pleased me and amused me to see him go and milk the cow. I wish I could do it, but my education in this, as in many other respects, has been neglected. I wonder if Mr. Swann, the ex-, or Mr. Banton the present, district attorney of the County of New York ever milks a cow? Mr. R. refused to accept any pay either for my transportation or for my board and lodging; said he felt more honoured than if he had entertained the President, and that he was well repaid.

So after a friendly parting, I climbed into another mail wagon—this time an auto—and was driven to Loa. The time from Torrey to Loa—about two hours. In Loa I had to wait an hour and a half for the next mail wagon, and so instead of waiting in the street I went to the hotel, the only one in the place. It happened to be the Hotel Robison, kept by a brother of Mr. Ellis E. I had a light luncheon there, for which Mrs. Robison refused to accept any pay—if there had been many Robisons along the way, my travelling expenses would have been light—and the mail wagon came along; I was certainly glad to see it, because this was the last lap; this wagon was to take me at last to Richfield, which is in contact with civilization; because Richfield has a railroad station. And though

it has but one train a day, still you connect through it with the world at large. But here was a disappointment. The mail wagon can carry but one passenger, for there is but one seat near the driver. And he had two passengers, a newly married couple, squeezed in beside him. I hated the idea of spending twenty-four hours in Loa, to wait for him to take me the following day. There was but one alternative, and I took it. I climbed into the wagon, sat down on a bunch of empty mail sacks amidst bundles, valises and milk cans, and thus, sitting backwards, with legs cramped under me, I rode to Richfield. For over an hour it rained, and I got thoroughly drenched, in spite of the piece of tarpaulin, full of holes, with which the driver tried to protect me. After two hours of this novel sort of luxurious riding I could stand it no longer ; or rather, I could sit it no longer, for my legs were becoming paralyzed, and so I stood up, and for two hours longer, I rode standing up in the lumbering wagon, holding on to a crowbar, and so we reached Richfield.

I shall never forget the comfortable super-Pullman ride from Loa to Richfield, cramped in on the back of a mail wagon. But it didn't hurt me. As soon as I got to the hotel in Richfield and washed up, I felt as fresh as ever, and went and investigated the town and walked about till late in the evening. A nice pleasing little town Richfield, clean and spacious. Altogether I liked our small western towns very well indeed. During my walk I passed the building which always has my greatest interest and affection : the public library. But it had the following legend, in gold letters on the door : Week-days open so and so, Sunday and Holidays *closed*. And it made me mad, as such a legend always does. Just the days when the people are not working, when they have most leisure, which they should and probably would spend in the libraries, the libraries are closed.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

On Monday, 10 a.m., I took the train—at last—for Salt Lake City—and here I am. The seven and a half hours' ride between Richfield and the City of the Mormons was tiresome and uncomfortable, for it was as hot as blazes, and if the windows were opened the car was filled with whirling dust.

And yet I stood it much better than I used to stand similar trips. I remember a trip from Munich to Berlin, which seemed interminable. I fussed and fretted, and thought it would never come to an end, and when I got to the hotel, I was utterly exhausted. That was fourteen years ago, which, if you please, means that I was fourteen years younger. It is remarkable how much better resistance I have now than I had ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago. I think the idea must be altogether wrong that you get weaker and are able to stand less as you get older.

When I reached Salt Lake City and got into my room in the Hotel Utah I revenged myself for the two weeks of Hanks-ville by the Dirty Devil River and the Henry Mountains with their dirt and dust. I took three baths in succession—a hot one, a lukewarm one and a cold one ; and then I went up to the roof-garden—don't fail to go up to the roof of the Hotel Utah when you are in Salt Lake City, because the view from it is magnificent—and revenged myself for the canned stuff and second-hand food that I had for six weeks ; I ordered a civilized dinner and I didn't bat an eyelash when I saw that the cheque amounted to \$4.35 ; then I went out and bought a half dozen weeklies and monthlies, and I luxuriated in bed reading, and had a good dreamless night. And the following morning I went out and bought underwear, upper shirts, a Palm Beach suit, etc.—for everything except my khaki suits had been shipped away to Los Angeles. And now I look like a civilized human ; but I am going to don my khaki again very soon. For roughing it, if not done to excess, is great, and should be partaken of in proper doses and at proper intervals by every human being, male and female.

Yes, one other thing I did to revenge myself on my roughing-it and starvation—I bought two pounds of candy (they have excellent candy stores in Salt Lake City—are the Mormons fond of candy ?), and I sampled it generously. But this is a secret between ourselves which you must not reveal to E.

A BATHE IN THE LAKE IN WHICH YOU CANNOT DROWN.

Saltair. Saltair is Salt Lake City's Coney Island, and I went down there today to take a bath in the famous Salt

Lake in which you cannot drown and in which you float like a cork. That's the way it is advertised, but like all advertisements it contains a bit of hyperbole. I believe if a person tried he could drown in Salt Lake, and while, owing to the high percentage of salt in the water, it is much easier to swim in or to float in Salt Lake than in a river or in the ocean, the comparison with cork is slightly exaggerated. Still it is a pleasant experience the first time, but the salt water burns your eyes, and if you happen to swallow some, you know what "salty" means. The pier is built out a mile into the lake, and the various wheels, whips, toboggans, reversers, hot dogs, etc., are strictly Coney-Islandy in character.

Tomorrow, if nothing happens, I leave the pleasant city of the Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ (this is the real name by which the Mormons call themselves, Mormons being the vulgar name used by the Gentiles) for San Francisco and Los Angeles, stopping off on the way at Lake Tahoe.

A GEM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

To get to Lake Tahoe you get off at Truckee. We arrived in Truckee at 5.40 a.m., and waited there until 7.50 a.m. for the special train which brings you to Lake Tahoe in a little less than an hour. Truckee is an insignificant little town, so I won't spend any time on it ; but Lake Tahoe is worth spending a good deal of time on.

There is usually a good deal of hyperbole used in describing the beauties of a region. I do not think that the charms of Lake Tahoe can be exaggerated. I have seen many lakes, but I cannot just think of one that can compare with it. People who like to use similes and analogies call it "The Lake Lucerne of America." The comparison does not seem to me an appropriate one. It has not the grim grandeur of the Lake of Lucerne, but it is much more charming, much more beautiful. One can stand literally for hours—I did—and watch its mosaic bottom through its crystal clear waters. I have never seen a lake bottom like it. It resembles an artificial mosaic made out of the facets of precious stones. And the colour of the water ! Where it isn't green it is of the bluest blue—almost as blue as the Blue Grotto. And all around

you are hills clad in pine and cedar, and mountains with scarves of snow around their necks. The elevation of Lake Tahoe itself is 6,200 feet above sea-level, but the snow-streaked mountains stand as high as eight, nine and ten thousand and some even twelve thousand feet. And the Lake and streams *abound* in fish; this is not only what the fisherman say—they *are* given to exaggerations—but I saw them myself—schools and schools of them.

The first thing I did on arriving at the Tahoe Tavern—the principal resort on Lake Tahoe—was to take a sail around the lake. A steamer makes a complete circuit around the lake—a seventy-two mile sail—lasting seven and one-half hours, and stops at the various resorts to let off and take on passengers. While the sail was somewhat too long, it was delightful, and gave us a chance to see the Lake from every angle, as well as some of its surroundings.

But it is not only the beauty of the place—there are many beautiful places—it is the other features that make it unique. It is the only place I know of where you have such a mild, yet invigorating climate, an altitude of over 6,000 feet and a still higher altitude in the neighbouring mountains, plenty of vegetation and “water, water, everywhere”. The numerous trails both for walking and horseback riding are delightful.

On the whole, of all the places in this country that I have visited so far I consider the Lake Tahoe region the most delightful and most desirable one to spend one's summer vacation in. If the Tahoe Tavern is too expensive for you—and it is not for the pocket of every family—there are more than a dozen resorts and camps on various points of the Lake—Emerald Bay Camp, Camp Bell, Fallen Leaf Lodge, Carnelian Bay, Brockway, Homewood, etc.

Lake Tahoe is but a few hours' ride from San Francisco and Sacramento—it is a pity New York does not possess anything like it.

Back to Truckee—with much regret—and from there to the City of the Golden Gate. I don't know what happened between Truckee and San Francisco, for I was awakened by a foghorn, and hastily dressing—I always for that matter dress hastily—I found that we were on the ocean, on a ferry, the largest ferryboat in the world, which has four tracks and takes

on fifty cars at once. It was after six then, so I shaved and then read *Children of Men* (Phillpotts) until we got to Oakland ; from there the ferry to San Francisco, and five minutes in a taxi, and here I am at the St. Francis.

THE ROUGH PART OF THE TRIP IS OVER.

The greater part of the trip, the arduous, strenuous, uncomfortable part is over ; the rest of it will run in smoother lines and in pleasanter climes. Was it worth it ? Did it do for me what I expected ?

A thousand times, yes !

There is no question about my improvement, both physical and mental. I sleep well, have given up brooding, and my fits of depression have left me entirely—let us hope they will stay away for good.

Physically, I have done things that would have seemed to me quite impossible of accomplishment three months ago. I have climbed mountains which if anybody had told me to climb—well, I would have suspected him of designs on my life. Now I climb them without any other effect than an increase in the pulse rate to about 120, and then it gradually goes down. I have climbed a thousand stairs—or rather 500 down and 500 up—in less than half an hour and I had no heart failure. I have rolled under barbed wire fences, crawled between them or jumped over them ; I travelled day after day over the most horrible roads, when you got so bumped that you thought your viscera had changed their normal position, and didn't mind it (except an occasional, too sudden, not-on-the-program bump) ; I was on a horse's or mule's back for hours and hours at a time, under a broiling sun, and I rode steep and dangerous trails, which I had thought were made only for movie actors ; I drank brackish, muddy water, ate and swallowed bushels of dust, and slept on hay stacks or on damp, musty blankets ; got drenched by the rain and burned by the sun and wind—and am living here to tell the tale ; and the tale is that I have never felt so well in my life. And walk—I can walk indefinitely.

From no trip that I ever took have I derived so much benefit as from this one. My complexion is again ruddy—some say, too ruddy—there is again that sparkle in the eyes and the

springiness to my walk which had not been there for a long, long time. And—something very important—I am looking forward to many years of intensive and fruitful activity.

One other thing : I can sit on a boulder or lie on the grass for two or three hours just doing nothing, except gazing at the sky or into my own soul. I could never just rest ; always had to have a book, or a pen and pad in my hands. And this ability to do just nothing is an unmistakable sign of progress. The nerves are calmer, the brain cells less fidgety.

Yes, this has been—it is not quite over yet—my red letter trip, and I would not have missed it for *anything*.

What is life without health and—more important still—peace of mind ? I have gained both, and have a right to write : VICTORY !

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Read over the sections “ Why I Went Roughing It ” and “ My Physical Condition ”. You will find that besides my personal reasons for taking this trip there were two reasons of general concern. I wanted, for the benefit of my patients and of others, to answer two questions. And these questions I shall proceed to answer.

CAN A MAN IMPROVE PHYSICALLY IN SPITE OF HIMSELF ?

Can a person who is wretched psychically, who is harassed by worry or disappointment or eaten by grief improve physically when put under the proper physical conditions ? In other words, can roughing it, exercise, horseback, sixteen to twenty-four hours in the open air, improve the physical condition of a person who is run down, improve it in spite of his depressed mental condition ?

The answer to the above question is unequivocally in the affirmative. The person simply can't help it. He will improve even if he should consciously, deliberately resist improvement. The biceps will become harder and will increase in size if the arm is exercised, regardless of whether its owner wants it hardened and enlarged or not. The biceps is a muscle that we can see and feel ; but what is said of the biceps applies

as well to the other muscles, external no less than internal. The musculature of the gastro-intestinal canal is strengthened, and the heart, which is but a muscular pump, shares in the general improvement if the tasks imposed upon it are not too sudden and too severe.

With the physical improvement, there is bound to come psychical amelioration. It will not remove the cause of the grief or worry, but it will make our attitude more normal ; it will remove, partly or wholly, the hysterical element which is often present in our griefs, worries, and fears ; and it will certainly give us greater courage and fortitude in meeting the situation. Now and then we shall suddenly perceive that the catastrophe was no catastrophe at all, and that it was childish to make such a fuss over it.

By all means, roughing it and the open for physical stagnation, psychasthenia and mental disequilibrium.

We are all fond of analogies, and we often refer to grief as to a cancer gnawing at our vitals. Like most analogies, this analogy is incorrect. A mental grief can cause greater suffering, more intense anguish, than any physical cancer ; but there is this radical difference. You cannot *wish away* a physical cancer ; you cannot remove it by merely changing your attitude toward it. While you *can* argue away a mental grief. By convincing yourself of the futility of worry and of " carrying on," or by analysing the matter and seeing the cause of the grief to be inadequate or unworthy, your attitude sometimes does undergo a change which can be characterized as instantaneous, magical. This never happens with physical cancers. So let us not, in the future, compare a mental grief or a psychic upset with a malignant tuomur.

And to summarize briefly : A person's physical state will improve under proper physical conditions, regardless of the person's psychic state, and with the physical improvement there will also come about a marked improvement in the person's psychic condition. Try it.

CAN PEOPLE OF FIFTY WHO NEVER LIVED BECOME ALIVE ?

Another question the answer to which I wanted to find by personal experience was this : Can people of fifty, or in the

fifties, who have never exercised, who have always led a sedentary, indoor life, who have not known the meaning of "roughing it," suddenly change their entire mode of living, go out into the open, undergo various hardships and discomforts, lead, say, the existence of a cowboy, and get away with it—not only get away with it, but come away rejuvenated and improved? For the sake of my patients between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five I was deeply interested in the answer to this question.

And the answer is: Yes, unquestionably they can. Of course, they must not be patients with advanced cardiac or arterial disease, they must have some physique to build upon, and they must not be foolhardy. With these qualifications, the first two of which can be easily ascertained by a competent physician, the last being a matter of the person's common sense, men and women who have passed the meridian of life will unquestionably benefit from roughing it in the open—camping, hiking, climbing, horseback riding, rowing, swimming—for a month or two or three or four every year of their life. And their life will not only be fuller, it will also be longer. It will not merely *seem* longer, it will *be* longer. As to seeming, quite the contrary; the days and months will seem shorter because they will be more pleasant, more satisfactory.

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

You must not form snap judgments, you must not condemn a thing until you have examined it from various angles, under varying circumstances. I had been to San Francisco twice before and the impression I carried away each time was a distinctly unfavourable one. And I did not understand why some people liked the city so much. Kipling's saying about it: "San Francisco has only one drawback—'tis hard to leave," seemed to me an affectation. The chief, perhaps the only reason, for my unfavourable impression was—the weather. The weather still plays an important part in our lives, while its influence on travellers is paramount. I have known people who were utterly disgusted with Switzerland and were sure that that wonderful little country was overrated. Why? Because all the time they were there it happened to rain or it was so

foggy that they could not see or climb any mountains. Both times I was here before, the weather was bad—it was both cold and foggy, and though I drove about I could see nothing. This time the weather has been positively ideal—clear, cool and bracing.

The first day I devoted to meandering aimlessly about the streets—a favourite occupation of mine when arriving in a strange city, which permits you to imbibe the spirit of the city.

The following day I spent driving about with my good friend Dr. Vecki and his great son, and they certainly did show me the city to advantage. The weather, as said, was ideal, and we saw everything in and about the city worth seeing. From the St. Francis Hotel we went up the broad Van Ness Avenue, and from there we circled and circled—Fort Mason, the Presidio, Sea Cliff, Lincoln Park (the Pacific terminus of the Lincoln Highway), Sutro Park, the Sutro Baths, Golden Gate Park, the beach boulevard, the Twin Peaks Boulevard (Figure Eight Drive), the Twin Peaks (from which a really beautiful panorama of all San Francisco is obtained), and then back to the centre of the city—the magnificent Civic Centre with its superb City Hall, Auditorium, Public Library and State Building forming the four sides of the square. And it was the first time I had a really good view of Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay.

Yes, I have changed—or should I say enlarged?—my mind; and I would add San Francisco to the few large cities in which I *could* live.

A DAY THAT MADE ME FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.

I started early this morning, before breakfast, and it has been one of the pleasantest days of my trip. Of course different things appeal to different people. I took the boat across to Oakland and from there the train to Berkeley. I wanted to go through the University of California, which is claimed to be the largest in the United States, largest in every respect—size of campus, size and number of buildings, enrolment of students (about 19,000), and staff of instructors (1,600). Size alone never appeals to me, but the impression produced by my wandering through the grounds and the buildings of the

University lingers with me still and will probably linger for some time.

Of the beauty and extent of the grounds, of the magnificence and splendour of the buildings, almost all of dazzling white granite and marble, of the fine library (which interested me most), of the Greek Theatre seating 9,000 people, of the Campanile over 300 feet high, etc., it is not necessary to speak. Europe has nothing in this line to compare with it. Ours is the only country that can afford endowments of thirty or forty millions to a university. But it was not the University alone, the inanimate grounds and buildings, that pleased me ; it was the living element—I always look to the living factor—the students, the contemplation of whom gave me a thrill of pleasure. Everywhere fine-looking boys and girls, straight, supple, clear-eyed, strong-limbed, comfortably and tastefully clad, hurrying with packs of books, or sitting and studying under the fine shady trees, or reading and making notes in the library. Of course, we have some rowdy students, and you know my opinion of “ the flannelled fool and the muddled oaf ”, but they were not in evidence there. Yes, I enjoyed the sight of the students, among whom by the way there was quite a sprinkling of middle-aged men and women taking summer courses. It made me feel a student again. It brought vividly back to me the days when, as a student in New York, in Paris, in Berlin, or in Vienna, I used to run from classroom to classroom, from clinic to clinic, with a bundle of books under my arm or arms, and the bigger the volumes and the larger the number of them, the more satisfaction there used to be. There was a sort of pride in having to study out of big volumes, in having the right and the duty of communing with the spirits of the great and of absorbing their wisdom and knowledge. Yes, student days are happy days, probably the happiest in a man’s or woman’s life, provided the study comes fairly easy to you and you do not have to struggle too hard to meet expenses. For the period of your course you are settled—you do not think of the future or of world problems—you have but one thing to think of : to prepare your lessons in the best possible manner. Yes, the impression I carried away from my visit to the University of California was a delightful one.

Was there a fly in the ointment? Yes, there was. There almost always is as far as I am concerned. On entering the University grounds, the first thing that struck my eye was a fine bronze monument. The inscription on the monument read: The prize for . . . superiority was won by the University of California 1898 and 1899.

Prize for superiority in what? General scholarship? Debating? Mathematics? Chemistry? No. "The prize for football superiority!" What effect can such a monument, representing two wrestling athletes, have on a newly entering student? Is it not likely to suggest to him that football is the most important of the University subjects? However, I feel in too good a mood, and the general impression was too delightful to permit a silly monument to spoil it.—But it rankles.

This was my university day, and as soon as I got back to San Francisco, I took the autobus to Palo Alto, where is situated another famous University, The Leland Stanford. Palo Alto is thirty miles from San Francisco and the trip is positively delightful. The road is smoother than velvet, and a good part of the way you are driving on a boulevard lined on both sides by tall sturdy overhanging trees. In an hour and a quarter, after passing numerous pretty suburbs—San Mateo, Burlingame, Redwood, etc.—a short car ride brings you to the very portals of Stanford.

The University of California is a dream in white; Stanford is a fairy tale in light chocolate or brown, in mission style. The magnificence of the buildings, their unique architectural beauty, cannot be equalled by any university of the world. When you think of Stanford's \$40,000,000 endowment you are again impressed by the fact that we are the richest country in the world, and that to America belongs the future. Of course, we do not teach our students to think, too much time and energy is wasted on athletics, and our instructors are muzzled—I know all that. But we have the machinery, we have the tools, and, when the time comes, we have the means to go ahead. I know that beautiful buildings and even well-equipped laboratories do not a true university make, but they are a great help, when the time comes, you will admit.

Fearing that I might overlook some important building, I asked a Stanford student whom I met to mention the outstanding features of the University that I must see. He said: "You must be sure to see the stadium—holds 65,000 people, and the church, one of the richest in the world; the mosaic is inlaid with real gold leaf." I pass this without comment, but the church is really a magnificent building; certainly no money was spared in its erection."

Yes, I was enjoying the sight of the students and wanted to be a student again. What better way to spend one's summer vacation than to matriculate for the summer courses at the University of California, and thus have the California climate, the University environment, and the benefit of brushing up on some things and of adding some new things to your mental wardrobe? I felt like doing it. Who knows? I may do it yet. What may I not do? *Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus.*

In the meantime, *tempus fugit*, and in twenty minutes my train leaves for Los Angeles. Boy, take my luggage, put it in a taxi. Good-bye, I am off. Au revoir in Los Angeles.

THE CITY OF THE ANGELS.

Yes, I came to Los Angeles, and a beautiful city it is, and if I ever change my mind about dying in harness, with my boots on, with my fountain pen in my hand, etc., and decide to retire, I shall retire to Los Angeles, or rather to one of its numerous enchanting suburbs.

Only one thing I don't like about it: it has too many automobiles, and many reckless automobilists, and deaths from being run over are too frequent. If I were to characterize Los Angeles, I should call it a city of automobiles, cafeterias, and beautiful homes. In no city have I seen so many tasteful, spacious, and comfortable homes as I have in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Hollywood, etc. They make real homes worth while living in.

The first evening I went to the Exposition Park, where I saw their new Coliseum, holding, they say, 50,000, 90,000, 100,000 people (how people love to brag about such things, as if

they deserve credit for it). It was to be dedicated by Harding on August 3rd. They gave a decent open air performance—ballet (by Kosloff), fireworks, etc. After the performance I walked home to my hotel—took just an hour and a half—left at eleven, got there twelve-thirty.

On the morning of July 26th, my old friend Upton Sinclair called at my hotel. He has not aged a bit since I saw him last, and that must be ten-twelve years ago. Just as slim, just as wiry. He is working hard now on a new book, he told me, sequel, so to say, to *The Goose-Step*. Its name will be *The Goslings*. He had just gotten through organizing a branch of the Civil Liberties Union. Hope it will accomplish something. California needs an organization which still believes in the U.S. Constitution, we need people who still persist in the delusion that free speech and a free press are not altogether things of the past in the United States. Upton Sinclair is all right—in spite of the fact that I disagree with him on many points. But the points are minor ones—on the fundamentals we agree, and that's what counts.

In the afternoon left for Mt. Lowe, a mile above the sea, with its famous astronomical observatory. The ride up—the steep climb on the funiculaire, the circular bridge, the horseshoe turn—is worth while ; otherwise the place has not much to offer. At night the view from Inspiration Point, the thousands and thousands of twinkling lights which are Pasadena, Altadena, Glendale, and Los Angeles is quite impressive. In the morning I went up on horseback to the summit of Mt. Lowe ; after the rides to and about the Henry Mountains this seemed to me about as dangerous and thrilling as a ride on a merry-go-round. On the way from Mt. Lowe I stopped off at Pasadena, the city of millionaires, and went through it. It certainly has some beautiful homes. And “ the man who is known to more people in the United States than any other man except perhaps President Harding ”, namely, Mr. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., the chewing gum man, has a magnificent palace there. The summer gardens of Mrs. Adolphus Busch of St. Louis, of Anheuser-Busch fame, occupying eighty-three acres, are very beautiful. Why didn't I go into the chewing gum or beer or real estate business ? Practising medicine is hard work and the reward is insignificant ; and so is writing

not what pleases others but what pleases you ; not what is wise and diplomatic and popular but what is true or what you consider true, which is the same thing.

On my return from Pasadena I got in touch with a former student of mine, Dr. Leon Shulman, who is now a prominent tuberculosis specialist of Los Angeles, and he and his brother-in-law, Edward Adams Cantrell, a liberal Unitarian minister—may there be many more like him—and their charming wives made the rest of my stay even more pleasant than it was. They drove me about in their cars and we thus visited the numerous coast towns and beaches around Los Angeles—Long Beach, San Pedro, Redondo, Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica, etc. And I will say in parentheses, our dear old Coney will have to look to its laurels, for many a beach that I have seen beats it not only in beauty and extent of beach, but even in those things which were supposed to be peculiarly Coney-Islandesque. The amusement features are much finer and on a larger scale than in Coney Island. This is particularly true of Venice, California.

On July 30th I had my first experience in flying.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A HYDROPLANE.

July 30th. I am out for new sensations, and when I learned that you could now fly from Los Angeles to Catalina Island I decided to take the trip. One friend disadvised me—not for people with weak hearts, he said—the sensation when the plane dips is terrible, etc. My formula throughout this trip has been we die but once, and so I am going to fly by hydroplane instead of taking the slower and safer way by boat, and we shall see what happens.

The evening of the same day. Well, not only am I here to tell the tale, but I am here to tell you that it was not worth the trouble and the expense. There was no new sensation at all ; I did not feel any different than I do when riding in an auto, and that in spite of the fact that we went at the rate of between seventy and eighty miles an hour. Perhaps we were not flying high enough—it was not a trick plane, but one whose motto is : safety first ; and we went at an altitude of only 250 feet. Well, anyway, it was a disappoint-

ment. The next time I must try a real high and real long flight. Maybe across the continent.

Catalina, or more fully, the Island of Santa Catalina, the magic isle, deserves all the superlatives which the transportation companies and the hotelkeepers (in this case the same person) bestow upon it. It is an enchanted spot. You really must see it from an aeroplane or boat and then spend a day at least in its pretty and only town, Avalon, to understand its charms. The bathing is delightful; though it is in open ocean, there are no breakers or waves of any kind; it is the only still water open ocean bathing beach in California. Catalina is famous for its fish, some weighing as much as 450 pounds, and while there I myself saw a fellow dragging a fish which he had just caught which was as big—almost—as a calf. The whole place is fairy-land. Right after lunch I took a sail in one of the glass-bottomed boats through which you can see clearly the submarine gardens, abundant vegetation, chiefly kelp, and a number of fish, everything in its natural state. Worth seeing—once. A diver also exhibited for us deep-sea diving, and it was interesting to see his performance through the glass bottom. Then I took a boat to the seal rocks, and for the first time saw seals, big and little babies, three weeks old, in their natural habitat.

In the evening we took still another sail, to see the flying fish by the light of the searchlight. It was a pleasant sail: darkness all around; nothing seen except what the searchlight is thrown on, and by the light of that light dozens of flying fish; they rise out of the water, fly a longer or shorter distance and then bump back again into the water.

Wrigley, yes, Wm. Wrigley, Jr., he of the spearmint gum, has a magnificent palace on Catalina Island (as he has in Pasadena), and I would suggest that the name of the Island be changed to Wrigley or to Chewing Gum Island. With the exception of the incorporated town of Avalon, he owns the entire island, which is twenty-one miles long. He not only owns the island, he owns the hotels, he owns the steamers which take you to and from the island, he owns the glass bottom boats (he owns the beautiful St. Catherine Hotel in which I am writing these lines); in short everything. He has done wonders for the island since he got possession of it. All from chewing gum.

And he wasn't even the pioneer in bringing out chewing gum, and he made no improvement in its quality or external appearance ; just advertising. Great is the god of advertising, and Wm. Wrigley, Jr., is one of its successful prophets. Need one have real ability, great talent, transcendent genius ? No, " the flavour lasts " will make you rich much more surely, much more quickly. Suppose I do go in the chewing gum business ? I don't know why, but the chewing gum business made me feel funny. Perfectly legitimate business, of course. But the legend on the signs that I see all around me : Preserve your youth by chewing Wrigley's after each meal—Why not all the time ?—seems to me a bit exaggerated. Doesn't it seem so to you ?

On the following day, July 31st, I left Catalina. I left the place with genuine regret. For it is a charming spot. If I did not have so many things to do, so many places to visit, I should have loved to stay there a week at least. I went home, I mean to Los Angeles, by boat. What was the use of flying back when the flying gave me no new sensation ?

Arriving in Los Angeles we just had time enough to go to the post office for our mail, get a bite, send off a few letters, and we were off again—this time for Santa Barbara, which we had heard was a beautiful place. So it is. A nice place to live in. But nothing special for the visitor. Not sorry, however, we went, for we had the opportunity to stop at and enjoy one of the finest hotels we have been in—the Arlington. I liked its mission architecture and peaceful hospitable atmosphere, and I was sorry to leave it. I do mean the hotel, not Santa Barbara. The place has a beautiful post office, and a very fine library building. I spent about three hours there browsing among the new magazines and books. Every city, town or village that has no library should be wiped off the map—or better still—should have a library donated to it. While in Santa Barbara we, of course, visited the famous Santa Barbara mission. Worth while ? So so. More interesting externally than internally. But California has twenty-one missions, and if you visited one, you have visited all.

The following day, August 1st, we left Santa Barbara for Los Angeles. We dropped off at Glendale, and drove through it. It is a pretty, prosperous, and rapidly growing

suburb, and we enjoyed the drive. After midnight we arrived at our hotel, where we are now sleepily writing these notes.

HOLLYWOOD AND A DAY WITH THE SCREEN STARS.

I have had several pleasant days during the stay in Southern California ; one of the most interesting was the afternoon of August 2nd, spent in the various prominent moving picture studios. It is not an easy matter for one in no way connected with the industry to obtain a permit to go through the studios, particularly when they are " shooting " (as the not very elegant term is for taking moving pictures). But my friend Dr. S. obtained for us introductions from the Editor of the " Los Angeles Record ", and the doors of the studios opened readily, though in every one of the studios there was a sign : Absolutely No Visitors Admitted to This Studio.

In the company of Mrs. S. and Junior we visited first Douglas Fairbanks' studio. They were not shooting there that day, so the guide could only show us the huge sets used for the various productions. A good deal of the setting for " Robin Hood " is still left intact, and they are working now on a new production on a great scale, " The Thief of Bagdad ". That's all we saw there, except the back of Mary Pickford who just skipped out from her automobile into her studio. And we saw her enormous, most magnificent parrot.

From the Fairbanks' studio we went to the Lasky Famous Players, and there we certainly saw a superabundance of stars and of the work of moving picture taking in actual operation. If I told you that on close view all those great stars who get a thousand dollars a minute look very ordinary, quite human, just like you and me, and that many of them have rather weak vapid faces, you might be sceptical ; but it is so. And if I told you whom of your favourites I saw sprawling in a not very dignified position and licking ice cream cones, you would be surprised. But as I was admitted to the studios by courtesy, I am not going to embarrass anybody and shan't tell. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. When we came to the Lasky Famous Players it was lunch hour, so we went in to a cafeteria, near the studio. And when we got in there we thought at first that we struck a masquerade ball.

For there were all sorts of people there in their full regalia—bishops, kings, Cossacks, princesses and princelings, fairies, clowns, witches, Turks, Persians, beggars, dwarfs—they all came directly from their work, and they were eating a very ordinary cheap lunch. It was like a slice from the *Arabian Nights*, a curious and rather pleasant sight.

In the Lasky Famous Players' studios we saw the taking of Kipling's "The Light That Failed". Miss Logan seemed to me very effective, and I think it will make an appealing movie. We also saw there "The Grand Cross and the Crescent" and De Mille's "Ten Commandments", which the guide told us will be the greatest picture ever taken.

From the Lasky studios we motored to Culver City where the Goldwyn studios are located. They are certainly magnificent, a city in themselves. There we saw the taking of "In the Palace of the King" (Tyrone Power and Eleanor Boardman looked effective), "The Day of Fate" and the preparations for the taking of Elinor Glyn's chaste and elevating opus, "Three Weeks".

While admiring the magnificence of the buildings, the luxuriousness of the appointments, the perfection and up-to-dateness of all mechanical details, I could not help feeling as I do when visiting some of our universities: Everything, everything, they have everything—except a soul. What an enormous, what an incalculable power for good the movies could be made! They could really move humanity—upward and forward! They could become a powerful factor in promoting peace, in spreading kindness and decency, in establishing international good-will. And what are they doing? Those pictures that are not actually degrading and brutalizing in their effect, are just piffle, piffle. And they seem to be getting stupider, more moronic all the time. What a pity. But those thoughts came to me later. While watching the work I was deeply interested. And don't think that it is all mute. In certain passionate scenes they holler as loud, while the picture is being taken, as they do on the speaking stage. And how many times they take over the same scene! Some of the directors are very critical.

We had an introduction to still another studio, but we thought we had seen enough, and so we utilized the rest of

the afternoon in riding about Hollywood and seeing the homes of ordinary human beings and of the gods and goddesses of the screen. We saw the residences of Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, etc. They certainly live well.

Yes, it was a pleasant and interesting afternoon, and I should not mind spending a week in Hollywood with the male and female stars of screendom. Longer than a week I could hardly stand it. It would probably pall on me.

POOR PRESIDENT HARDING.

The evening of the Hollywood day I spent in the home of my new friends Mr. and Mrs. Cantrell. While we were discussing something, Junior came in from the next room, very quiet and very pale, and says he: "I think that I have just heard on the radio that President Harding is dead". We thought the kid must be mistaken. For the bulletins of that day were so unqualifiedly optimistic. So we called up a newspaper office. Yes, it was true. And later in the evening the editor of "The Record", Mr. Cook, a bright and forward-looking young man, came in with a copy of his extra which he had gotten out in a hurry, and we learned the meagre details.

I feel sure that the doctors who attended Mr. Harding will, as soon as the shock to the nation is over, come in for a good deal of criticism. Their bulletins of August 2nd were entirely too optimistic. They cannot find refuge in the excuse that they did not want to alarm the nation and Mrs. Harding. If the doctors themselves were aware of the seriousness of the condition, why was nobody at the patient's bedside when death came? Poor President Harding didn't want that trip altogether, and if he hadn't taken it, might be alive now.

The day following, that is yesterday, August 3rd, we motored from Los Angeles to San Diego. I must say it again and again. Southern California is a blessed spot. The distance is one hundred and thirty miles, and you are all the time, you may say, in a beautiful forest, on both sides of you orange trees and lemon trees (how sweet is the smell of orange

blossoms), pepper trees (very beautiful they are), bougainvillas and what not. And the roads are as smooth as—I was going to say velvet, but velvet is not smooth ; it is soft, and it would be hard to travel on a velvet road—as smooth as polished mahogany, and not a particle of dust.

We drove slowly, and, on the way to San Diego, we passed through and had a good view of the following towns : Montebello, Fullerton, Anaheim, Santa Ana, San Juan Capistrano, Oceanside, Delmar, and La Jolla ; all of them beautiful places, ideal places to live in, but La Jolla is the most attractive of all. And by the way, down East you can pronounce it any way you wish, you may call it La Jolla as if it were an English name, but here in California you must pronounce it La Hoya. If not, people will not know what you are referring to, and if they do, they will smile. So better make it La Hoya.

We confess we were a bit tired when we got to San Diego. We had been constantly on the go since Sunday noon and this was Friday night—but a wash-up and a little rest at the hotel made us bright and lively again. And by the way, the hotel in which we are stopping—the U. S. Grant—deserves a line for two reasons. First because it is run by U. S. Grant, the son of President Grant, one of the most human of our presidents, and secondly because of the truly democratic, hospitable, and friendly spirit in which the hotel is conducted. And the rates, both for rooms and meals, are quite reasonable.

VISITING MME TINGLEY

Today, Saturday, August 4th, has been again one of our busy and pleasant days. We started out at 9 a.m. and got back to the hotel at 7 p.m. And within these hours we have visited, on the one hand, the noblest temples of refinement and, if you wish, idealism, and on the other the shabby dens of the dregs of humanity.

We first drove to and all about Loma, from which you have a very pretty view of the ocean and surrounding country. Then we drove, if you please, to the Headquarters of the International Theosophical Society. Mme. Tingley sailed this very morning for Europe, so we could not see her, but we saw the institution over which she presides ; an intelligent

resident of the place, Mr. Copeland, guided us through the place, and it is a marvel of beauty. A woman who could achieve so much must possess a good bit of genius. The Greek Theatre, which was the first to be built in this country, is very beautiful ; but it is the Temple of Peace that makes and leaves the most pleasing impression. The College is also a very fine building. Of course, I do not accept the philosophy of Theosophy, but I have passed the period when I would sneer at it. It is certainly a great advance on orthodox Churchianity. Its endeavor to eliminate fear from the human heart—fear on earth and fear of hell—and its opposition to war—these two things alone would put it above our orthodox religions.

The whole atmosphere of the place is one of peace and calmness, and I can understand why some people are willing to give up their whole fortune and end their days in the Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. And she, I mean Mme. Tingley, was certainly clever and farsighted in selecting beautiful Point Loma for the headquarters and general home of Theosophy.

From the mysteries of theosophy we drove over to the mysteries and beauties of Coronado Beach, with the ocean on one side, the bay on the other, and its famous Coronado Hotel—Hotel del Coronado—which has been painted and photographed probably more than any other hotel in the world. We stopped off there. It certainly is a marvel of beauty and luxury ; and its situation on a very narrow point, washed on one side by the Pacific Ocean and on the other by the bay of San Diego, is unique. I can think of no other hotel so favourably situated.

So narrow is the strip between ocean and bay that you can jump from one into the other. Altogether, if you have not visited Coronado Beach you should do so. Its Tent City, where there are more than two thousand tents housing families all the year round, is worth a visit. We spent a couple of hours bathing at Coronado Beach, and we enjoyed it most thoroughly. We should have preferred the water to be colder, but that did not make much difference.

From Coronado Beach we drove to the Mexican border. At the last American, I mean United States, point, Tia Juana.

we had to assure the American Customs officer that we had no firearms, the machine had to be registered, and we were warned that we must not bring back any liquor from Mexico, or the punishment was arrest and confiscation of the car. We assured him that there was no danger of that, and in a minute we were in Mexico, in Mexican Tia Juana. And, oh milord, what a difference ! The whole place from one end to the other is filled with joints, which joints are filled with men and women, which men and women are constantly filling themselves with beer and whisky and other vile stuff. Everything is wide open. Gambling everywhere, and in every saloon painted prostitutes in shameful costumes are drinking, smoking, dancing shameful dances (which are prohibited in the U.S.A.), and tempting men. Reminds you of the Bowery of olden days at its worst. Truth demands the statement that the ladies and gentlemen standing at the bars or sitting at the tables and drinking the vile stuff (" beer thirty-five cents a pint, Mexican whisky two drinks for a quarter, real whisky fifty cents a drink ") are all from the U.S.A. They go to a great deal of trouble to get a drink. And the painted and décolleté ladies practising the oldest profession in the world are also from the United States. Their talk betrayed no foreign accent, and their faces were those of the typical American *fille de joie*. I saw no Mexican or Spanish faces among them. Bad as these joints are there is a race discrimination even there. Because several of them had a sign : No coloured patronage desired.

The whole place was dirty and we were thirsty, and we could not get a glass of water or lemonade or soda—nothing but beer, wine, whisky, rum, gin, brandy, etc. Nothing to quench one's thirst.

So we went back to our own American Tia Juana, and as soon as we crossed the frontier, there was a drugstore where we got a glass of honest-to-goodness ice cream soda. And the girl who served us was quite a relief from the young ladies in Mexican Tia Juana.

I must be beginning to begin to get old. For not only did the beer and whisky, the gambling paraphernalia, and the painted strumpets not attract me ; they did not even interest me. And I know many people in San Diego and

even from points much farther north go down to Tia Juana every night, or as often as they can, for the sake of wine, women and song. Well, *chacun à son goût*.

From Tia Juana we went back to San Diego by a different route, and on the way we passed through Chula Vista and National City, and we got to San Diego. We drove to the exposition grounds in Balboa Park, which are very, very beautiful indeed. It will remain a matter of regret with me that I did not visit the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions in 1915. But the war was raging and I was just not in a mood to visit expositions. The taste of my 1904 European visit, when I was caught in the war trap, was still with me.

BIG BEAR LAKE.

Alone, all alone in a tiny log cabin, on Big Bear Lake. The climate of southern California is charming ; it is soothing ; but it is not bracing. I was beginning to feel relaxed, so I decided to hie me to the mountains for a while, once more. The highest altitude in the vicinity of Los Angeles is around Big Bear Lake, and as that lake was spoken of favourably by some, and even enthusiastically by others, I decided to make the trip. And numerous folders and placards told me that the only right way to reach Big Bear Lake is by The Rim of the World Route—"the greatest scenic route in the world". As I am a fiend on scenery, especially high mountainous scenery, I took the trip.

So far the eulogistic advertisements of the various natural beauties of California and other States have proved correct and truthful. Very little exaggeration. Now, for the first time, I must shake my head. The "rim of the world" trip is not worth taking ; it is a tiresome journey—from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m.—and there is no scenery worth seeing. It is just a well-kept winding road going up and down from San Bernardino (to San Bernardino you may go by train, from there by auto or motor stage) to Great Bear. It rises to an altitude of over 8,000 feet and then descends about 1,000.

Big Bear Lake is about 6,800 feet above sea-level. The first part of the road from San Bernardino reminds one of Montana or southern Utah—sagebrush, cobblestone, and dust.

The first time I had a taste of dust since I came to California—so far all the roads had been like dancing floors, and not a particle of dust. As to the lake itself, to which they refer as the “Wonder Lake of the Highlands”, I must for the first time use the word “fake”. First, it is an artificial lake—about seven miles long and less than a mile wide; secondly, a good part of it is dried up and part of it is stagnant, and even smelly. I hoped I should see a smaller edition of Lake Tahoe, or a miniature Lake Brienz—and my disgust can be better imagined than described. Oh, it is good enough for people who cannot afford any better, and want to be in the mountains; but as for me—I am sorry for the day spent in travelling. The excuse for the lake is that it has been a dry season; there is a reason for everything; but Lake Tahoe and Lake Lucerne need no such excuses; and the excuse does not make the stagnation any more inspiring.

Yes, this is the first time that I have been disappointed, and that I have found the advertisements of a trip or a region distinctly misleading. Sorry, but the truth above all; and not only the truth but the whole truth.

Remarkable how the temperature at night differs here from the day temperature. When I came here at 5 p.m. it was hot, very hot; now it is quite cold, and in the dining and waiting rooms they have big blazing log fires. And this is the advantage California has over New York: no matter how hot the days, the nights are cool and pleasant. In New York the nights are often even more stifling than the days.

Today, August 10th, has been one of the hottest days I have experienced since I have been on this trip. In fact it is much hotter here than in Los Angeles, though Los Angeles is at sea-level, and Big Bear Lake nearly 7,000 feet above. I could not stand it on horseback more than two hours—the sun was so fierce. But now it is quite cold and the cheerfully blazing log fire—how quickly the enormous logs are consumed—is welcome. Nothing in the world to replace an open log fire. The ladies are sitting round several tables, playing bridge and chattering incessantly, but I don't mind it. I could write or read if surrounded by seven thousand chattering ladies. When I write or read my ears seem to be impervious

to all extraneous noise. A good gift. Spencer had to put on earlaps when he was working.

MY FIRST PRIZEFIGHT.

In spite of numerous opportunities and urgings to see a prizefight, in and around New York, I never wanted to go. I knew I should not like it. I hate to see a fight between two street urchins, and I knew that witnessing a prizefight would be only painful. As to being interesting—what interest could there be in it? Two toughs fighting—there would be a draw, or one tough would knock out the other; as to which one would be knocked out, the one in the green trunks or the one in the white—that could not be of any possible interest to me. I read the description of some fights in the papers, I saw some in the movies, and I was convinced that witnessing a prizefight would fill me with painful disgust.

But friends in Los Angeles, where prizefighting, or as they call it euphemistically, boxing, is a weekly or semi-weekly event, insisted that I must see a prizefight. It is thrilling: the best sort of entertainment. And as my motto on this trip was to try everything once, I agreed. Last Tuesday I was to witness my first prizefight. But on account of President Harding's death the event was called off, so I did not see it; and was not a bit sorry.

But here in Big Bear I have been seeing placards and circulars announcing

BOXING! BOXING!

AT THE

GRIZZLY THEATRE, BIG BEAR,

FRIDAY, *August* 10, 1923.

All Star Card.

First Bout 9.30 p.m.

and so I decided to take it in. I was alone, felt somewhat lonesome, was tired from writing and horseback riding all day, and I thought it was as good a way of wasting an evening as any.

So I saw a prizefight. And I was as disgusted as I thought I should be. Nay, more so. I may be too soft. I did hate

to see the vicious blows, the bloody noses, etc., but it was not merely the physical pain that hurt me ; it was what the fight symbolized—and the behaviour of the public ; it was that that gave me the greatest pain.

It was no child's play. The evening consisted of six bouts of four rounds each, and each bout was fought viciously and in dead earnest. There were two complete knockouts, so that the fellows could not get up or even turn after the count of ten, and had to be helped out of the ring, and in three of the other bouts the fellows were very wobbly and groggy towards the end.

The audience contained a good many women and also children of ten, twelve and older ; some of the children were with their parents, some alone. And it was the women and the children who were the most excited and did their utmost to encourage the participants to fight as viciously as possible. Of course, some of the men were also going crazy, for there are morons among men too, but it was the women and children who were more conspicuous ; perhaps they only attracted my attention the most. " Knock him out, let loose, don't stop, keep it up, kill him, kill him, knock the stuffing out of him, go after him, now you have him, punch him in the jaw ", etc., were a few of the fine and highly humane expletives with which the men, women, and children stirred up the fighters and gave outlet to their emotional (shall I say, sadistic ?) enthusiasm. Whenever there was a particularly vicious blow, the audience went into raptures. On the other hand, when the Big Bear gladiators, exhausted, tried to take it easy for a moment, there would be such outcries as : " Say, when are you fellows going to start fighting ? ", or, " Say, this ain't no sprinting match ".

Of course the savage yelling annoyed me. One other thing disgusted me : the chauvinism displayed. Yes, even such small events are intensely parochial and chauvinistic. What I mean by it is this : all the encouraging yells, all the applause and approbation went to the local talent ; none of it to the strangers. For instance in one of the bouts Kid McCoy was matched against Jimmy Roberts. Now Kid McCoy (nicknamed Little Jack Dempsey) was a local hero, while Roberts was from San Diego, so all the encouragement

and applause went to the former, none of it to the latter. In another bout, Snowy Johnson, champion of Phenix, Arizona, was matched against Young Carpentier of Big Bear. And Johnson was begged and prayed not to let up and to kill or at least knock out Carpentier. This seems a contradiction, but it isn't. For while Johnson was from Arizona he was a white man, while Carpentier was a Jap! Of course, I do not consider this exactly chivalrous. I would say: Give some encouragement and a word of approval to the stranger, who is alone here, without any friends. The native is on his own heath as it is, and does not have the same need of cheering up. This is what I should say and do. But then I have peculiar views on many things.

But enough of the fight—enough of my first—and last fight. Once is quite enough. Only one question: Do you really think that such an evening's "entertainment" has a broadening, softening, enlightening, ennobling influence on the children? Or even on the men and women? Is it not, on the contrary, apt to have if not a brutalizing, at least a somewhat coarsening effect? What think you?

May I in conclusion ask the indulgence of some of my most excellent friends, both in Los Angeles and in New York—and in some places between—because my ideas on prize-fighting do not happen to coincide with theirs? I know them to be excellent fellows, even if they do enjoy a thing which both pains and disgusts me. There is no principle involved in the matter; it is more a matter of temperament and taste; and temperament is hard to change, while, as we all know, there is no disputing about tastes.

But I assure you that one prizefight is enough for me. If Dempsey and Firpo were fighting behind my window I should not raise the window shade to look out. Nay, if the shade were up, I should pull it down.

WITH THE STARS IN THE HEAVEN ABOVE.

Mt. Wilson is but twenty-four miles from Los Angeles, and its summit is 6,000 feet above sea-level. The grade is very gradual, however, and the trip is worth while making, not so much for its own sake, as for the purpose of visiting

the world's greatest Astronomical Observatory. Mt. Wilson has the world's largest reflecting telescope—100 inches in diameter—which is housed in the world's largest dome, besides several smaller ones. Altogether seven enormous telescopes are constantly probing “the mysteries of eternity”. The large telescope is one of the world's greatest marvels. The lens alone weighs four and a half tons, the telescope itself weighs *one hundred tons*, and yet it is so marvellously adjusted that by the touch of a button you can turn it in any direction and incline it to any angle you want. The adjustment is so fine and delicate that if occasion should demand it can be manipulated, that is, turned and inclined by hand. The dome in which the telescope is housed weighs seven hundred tons, and yet by the pressure of a button the centre dome may be turned.

When you see the wonderful pictures revealed by this great telescope, when you see that we can capture the spectra of the sun and the planets and stars, when you consider that we can predict to the minute the appearance of a comet, or of a solar or lunar eclipse, you feel like falling on your knees and worshipping before the marvellousness, the amazing greatness of the human mind.

“On earth, there's nothing great but man; in man, there's nothing great but mind.” The human mind is the only deity that can command our worship and our admiration. To attempt to grasp the past achievements of the human mind and to meditate on its future victories is staggering. We feel certain that there is not a mystery in nature that the human mind will not be capable of solving in the near or distant future.

Yes, wonderful is the human mind, and marvellous are its achievements. But how about human relations? They remain about as brutal and unenlightened as they were twenty or thirty centuries ago. The war and the subsequent peace plainly disclosed this heartrending fact. If we made as great progress in our relations to our fellow-men as we have made in the domain of science, in the fields of discoveries and inventions, if Love kept pace with Thought, we should be considerably nearer Utopia than we are now. Unfortunately the fact must be registered that many of the achievements of

science have been used to promote, not kindness and decency in life, but cruelty, disease, and death.

Oh, but it won't always be so.

WITH THE FISHES IN THE DEEP SEA BELOW.

I have a moral objection and sentimental aversion to hunting, to the shooting of birds and harmless animals, which I hope I shall never overcome. I know I shan't. I have not the same objection to fishing. I do not know whether this shows an inconsistency on my part or not. Perhaps it is because I have always been under the impression that fish feel no pain. Be it as it may, I have no objection to fishing, though I do not enjoy it overmuch.

California—its lakes, rivers, bays and ocean—abound in fish, and I was persuaded to adopt fishing as a hobby. "It would do you good; out in the open, and keeps you away from your books, from reading, writing, and thinking." (I might say in parentheses that it does keep you away from reading and writing, but from thinking!—why, where can you think more than while sitting or standing and fishing?)

We got up early, then we motored out to Santa Monica—about an hour and a quarter—then we took a boat which in about three-quarters of an hour brought us to a place where the deep sea fishing, barracuda especially, was particularly good.

We spent on the sea from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and *my* result was two pretty big barracudas and one large mackerel. My companion's booty was seven large barracudas. Some other people on the boat caught as many as thirty or forty large fish; others one or two or nothing at all. Fisherman's luck. I gave my catch to my companion, and some other people who did not have homes wherein to cook fish gave away their catches.

I was not so much interested in the fishing as in the psychology of the fishers. Why did most of the people on that boat go fishing? Certainly not for the fish per se. The charge for each passenger was two dollars, and they could have bought more fish than they caught with that money. Besides, as I said before, some gave their fish away.

No, I believe we have to deal here with the instinct of the chase. It is probably a natural instinct, of which it will be hard to get rid for many centuries to come. Even I experienced a thrill when I felt a "bite". There were quite a few bites, but the barracuda is a big and fighting fish, and they often get away with the hook and bait. I might mention here that the barracuda will not bite any dead bait, under any circumstances. Fresh living bait has always to be put on. There is a tank on the boat with thousands and thousands of anchovies, and the anchovies are used for bait. It is not a very pleasant thing, that is, it wasn't for me, to stick on the living and struggling anchovies on the hook. Mackerel, on the other hand, have no objection to dead bait, and the best bait for mackerel is a mackerel cut up into slices. Even fish, as you see, have their decided tastes and predilections. And still some reformers want to put all mankind into one mould or on one procrustean bed.

It was a pleasant day on the whole, and if I had had time I would have repeated my fishing expeditions frequently. But I had many things to see and to do. I had arranged to go again to Catalina to try my luck with tuna fishing. I should have been very proud to catch a two or three hundred pounder, but other engagements prevented me from making that trip. Next time.

CALIFORNIA GETS INTO YOUR BLOOD.

When people raved about California, its climate, its vegetation, its scenery, I used to feel slightly bored and would sometimes have difficulty in suppressing a yawn. I thought it was either affectation or exaggeration. I have been here now a little over a month, and I am ready to do some raving on my own account. California certainly is beautiful and its climate is delightful. The people have been so nice to me from the very first day I arrived—they are much more familiar with my activities here than they are in Montana or Utah—and they have taken me all over. Many of my friends are anxious I should settle here. Indeed, I know at least a dozen places where I should be glad to live. People are said to live longer here than in other States, and I might add at

least ten years to my span of life if I should move here. But should I do as much work here? I doubt it. You become somewhat languid, relaxed in this climate. I can see that people take things more easily, and life runs more placidly, more pleasantly, more smoothly. If I wanted a long and placid life I should certainly move here. But it is not in my temperament. I would rather have fifteen or twenty years of intense turbulent activity than twenty-five or thirty years of peaceful placidity. I still have some important work to do in this world, and for this purpose New York—or London—is, I believe, more appropriate.

But the temptation is very great. So great that I spent two half days looking around for houses and for building lots, and one time I was on the point of signing a contract. But at the last moment I decided: No, I'll wait until I get back to New York and see how things are. And now I am a bit sorry.

Don't go to California, if you don't ever intend to pay it another visit. It will keep on pulling you.

We took the State away from Mexico in not a very honest, or even gentlemanly manner. We simply robbed her of it most unceremoniously. But aside from the morality of the question—some say there are no morals in international matters, I am still old-fashioned enough to claim that there are or that there should be—we did a very good piece of business. It is the brightest jewel in our crown of forty-eight States.

HOMeward BOUND.

The most glorious part of the trip was the month passed in California. It had all the advantages of outdoors without any of its disadvantages. The weather was unfailingly beautiful—during the day always on the go, in the evening either with friends or in my hotel reading and writing; in short just the way I like it. So why did I rush home when I could have stayed and enjoyed myself another month? Here comes again that blamed word: duty. You cannot shake off the influence of your training. We, the good people, have been brought up to feel that idleness is a sin, that work is a universal duty, that a vacation is permissible only when it

is needed, when the body or the mind demands it. But here I was feeling so well, both physically and spiritually, and I actually felt ashamed of myself to spend any more time in idleness. And it was not idleness either. I assure you, I read and wrote as much as I ever did during my most active period. But I felt uncomfortable. I have not succeeded yet—maybe I will some time—in imbibing the teachings of the author of *The Right to be Lazy*.

So I made arrangements for a home run. But as during this trip I was taking in everything that was on the way, or even a little out of the way, I decided to interrupt the journey ; and my first stop was Colorado Springs. It was an extra trip of only a few hours, and I thought I would take in the famous Pike's Peak, Cripple Creek, and Denver as well.

I can be very brief with all four. None of them is worth a special visit. If you happen to be or if you have to be in Colorado Springs, you may take in the Pike's Peak trip—but to go out of one's way to see any one of the above-named places is a waste of time and money.

COLORADO SPRINGS, PIKE'S PEAK, CRIPPLE CREEK, DENVER.

In Colorado Springs itself there is nothing to see. Just a commonplace town of about thirty thousand inhabitants. And its name is a misnomer because it has no springs of any kind. A few miles distant there is the village of Manitou, which has a carbon dioxide spring, and a well conducted, thoroughly modern hydrotherapeutic establishment. That's all. People like springs of some sort—there is a deeply rooted and not altogether erroneous idea that natural springs contain some mysterious health-giving properties—and I have no doubt that many a traveller is attracted to Colorado Springs by its misleading name. But primarily the people go to Colorado Springs, because it is from there you take the trip to Pike's Peak. Pike's Peak is one of the highest mountains in the United States—the summit is 14,109 feet above sea-level—and, as I said before, if you are in the neighbourhood, you may go up to the summit. The ride up is nice enough, though nothing wonderful and rather flat to one familiar with Alpine scenery, but when you get to the top you have

nothing for your pains. There is nothing to look down upon. Yes, I was up to the very summit—I have the “certificate” to prove it—and I walked all around, trying to find something to get enthused over—but nothing, nothing at all. What a difference when you get to the top of the Rigi or Pilatus! There the panorama that unfolds itself before your eyes takes your breath away, and here just—an empty horizon. Be sure, however, to take some warm wraps with you when you go up Pike’s Peak. When we started from Colorado Springs it was warm, but when we got to the top it was quite chilly. You can rent an overcoat, however, on the way up, if you have failed to take one along.

When I got to the summit of Pike’s Peak and saw the sign, 14,109 feet above sea-level, I thought to myself—and what of it? I could not help thinking of some of our go-getters and climbers, who labour furiously to reach the top, and when they do reach it, they find that they have nothing, that the effort was vain and futile. They say that on the summit of Pike’s Peak you can see come beautiful sunsets. No doubt. Unfortunately, when I was there the sunset was a very wretched one.

Some of the people who went up the peak with me were—or said they were—greatly thrilled by the ascent, but I found on inquiry that they were Kansans and Indianans who had never travelled before and who had never seen any hills higher than a molehill.

One other point before I descend from the height of Pike’s Peak. It demonstrates the difference between national and private property. Yellowstone Park is national property and everything is free. You don’t have to pay to see the Grand Canyon, to see the geysers, the terraces, the waterfalls, etc. Pike’s Peak, however, is in private hands. And so you have to pay, pay, pay. There is two dollars toll for each person, merely to make the ascent; to see Seven Falls you have to pay, to see the balancing rock you have to pay—fifty-five cents is the admission fee; five cents would be quite enough. To see the Cave of the Winds (which, by the way, is not windy at all but is a cave of stalactites and stalagmites) you have to pay one dollar and ten cents—also excessive; twenty-five cents would be quite enough. And so on.

However, I did not regret the day spent on my Pike's Peak tour. But what I did regret was the day wasted going to Cripple Creek. There may be a difference of opinion as to whether it is worth while going up Pike's Peak, but there can be no two opinions about the worthlessness of the Cripple Creek tour. This trip is loudly advertised as one of the greatest trips in the world, which nobody who visits Colorado Springs should miss. As I was determined not to miss anything on this trip, I took in Cripple Creek also. And you may believe me when I say that it is just a common fraud for the purpose of getting some money out of gullible travellers. Scenery on the way to Cripple Creek there is none. Cripple Creek itself is one of the Godforsakenest, dirtiest mining towns you can imagine. Once at least it prided itself on being the toughest and wide openest town in the United States. Now since most of its mines have petered out, its population has dwindled away, as well as its business. And of course Prohibition gave it the coup de grace. Many of the stores and dwellings are empty and abandoned. The Cripple Creekers are not to blame for all this; but the company that advertises the wonders of visiting a gold mine in actual operation is to blame. For in the folders they give you the impression—no, not the impression, but they tell you definitely—that going down that mine you see the miners actually at work. This is false and fraudulent. The Mary McKinney mine is in actual operation, but they do not let you see any of the work going on. You go in a narrow, dirty little elevator, you are shot down to the bottom of the mine 1,300 feet below the surface, and shot up again. And you have about as much idea of the actual operation of a gold mine as you had before. And that is what I object to. I object to deliberate misrepresentation. And I want the Colorado Springers and Cripple Creekers to know that I resent their method of advertising. It is the first and only instance of misrepresentation that I encountered during my trip.

From Cripple Creek I went to visit the widely advertised New Petrified Forest. Also a fake. Simply a joke. A few measly specimens not worth seeing. The specimen I brought home from Arizona is worth more than their entire "Forest". Then back to Colorado Springs, and from there to Denver.

I stayed three days in Denver. It is a clean and nice town with numerous splendidly kept parks. Only one afternoon, however, did I spend in "tripping". The rest of the three days I spent in the public library.

From Denver I went to Chicago, making short stops at Dodge City—which one of the natives told me with pride was, prior to Prohibition, the toughest town in the United States. He said it with real pride. Why will people be proud of such things?

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL AND GLAND TRANSPLANTATION.

I promised myself when I started not to visit any hospitals or prisons on the trip. For, in spite of their scientific value, prisons and hospitals as you know always have a deeply depressing effect on me, and I did not want any painful, depressing influences.

But I decided to make an exception in the case of the American Hospital, as I wanted to see the work which its chief surgeon, Dr. M. Thorek, was doing in testicular transplantation. And so I stayed in Chicago for two days, as the guest of the Doctor and his charming wife, and I saw a good deal of the work he has been doing during the last few years in the epochal operation of testicular transplantation. I am not permitted, however, to go into details at the present time, as the Doctor will present his technique, with specimens, slides, etc., at the forthcoming Congress in Rome. And he is also publishing an exhaustive book on the whole subject.

And I have carried away an entirely different impression of Chicago from the ones I did at my previous visits to that city. It goes without saying that one's impressions about places depend largely upon the circumstances and associations under which one sees them. As the downtown of New York is not all New York, so the loop of Chicago is not all Chicago. And very few cities can boast of prettier drives than the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago. Yes, this time my impression of Chicago was quite different from the previous impressions. I remember I used to say that I would not take Chicago if it were offered me on a silver platter. I would take it now if it were offered to me on a plain tray.

And from Chicago it is only a jump to New York, and now I am back again at 12 Mount Morris Park West. For how long I don't know. The Wanderlust got into my blood, and it may take some time to get it out entirely.

THE PLEASANTEST PART OF MY TRIP.

“What do you consider the pleasantest feature of your trip?” This question has been asked by two correspondents. I'll tell you, though I am quite sure my answer will surprise them as well as others. The pleasantest thing on my trip across the continent was noticing a man reading one of my books or with a “Critic and Guide” in his possession. Equally pleasant was it to meet a man to find, on being introduced to him, that he knew all about my work and that he was familiar with my books and magazines.

Vanity, you will say? Perhaps; perhaps it is nothing but common, everyday vanity. But I don't think so. I believe the deep satisfaction arises rather from the feeling that your work is not in vain, that it is finding followers and admirers, in short that it is bearing fruit. After all, what is all our mental work for? To influence others. Only to a slight extent do we write for ourselves—the rest is for others. And to find that it reaches others is pleasant. Unconsciously, you become assured of some sort of immortality. Why a man who is altogether sceptical about the immortality of the soul should care for this sort of immortality, I don't know. Perhaps just because. But the feeling is there and it will not be denied.

Now you know what pleased me most on my trip.

In briefer words: The prettiest scene was the sight of a copy of the “Critic and Guide” in a man's hands.

And I am glad to say that as soon as I lifted the veil of my incognito, I began to discover people who were familiar with my work in places where I hardly hoped to find any. There is an oasis in every Main Street. And many a person who was considered by his entourage a perfectly safe orthodox babbitt proved to be a secret reader and admirer of the work of William J —

MY HORSE DISCUSSES LIFE

Another Argument with Rocinante.

I had ridden four solid hours, and I was rather tired. And so was Rocinante. So I turned into the woods, slid down, and let Rocinante graze. The good horse was crunching the dry though abundant grass, looking up at me occasionally with his shrewd, almost human—perhaps more than human—eyes; and I was leaning against a tree and thinking. Soon the peaceful silence of the woods was broken by the shouts and laughter of a merry throng, and about a dozen people, young and middle-aged, and about half male and half female, made their appearance. They were carrying baskets of food and bottles of liquid—evidently on a picnic bent.

I had met them several times at various hotels, once on a boat trip, with several of them I made the Rim of the World circuit, so that I knew them slightly; one of them had occasion to ask of me some medical advice. We bowed, and they passed on. And I remained leaning against the tree—thinking.

“Why for?” suddenly came from Rocinante. I had gotten used to hear my horse talk, I learned to understand his language, and I no longer was surprised or startled.

“Why for what?”

“Why for that frown on your forehead? Don’t you like those people, those who just passed?”

“They are all right.”

“They are all right? You don’t seem very enthusiastic about them.”

“No, that I am not.”

“And why not?” persisted Rocinante.

“How can I be enthusiastic about people for whom I do not care the least little bit?”

“But why don’t you care about them? Of course, I am only a poor uneducated horse, but to me they seem all right. Certainly as nice as some of the people I saw with whom you were friendly.”

“Rocie, you are a very smart, very clever horse, but a horse after all, and you cannot judge. We do not—I mean I don’t—judge people by their *looks*, but by what they *are* and what they *do*.”

“What do you mean what they are—what race they belong to, or what religion, or what class of society or profession?”

“No, no, no. About that I care not at all. That means nothing to me. A man must be something, do something. Those people don’t do anything.”

“I don’t understand you, Dr. Wm. J. What do you mean, they don’t do anything? As far as I have observed they are always doing something, they are always on the go. Please have patience with me. I am only a poor uneducated horse, but it seems to me you are not expressing yourself intelligibly.”

“I am sorry, Rocie; I am speaking quite plainly, and humans would have no difficulty in understanding me. At least they have never had any. What I mean to say is that they don’t do any *work*. They are always just on pleasure bent.”

“And why should they do any work if they do not have to? Why should anybody work who doesn’t have to? Do you suppose I would ever do any hard work, such as pulling a wagon, if I were not forced to? I do not mind carrying you, because that’s just a jaunt, a frisk (that’s the word Rocie used), a relaxation. But to do hard work—not on—I beg your pardon. And would you ever do any work just for the sake of working? Would you ever work if you didn’t have to?”

“I certainly should. Here I am writing now. I certainly do not *have* to.”

Rocinante thought a bit. But he has become a remarkable dialectician and he can perceive and avoid a pitfall in logic as quickly and as surely as he can see and circumvent a hole in a steep mountain pass.

“No, you do not *have* to in the ordinary sense of the term. But you do because the writing itself affords you pleasure. You are so constituted that work is more pleasurable to you than idleness. Doing nothing is very irksome to you, so that there is no merit in your working. *You work because you cannot be idle.* So don’t claim any credit for your working. You are a slave to your work, as these people are slaves to their pleasures. And I do not know who is better off.”

I was going to reply, but Rocie shook his head warningly and continued :

" But it is not only because of an inner compulsion that you work. If you will free yourself from all cant—subconscious, no doubt—you will admit that you get a positive reward for your work. The knowledge that what you write will be read eventually by a hundred thousand people is or should be sufficient reward for anybody. But that is not all. For I believe, unless I am greatly mistaken, that your writing is not altogether without financial reward. Does not your writing—your books, editorials, etc.—bring you in anything ? "

" Of course it does," I answered somewhat impatiently. " But I would write just the same, even if my writing did not bring me in anything."

" No doubt you would, though I am not so sure that you would write quite so much. But that is because writing is *creative* work. It gives you now a certain amount of fame, it will give you when you are gone a certain amount of spiritual immortality. Then, you being a man of deep sensibility and active mentality, your writing acts as your safety valve, your emotional and intellectual outlet. If you stopped writing, your emotions and your thoughts would choke you."

" All this may be true, but . . . "

" What do you mean, ' *may be true* ' ? "

" All right, all what you say *is* true, but it is nevertheless also true that my chief reason for writing, my chief life impulse, is my feeling that I have a certain mission to perform."

" Hm. . . . Would you work quite as assiduously, quite as feverishly, if all your writing had to be done *anonymously* ? Just ask yourself that question."

" I am not sure that that is quite a fair question. A person feels himself entitled to credit for his work, you know ; ours is an individualistic age. And I believe that, as far as credit for creative work is concerned, this feeling will remain unabated even in the most communistic system of society. But I can tell you truthfully that a good deal of my work I would do even if I had to do it anonymously, without getting any credit for it. For instance in the birth-control movement I have done a great deal of work for which I have received and receive no credit."

“ All right. Let us put aside writing. Let me ask you this question : Would you do any common menial work, would you sweep the streets or break rocks, or typewrite somebody else’s stuff, or be a real estate agent or a barber or a butcher, unless forced to it by bitter economic necessity ? Please answer.”

“ All right, Rocie, I will answer : No, I would not.”

“ You see. So why do you blame those people ? They are not writers or creative artists. Nature has not endowed them with any talent in this direction. They can do nothing which will give them fame or emotional or intellectual satisfaction, nothing even which would tickle their vanity. So why should they ‘ work ’, if they do not have to, if they have enough money—never mind who gave it to them—to live in what you call idleness and luxury without lifting a finger ? ”

“ Superficially you are right, Rocie ; but looked into more deeply, you are wrong. In our society, in human society, everybody is supposed to work for his living. For if anyone lives without working, it follows inescapably that he must live on the labour of somebody else.”

“ You too indulging in platitudes ? Do you really think that those gentlemen—I do not speak of the women ; most of them live a parasitic life anyway—would contribute anything of value if one of them became, say, a lawyer, another a real estate agent, a third a newspaper editor, a fourth an officer in the army, etc. ? Would they not, to your view of thinking, rather be more injurious than if they did nothing at all ? ”

“ Well, yes ; but I don’t think you are quite fair in selecting as examples asocial or antisocial occupations, or occupations which you know are distasteful to me. But even a lawyer who vigorously defends unjustly accused persons, or a newspaper editor who insists upon telling the truth and protects the weak against the strong, can prove of signal service to humanity. And that brings me to another, really the essential point. When I said ‘ Those people don’t do anything ’ I really had in mind something else than their actual work, their work for making a living. I had in mind to say that they didn’t do anything for anybody, didn’t do anything for humanity.”

Here Rocinante neighed. It seemed to me he neighed contemptuously, ironically.

"And why must they do something for humanity? Why must they do anything for your human race if they do not feel so inclined? How can you prove . . ."

Here I interrupted. "Now, Rocie, you must stop right here. If we are to continue our discussion at all, this point must be taken for granted, it must be considered axiomatic, as needing no proof. Just as the orthodox believer refuses to enter into any discussions demanding proofs of the existence of God, so I refuse to enter into any arguments demanding proofs of our duty towards humanity or towards society. I take it to be axiomatic. In any discussion the participants must have a common point of departure, they must have at least one common plank in their platforms; otherwise any discussion at all is bound to be profitless, futile. If there is to be any discussion at all as to the goodness or badness of people, their usefulness or uselessness, this point, the *duty* of doing something for humanity, of raising mankind to higher moral and intellectual levels, of making the world a better place to live in, must be taken for granted."

"All right, have it your own way. If I am not mistaken, there have been thinkers in your race, as deep and searching thinkers as you are, who have denied any such thing as duty, any such thing as altruism. They consider everything motivated by selfishness, merely recognizing two varieties, a narrow, stupid, and a broad, enlightened selfishness. But we will let that pass. You say that those people don't do anything for your humanity, and spend all their time in enjoying themselves. What would you want them to do, if they are not capable of doing anything, that is, doing anything for the improvement of the race?"

"I do not say that they must do something if they are incapable—or unwilling to do anything. But that does not mean that I am not justified in my contemptuous attitude toward them."

"I see you have given yourself away. So do you look upon them with some contempt?"

"Yes, I do. Take a person who spends his life in a state of besottedness, or as a drug addict. He may be absolutely

unable to help it, but that does not prevent others from looking upon him with contempt—say with contempt mixed with pity—and justifiably so.”

“Your example is poorly selected. As I heard you say so many times, analogies are dangerous, similes are slippery, and illustrations often do not illustrate but confuse and muddle up. A person who is addicted to alcohol or is a slave of drugs is never happy. He despises and hates himself and is a burden to himself and to all he comes in contact with. He would like to give up his wretched habit but is unfortunately too weak to do so. But those people are quite satisfied with their mode of life. As far as I can make out all they are sorry for is that the day has only twenty-four hours to have fun in ; their only regret, if they ever give the matter a thought, is that life is too short. I have watched those people on many occasions, and there is no doubt that those people are perfectly happy ; or at least as happy as it is possible for members of your human race to be.”

Here Rocinante began to munch some grass, and, having swallowed a few mouthfuls, shook his mane, neighed two or three times, and began to talk again. He has become quite garrulous. I fear he is getting old, though he is not showing it in what he is accomplishing physically. As he started to argue again, it seemed to me as if I noticed a cunning, malicious smile in his eyes, as if a new line of argument had come to his mind which he was sure I should not be able to refute.

“What is the object of all your work, all your writing and fussing ? The happiness of the human race, you would say, the happiness of every individual, man, woman and child. Well, those people have reached in their own persons what you claim you aim at. Ought you not to be happy in their happiness ? You are not pleased with their manner of attaining their happiness ? What right have you to be pleased or not pleased ? Are they to be happy only in what you consider the right way ? And if your way is not their way ? If what you consider happiness would not be happiness for them ? If people are to be permitted to get salvation in their own way, why should there be any objection to their getting their happiness in the way that is natural to them ? You read a lot ; in fact I am tired of your numerous books, of the amount of reading you

do. You read because it affords you pleasure, or because it saves you from boredom. But suppose books afford them no pleasure, and they do not feel bored. Should they force themselves to read merely because *you* think that reading is right or is a duty incumbent upon so-called civilized beings? How do you know that reading is a duty? Because you were brought up to believe so. But maybe you are wrong. Maybe reading is not so important after all. Reading should be indulged in only when it is a pleasure, it should not be considered in the light of a duty. Those people don't even read a book a year, you say? What of it, if they don't feel the need of it? But they are outdoors a good deal of the time, and that is better than books. Only yesterday, as you were lying on the grass and reading and I was grazing, I happened to look over your shoulder and this is what I saw:

'We live too much in books and not enough in nature. We are like that stupid fellow, Pliny the younger, who studied a Greek orator while beneath his very eyes Vesuvius was engulfing five cities with its ashes.'

"Who wrote that? I did not see the author's name."

"Anatole France."

"Who is he?"

"A noble Frenchman. One of the very few noble and sane Frenchmen left."

"All right, then. To continue. But first tell me—am I not right?"

"You are and you are not. Which means that you are a very clever sophist. True, those people are, in their way, happy. But if everybody were like them, that is, if everybody consumed without producing, there would be nothing to consume. And the only reason those people can consume without producing is because we live under a wrong system; somebody has to work twice as hard in order to support them in idleness; or if you will say their fathers left them millions, it will also show the viciousness of our system. Nobody can make millions unless aided by privilege, by unfair advantage, by owning too much land, or by exploiting the labour of others. This is count one. The second count is this: If everybody were like those people in whose behalf you have taken up the

cudgels so valiantly, that is, if nobody worked or read or studied, humanity would have made no progress, not only no intellectual, spiritual, but even no material progress, and those very people could not live the way they do, could not enjoy a fraction of the comforts they are enjoying now. So, you see, those people are not to be taken as models to be admired and emulated."

"I was not speaking of models. I was speaking of their happiness. Will you or will you not admit (I have lately noticed a deplorable tendency in Rocinante, a tendency to become too familiar, not to say fresh, and I told him so) that those people are happier than you?"

I admitted that much.

"There you see. With all your talking and writing about and striving for happiness, you have not succeeded in making even one person happy—not even yourself. While those people, who read no books, who cannot think, who possess but an infinitesimal fraction of your knowledge, know how to be happy and how to enjoy themselves. And it is wrong to say that they do not contribute to anybody's happiness, for those of them who are married make good fathers and make their children, their boys and girls, quite happy."

"Yes, but they bring them up to be as useless as themselves," I retorted rather weakly.

"I am getting tired of your usefulness and uselessness. Have I to be useful to any other horse? I have to see to it that I am as comfortable as possible; let other horses look out for themselves. Why should human beings be different?"

"Just because human beings are not horses, nor any other animal, but human beings. I told you before that that question—*why* we have to do something for others—I wouldn't discuss with you. It is the fundamental question which admits of no discussion. But, by the way, what is all this discussion for? What do you wish to accomplish by it?"

"I wish to accomplish two things," answered Rocinante, and here he came up and affectionately rubbed his nose against my head, "I want you to become broader and more tolerant and not look down upon what you call empty-headed people; for those very empty-headed people generally know the art of living better than you do. And I want you yourself to

begin to live. Instead of always writing about life, it is time to begin to *live* life. It is time to take an example from these very people whom you envy."

"You mean, despise?"

"No, I mean envy. You may think you despise them, but in reality you envy them. And if consciously you despise them, that contempt is but a . . . a . . . what do your modern philosophers, psycho—psychoanalysts, call it?—Yes, defensive mechanism. Do not get angry with me for saying it, I do not wish to cause you pain; you know I am your true friend; perhaps a better friend than any you have among your human friends; but to do you good, I must speak plainly. Would you not give up all your work and your fame for the ability to live as idly and as leisurely and as animally as those jolly young men and women who have just passed? Didn't a famous doctor—what was his name—yes, Dr. Faust, sell his soul for the company of an ignorant little Gretchen?"

"Rocinante, you are getting silly. You are getting beyond your depth. And besides it is growing chilly. Hop-la. Now, faithful Rocinante that you are—carry me home. To the cabin, at Pine Knot, by the Big Bear Lake. You know where it is. And don't talk while we ride. You may stumble."

XII
MY TESTAMENT

THE EDITOR'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

The editor of the "Critic and Guide" is an object of interest to a goodly number of people. He who does nothing, says nothing, and is nothing, makes neither friends nor enemies. He who does, says, and is something, makes both. The editor of the "Critic and Guide" is blessed with plenty of friends and plenty of enemies. His enemies are fond of spreading false reports as to his views on many subjects. Psycho-analytical experience tells us that those who bear false witness are not necessarily conscious liars!

I propose to spend this Thanksgiving Day in writing a brief exposition of my views upon various subjects. Perhaps, if time permits, on all important subjects. The January issue in which they will appear will be read by at least one thousand new subscribers to the "Critic and Guide", and they will learn my outlooks right away.

MEDICINE—REGULAR AND SECTARIAN.

In medicine I am a regular or scientific physician. I have mercilessly attacked the various sects, cults, and quacks. But I have never been blind to the shortcomings of the regular medical profession, and I have not hesitated to expose them. I am not a blind apologist for regular medicine, or an unqualified opponent of irregular practitioners. There is much that is bad in the former, and much that is good in the latter.

BIRTH CONTROL.

Though I proclaim the tremendous importance of birth control, and am sure that a knowledge of preceptives is indispensable to the happiness of the individual and the

race, and though I have contributed as much as any one, dead or living, to spread the theory and practice of birth control in this country, nevertheless I refuse to consider it a panacea for all our economic and social ills. I do not believe that, unaided, it will abolish poverty and war. There were wars when the world was sparsely populated, and there are many couples with few or no children who are much more miserable than many couples with a quiverful. I refuse to become a fanatic even as regards my pet hobby, birth control. Furthermore, I deny that all opponents of birth control are in favour of unlimited breeding. Theodore Roosevelt did not advocate unlimited breeding among the slum dwellers. What he was chiefly opposed to was childlessness among the idle rich, childlessness among those who could well afford to bring up a family. It is true that in many cases limitation of offspring is not inspired by noble motives. We must avoid extravagant assertions, however strongly we believe in birth control.

ABORTION.

In general, I am strongly opposed to abortion. Yet I recognize that there are many cases in which not to induce an abortion is a greater moral crime than to induce one. Much of the opposition of the medical profession to the practice is due to ignorance and narrow-mindedness, and is often hypocritical. The professional abortionist who is in the business for the money there is in it is obnoxious to me, even though under present social conditions he is a necessary evil. On the other hand, the reactionary who says that to procure abortion is a crime equivalent to murder under all circumstances, even if it be done to save a girl from suicide and her family from disgrace, is still more obnoxious to me. He is cruel, and I hate cruelty more than anything else in the world.

FREUDISM AND PSYCHOANALYSIS.

I consider Freud one of the world's geniuses. He will be and he deserves to be immortal. His contributions to the

subject of infantile sexuality, the light he has thrown on the hidden springs of human conduct, etc., are imperishable. But it is utterly impossible for me to swallow the whole Freudian philosophy. I reject the Freudian theory of dream interpretation, the theory that all dreams have a sexual basis and invariably represent a wish fulfilment. The whole theory of the censorship, manifest content, latent content, etc., seems to me gibberish. The attempts of the Freudian school to answer the objections of opponents smack of charlatanism.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

My action as well as my words have shown that I am strongly in favour of free speech and a free press. I have suffered from a repression of this inalienable human right. Nevertheless, I recognize that there is a good cause for some sort of censorship of the spoken or written word, particularly the latter. In the present state of society, I cannot subscribe to the extremists' demand that every kind of restriction should be removed from speech and press. For this reason, while I despise the reactionaries who would prevent the free discussion of vital questions, I myself am considered a reactionary by the extremists, by those who refuse to open their eyes and see things as they are.

SOCIALISM.

Politically and economically, I am a socialist. Yet I could never bring myself to join the Socialist Party. I do not believe in the socialist doctrine of the class struggle. I know there is a class struggle, varying in intensity in different countries and in different periods. But I do not believe that it is an absolutely unavoidable phase of progress. I do not believe in intensifying and emphasizing this struggle, in setting class against class, and in making the struggle more and more bitter. Hate alone has never yet done any good. Intolerance, bitterness, and revengefulness are not necessary ingredients of humane and enlightened class consciousness. Sometimes I even doubt whether class consciousness is an

important factor in the upward march of mankind. I like to think of humanity as a whole, not as an aggregate of mutually antagonistic classes. The sharp classification into proletariat and bourgeoisie seems to me an undue simplification. There are millions of people who don't fit into any such exclusive classification. Besides, if a "bourgeois" does more for humanity as a whole than ten thousand proletarians (and this often happens), then it is wrong to speak of the whole "bourgeoisie" with hatred and contempt.

Another reason why I cannot join the Socialist Party is its ridiculous attitude on the voting question. You must vote the entire socialist ticket; you must do no scratching or changing. A man may seem utterly worthless and contemptible, but if he has been nominated you must vote for him; in no circumstances, under pain of expulsion, can you vote for a candidate of another party. In short, the Socialist Party inculcates the same slavish attitude in its followers as the capitalist parties. No independent thinker can endure anything of the kind. I also object to the Socialist Party's uncompromising attitude on the question of alliances with other parties.

For these reasons, although I am a socialist and generally vote the socialist ticket, and although I contribute to socialist causes as much as any dyed-in-the-wool dues-paying party member, yet I am not considered a good socialist, and by some I am not considered a socialist at all.

(With regard to the question of voting at times for non-socialists, I have to admit with due contrition that—in common with plenty of good radicals like Max Eastman and Floyd Dell—I voted for the man of straw who had "kept us out of the war", and was then to back down and bring us into it. I believed in his professions, and I thought that keeping the United States out of the war was paramount to all other considerations.)

THE PROLETARIAT.

My sympathies are with the proletariat, but I am emphatically opposed to a Dictatorship of the Proletariat. A Dictatorship of the Proletariat can be as cruel, as senseless, as stupid

and reactionary, as a dictatorship of the plutocracy or the military or any form of oligarchy. While all my sympathies are with the working people, I have no illusions on the score of the working masses : I do not make a fetich of the working class. The “ masses ” can be and often are as stupid and as cruel as the “ classes ”. As a matter of fact, the greatest hope, open or secret, of most working men is to become capitalists as quickly as possible. Nor can I overlook the fact that the lowest wretches are to be found among the slum proletariat. It is from them that are recruited those hoodlums who stone reformers, who make pogroms and who are always ready to do the bidding of the masters. I even entertain the “ medieval ” notion that everything or practically everything that is worth while in our civilization has come not from the proleteriat but from the middle classes, from the so-called bourgeoisie—a term which has been greatly misused.

It is not the position that makes the man. In the greatest number of instances, the position or the class to which a person belongs is not a voluntary one ; it is imposed upon him by birth and external circumstances, and there is no greater merit in being a working man than in being a banker. It is what the man is and what he does that count, and not what class he belongs to. Some of the finest types that humanity has produced belong to the middle and the higher classes.

I am in sympathy with the severest condemnation of our system, nothing more stupid and vicious than which I can imagine, but only provided it is borne in mind that we are all tarred with the same brush, that humanity as a whole and not any one single class is responsible for the crimes and stupidities and miseries which we are forced to witness every day of our lives. I believe that my attitude on the subject of the “ classes ” and the “ masses ” is a correct one. But it makes me unacceptable to both sides !

COMMUNISM.

Communism as a system of the future is one of humanity's noblest ideals. The judges who for the crime of advocating communism impose sentences of ten or fifteen years in prison

are vile wretches. Nevertheless I regard as lunatics those who preach communism as something attainable in this country in the near future. Only people who are quite blind, who have no idea of our historical background and of the individualistic psychology of our people, will waste their time and risk life and liberty in preaching communism

BOLSHEVISM

I have nothing but the deepest contempt for the knaves or fools who asserted that Lenin and Trotsky were German agents, and were influenced by German money. I know that the bolshevist leaders are among the greatest, noblest, and most unselfish men that the world has ever seen. I execrate those who, through ignorance or cruelty, have given moral, financial, or military support to the various tourist agents and adventurers, such as Kolchak, Yudenitch, Denikin, and Wrangel, who were trying to crush the Russian Revolution and bring bloody reaction back into Russia. My attitude towards the bolshevist leaders and the counter-revolutionists is on record, but I am not a blind worshipper at the shrine of bolshevism. I know that the bolshevists have committed very serious blunders and excesses. I know that many people of the lowest intellectual and moral calibre have joined the bolshevists as they would have joined any other victorious regime. I know further that even among the bolshevist leaders there are fanatics and blatherskites who by their ultra-revolutionary spoutings are injuring and not furthering the cause of true progress and civilization. I am ready to join with Gorky in his glorious song to the madness of the brave. And I know that millions of deaths from starvation and disease rest directly upon the shoulders of Clemenceau, Millerand, Wilson and Colby ; I know that by far the greatest part of Russia's misery has been due to the blockade of Russia by the Allies, and to the subsidized invasions. But the bolshevists have not been blameless.

Because I see and proclaim the faults of both sides, I am unpopular with both sides.

RELIGION.

In religion I am a freethinker, an out-and-out freethinker. Yet I dislike those who habitually or, I might say, professionally, ridicule or sneer at religion. In spite of many invitations I refuse to join any freethinkers' or rationalist league. I recognize that religion or non-religion really has nothing to do with a person's decency and usefulness as an individual and as a citizen.

An agnostic or an atheist may be very much worse morally than the most superstitious theologian, whilst one who is a rationalist and freethinker in religion may be the most irrational and most slavishly-thinking human being on all other subjects—economics, sexology, psychology, war. It was the war that opened my eyes to the worthlessness of freethought or atheism per se as a motive force in important human questions. To give but one or two examples. The freethought paper, the "Truthseeker", behaved during the war as the worst of them; it was as hysterical as the yellowest of the yellow; it did not hesitate to speak of the compatriots of Haeckel as "Huns", and it demanded a fight to a finish. I do not know whether freethinkers like E. C. Walker have overcome their blood hysteria and are properly ashamed of themselves. During the war they certainly did not behave like "rational" human beings. Clemenceau, an out-and-out atheist, was more brutal in the formulation of the Versailles treaty than were the pious Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson.

In short, just as I recognize that religion in itself is no guarantee of morality, so I recognize that freethought, agnosticism, or atheism is per se no guarantee of rationality, decency, dependability, or truthfulness. With me the primary criterion of a man is his humanitarianism, and irreligion in itself is no guarantee of that, any more than religion is. But since such are my beliefs, I am neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring to either the theologians or the freethinkers and atheists—and neither the former nor the latter will accept me as a member of their church—any more than I would join them if they wanted to receive me.

RADICALS AND RADICALISM.

The hysteria of the past six years has cast odium on some of the finest words in our language. Thus the word "pacifist", one of the noblest of words, signifying a man who loves peace and hates war and dissension, has become synonymous with "criminally insane". The same is true of the word "radical". Once a designation of which people were proud, signifying as it does a man who goes to the root of things, one who tries to find out the why and wherefore of everything, one who thinks freely, clearly, and logically, uninfluenced by superstitions and traditions, one who demands radical reforms—it has, now, under the reign of the holy trinity of Wilson, Palmer, and Burleson, become a term of reproach; it has become a dangerous epithet—for it carries with it the possibility of jail and deportation. Nevertheless, in spite of the stupidity of our bureaucracy and the viciousness of our newspaper hirelings, the word radical is a noble word, a term to be proud of, and I am glad to say that I am a thorough-going radical—a radical in religion, a radical in politics, a radical in economics. Yet, I am not a *persona grata* among radicals; the Greenwich Villagers do not consider me as one of their own. And I am not enamoured of them.

The reasons for this mutual coolness are manifold. There are several things I do not like about our radicals, and they know it. Many radicals who have discarded "bourgeois morality" have not replaced it by any other kind; and this is bad. Even our capitalist or bourgeois morality is better than none, and I insist that a radical must be more moral and not less moral than a conservative—though the two may disagree on the definition of the term. Punctuality, loyalty, faithful fulfilment of promises, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, will still, for many years to come, remain socially and individually necessary virtues. But many radicals have discarded them without substituting other virtues. Many radicals regard themselves as supermen when they are below the common level.

Furthermore, a good many radicals are "professional" revolutionists. They make a good living out of radicalism.

In these cases there must always be a lurking suspicion as to the man's sincerity and uncompromising honesty, though he may possess both in the highest degree.

Many of our radicals, too, have as bad a war-time record as many of our freethinkers. One can understand and forgive them their belief in the necessity for our entry into the war. But one cannot forgive them their turning into emotional hoodlums, their joining hands with the superpatriotic profiteers and sadistic hundred per centers, their acquiescence in and approval of the crushing of free speech, and of the torturing and jailing of every dissenter and conscientious objector. In no other country in the world—I am making the statement after careful consideration—did the radicals show themselves such intellectual weaklings and moral cowards; nowhere else did they so pitiably betray the cause of humanity. Even some of our anarchists, propaganda-by-deed revolutionists, uncompromising atheists, and loudly self-proclaimed internationalists, swallowed the atrocity propaganda and the fiction of German plots in this country; professed a belief that the Germans are really a nation with a special psychology which puts them beyond the pale of humanity; and by the aid of this self-deception they justified themselves in becoming denouncers, in becoming aids and tools of our infamous "department of justice". It was wonderful to see an uncompromising internationalist dancing to the same tune, arm and arm with a bloodthirsty reactionary or a provocative agent!

At great personal risk I stated frankly what I thought of those traitorous radicals; the result was that I not only was annoyed by government spies and stool-pigeons, but I lost a number of friends and acquaintances, and the breach between the radicals and myself became still greater. The peculiar thing was that the ultra-revolutionists became frenziedly pro-war, while the moderate radicals preserved their sanity.

I trust I shall not be misunderstood as wishing to imply that I have a low opinion of all our radicals. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are radicals among us who are the salt of the earth; we have men and women as unselfish, as idealistic, as self-sacrificing, as are to be found anywhere in the world; but unfortunately they constitute a small

minority in the radical movement. The majority are as I have described them.

SEXOLOGY.

I believe it will be generally admitted that I have contributed as much to the diffusion of scientific sexology in this country as any American living or dead. Yet I feel lonely even in this field. We have two classes of sexologists in this country and I belong to neither. I form a class by myself. To the first class belong the theologians or moralists who still insist on painting the alleged evils of masturbation in the luridest of colours, and who try to convince the world that continence up to any age is a harmless and comparatively simple matter—all that is necessary is a little will power, a little exercise, a cold bath and the reading of the Bible, not forgetting, of course, to say a prayer at night. Naturally I cannot join their union. Then we have a class of sexologists who think that sexology consists in telling salacious stories, and in dwelling upon rare and isolated cases of perversion; in short, if the truth be told, there are sexologists with a distinctly pornographic type of mind. Of course I cannot join their lodge either. That is why I have to work alone.

Let me restate my views as to the meaning of sexology.

First of all I wish to say that normal and healthy men and women who suffer agonies and whose life blood drips slowly away because their physical and spiritual longings find no outlet and no satisfaction, touch me and interest me much more deeply than the perverts.

In my opinion the task of sexology for many years to come will consist in a searching study of the elements of the normal manifestations of sex, both physical and spiritual (the latter being the more important); in an analysis of that feeling which is as much of a mystery as it was three thousand years ago, nay is much more of a mystery, because, with the growing complexity of human spirituality and human culture, the feeling becomes much finer, much more delicate, much more complex, the feeling which for the lack of a better word we call "love". The abnormal manifestations of sex must not be neglected—but they must be given a subordinate place.

I am much more interested in the fearful heartaches, in the unquenchable longings, of normal men and women of all ages than in the sufferings of perverts and degenerates. Not that I pity the latter less, but I pity the former more. For we must bear in mind, that taken all in all, the perverts, including in this term the homosexuals, sadists, masochists, nymphomaniacs, etc., do not constitute more than five or at most ten per cent. of the population. The sexually normal constitute ninety to ninety-five per cent., and we certainly should devote more of our attention to those who constitute the vast majority than we devote to those who constitute a small minority. We must further bear in mind that racially the perverts constitute a very undesirable element, and it would be best if they could be prevented from procreating. How can a sane sexologist be expected to have genuine sympathy with a sadist or with a person addicted to bestiality? The wisest thing that such people could do would be to take a lethal dose of prussic acid !

PURITANISM AND OBSCENITY.

A physician sent an article to one of my magazines, which I promptly returned. I told him that I considered it vulgar, filthy, and as having no *raison d'être*. He wrote back saying that he was surprised and pained to discover that with all my broadmindedness and radicalism I was a narrow-minded puritan. I did not reply, but I will take this opportunity to say that if aversion to coarse vulgarity and purposeless obscenity constitutes puritanism, then I am a puritan. Sexology is not synonymous with scatology. There is nothing I consider beyond the pale of discussion, but there must be a purpose behind the discussion ; the purpose must be the improvement of human conditions, the eventual increase of the sum-total of human happiness.

Here is the motto that I adopted many years ago : " No book has a right to exist that has not for its purpose the betterment of mankind by affording either useful instruction or healthful recreation ". That is still my motto today. One can write freely, using unvarnished expressions, without

being obscene. The man who aspires to the title of sexologist is wrong if he thinks that sexology consists exclusively in recounting cases (many half a century old and some of them apocryphal) of bestiality, tribadism, coprolagnia, nymphomania, and sadistic murders. This is the nauseating fringe of sexology. We have to touch it now and then, but it is not the core of the subject.

In conclusion, one more thing. Though my ideas on so-called illicit relations differ from those professed publicly by conventional people, I hold that there is hardly a punishment too severe for the conscienceless Don Juan, for the seducer, for him who employs force or trickery. In sex life there must be no deceit, no lying, no false pretences, no false promises, and no violence. The severity of the punishment should be still greater if the victim is weak and helpless or immature. There is a very good reason for the legislative imposition of an "age of consent", though this law, like other good laws, can sometimes be turned to account by schemers and persons of bad character.

DIXI ET SALVAVI ANIMAM MEAM.

There you have the editor's profession of faith upon the matters he has most at heart. You know now what he means by "sane radicalism", and why he is unpopular with extremists of both factions.

Well, I am content to let that go down to the world as my testament.

Dixi et salvavi animam meam.

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